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Everybody's Magazine

February 1918

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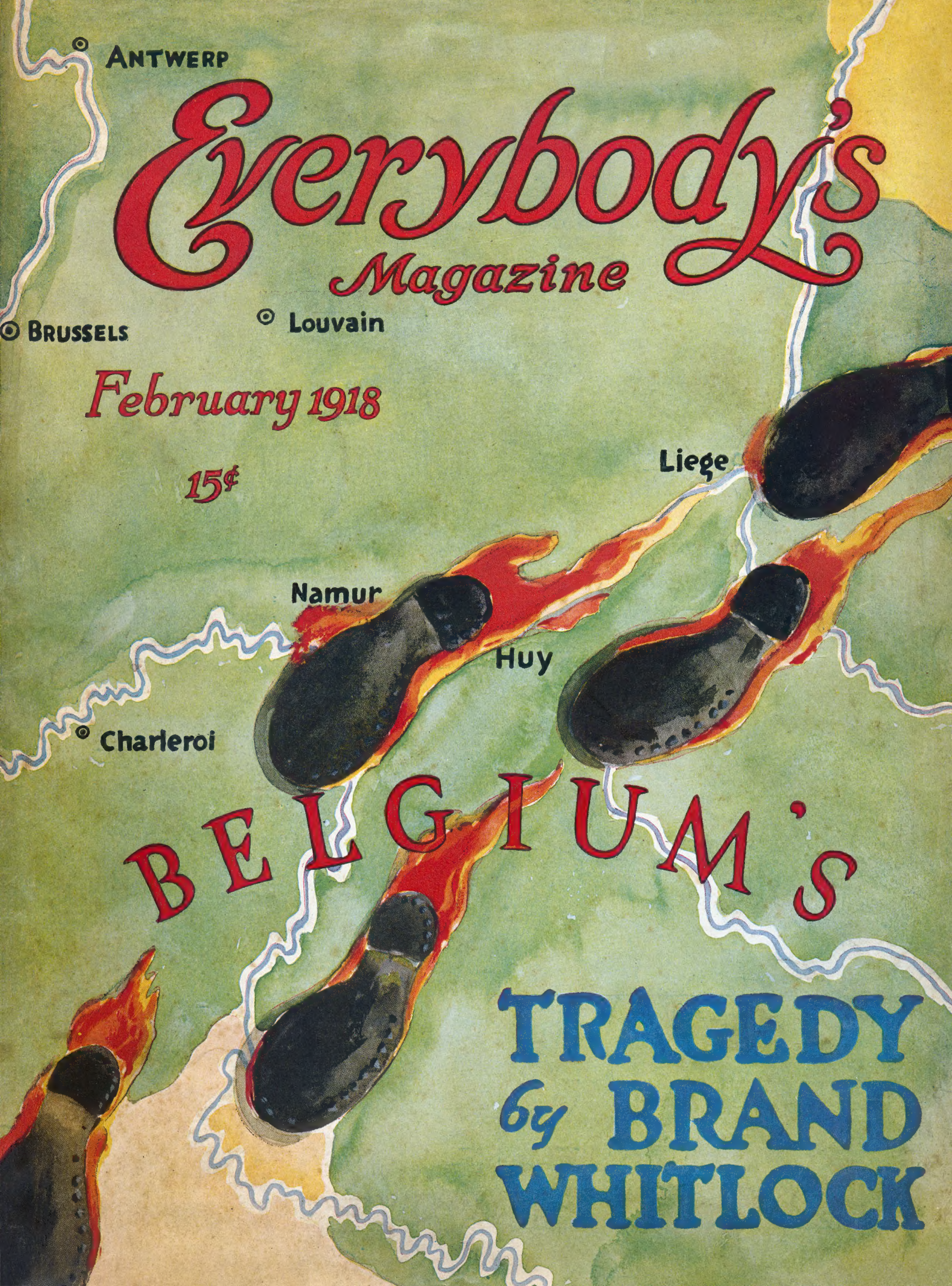
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BELGIUM'S TRAGEDY

by BRAND WHITLOCK

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1 Caruso as Rhadames in Aida
2 Melba as Marguerite in Faust
3 Galli-Curci as Gilda in Rigoletto
4 Farrar as Tosca
5 Schumann-Heink as Azucena in Trovatore
6 McCormack as Sir Edgar in Lucia
7 Gluck as Nedda in Pagliacci
8 Scotti as Scarpia in Tosca
9 Homer as Amneris in Aida
10 Ruffo as Rigoletto
11 Tetrazzini as Lakme
12 Garrison as Queen of Night in Magic Flute
13 Martinelli as Mario in Tosca
14 Calvé as Carmen
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17 Braslau as Marina in Boris Godounow
18 De Luca as Figaro in Barber of Seville
19 Whitehill as Amfortas in Parsifal
20 Mischa Elman
21 Efrem Zimbalist
22 Jascha Heifetz
23 Maud Powell

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 2 FEBRUARY, 1918 Vol. XXXVIII

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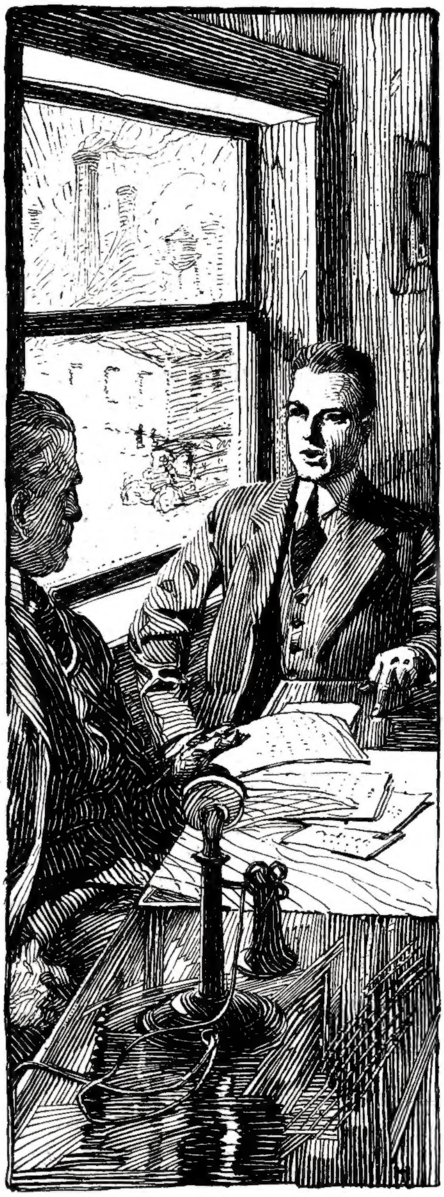

John Gordon, Printing Salesman, talks about estimates

"Gordon," said Mr. Frank Myers, Secretary of the Hudson Mechanical Equipment Company, "every one of the printers submitted lower estimates than yours."

"Oh, then you got a number of estimates," said Gordon.

"Yes, I frequently do."

"Printing estimates are often dangerous things."

"Dangerous—how so?"

"They tempt you to take the lowest bid."

"Well, where's the danger in that?"

"The danger," answered Gordon, "of getting cheap work, cheaply done.

"There are two kinds of printers, Mr. Myers. There are those equipped with men and machinery to turn out good work. They can not and will not cut their prices. That leaves you to deal with the pirates of the business."

"Why pirates, Gordon?" asked Myers. "You are prejudiced."

"No, sir, I am not," replied Gordon. "I have no love for them, but I call them pirates because they are out to steal good business. They lose sight of your interests and they lose sight of their own. They cut the price to get the job, and then cut the job to get a profit. If they really served your interests I should hesitate to speak as I do.

"But poor printing, Mr. Myers, will handicap your advertising fully as much as poor clothes would handicap your salesman. There is a wide gap between printed matter that is built to get business, and the kind that is shoved through with the sole idea of keeping on the right side of a cut price.

"Another thing," continued Gordon, "did all these printers estimate, as I did, on the use of Old Hampshire Bond?"

Mr. Myers looked over the estimates.

"No—there are no papers specified," he answered.

"Well," said Gordon, "I would suggest that you ask them to revise their estimates, basing their figures on the use of Old Hampshire Bond."

"Yes—but why the Old Hampshire Bond? I haven't said I wanted these letterheads printed on Old Hampshire Bond."

Gordon smiled.

"In the first place, Old Hampshire Bond is a definite, high-grade paper that *can* be specified—in the second place, it is the paper that your house needs. It has strength, it has beauty, it has the crackle and feel of quality and it will perfectly reflect the stability and strength of your business."

"But the cost—?" questioned Myers.

"The cost will be a little more, of course, but not much. You have my estimate before you and you can see it isn't a great deal higher than the others."

Gordon picked up his hat.

"Let me know about the other estimates, will you, Mr. Myers?"

"Say, Gordon," he answered, "I don't believe I'll bother with those other estimates. Get busy on those letterheads yourself."

* * * * *

Old Hampshire Bond is the ideal paper for business letterheads. Its beautiful appearance, its tough strength and durability, its smooth surface that brings out the best in printing, engraving, and typing, make it the most satisfactory paper you can use.

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FOOD—HERE AND THERE

HOW slowly among a prosperous people, safe from actual invasion, the grim realities and attendant necessities of war make headway.

It was our privilege a little while ago to attend a dinner where the principal speaker was a gifted Frenchman who has been loaned to this country to aid its preparations for active participation in the war.

We knew that he had served for months in the trenches and caves before Verdun.

We thought how pleasant must be the contrast for him between all that and the great cheerful banquet-room spread out before him—men in evening dress, tables decorated with flowers, softly glowing candles, gleaming silver and china. How pleasant just to be warm again—and to be fed—unstintingly!

With the serving of the oysters our doubts began.

He had had no oysters at Verdun.

Our doubts progressed with the courses. There had been for him *there* no olives, no celery, no soup, no chop with peas, no ice, no broiled half chicken, no potatoes soufflé, no salad, dessert, demi-tasse, with cheese and crackers.

Our appetite began to dwindle with the soup and we lost it for good with the chop. The finger-bowl was just an insult. For we were thinking about his thoughts in the presence of all this food.

It was not a pleasant contrast at all for him. It couldn't be. For while *he* was here *he knew* that his comrades in arms were still living like troglodytes in the caves before Verdun, and in thousands of miles of the trench network spreading from Switzerland to the sea.

How wrong it must all seem to him—how pitifully unjust to those millions of soldiers and civilians fighting our battle over there on rations barely sufficient to tie soul and body together.

Our "meatless days"—our "wheatless days"—unenforced, half observed, begrudged—absolutely useless so long as the kindling spirit of sacrifice fails to grace them.

There came to mind fleeting passages from "Under Fire," by Barbusse—and they pieced themselves together into this perfect picture of another "banquet":

> "We are waiting. Weary of sitting, we get up, our joints creaking like warping wood or old hinges. Damp rusts men as it rusts rifles; more slowly, but deeper. And we begin again, but not in the same way, to wait. In a state of war, one is always waiting. We have become waiting-machines. For the moment it is food we are waiting for. Then it will be the post. But each in its turn. When we have done with dinner we will think about the letters. After that, we shall set ourselves to wait for something else.
>
> "Hunger and thirst are urgent instincts which formidably excite the temper of my companions. As the meal gets later they become grumblesome and angry. Their need of food and drink snarls from their lips—
>
> " 'That's eight o'clock. Now, why the hell doesn't it come?'
>
> "Their spiteful exasperation with the loiterers mounts higher and higher. Tirloir the Grumbler takes the lead and expands. This is where *he* comes in. With his little pointed gesticulations he goads and spurs the anger all around him!
>
> "'Ah, the devils, what? The sort of meat they threw at us yesterday! Talk about whetstones! Beef from an ox, that? Beef from a bicycle, yes, rather! I said to the boys, "Look here, you chaps, don't chew it too quick, or you'll break your front teeth on the nails!"
>
> " 'Another time, so that you won't grumble about the toughness, they send you something soft and flabby that passes for meat, something with the look and taste of a sponge—or a poultice. When you chew that, it's the same as a cup of water, no more and no less.'
>
> " '*Tout çà*,' says Lamuse, 'has no substance; it gets no grip on your guts. You think you're full, but at the bottom of your tank you're empty. So, bit by bit, you turn your eyes up, poisoned for want of sustenance.'
>
> " 'There's the grub!' announces a poilu who was on the look-out at the corner. " 'Time, too!'
>
> "And the storm of revilings ceases as if by magic. Wrath is changed to sudden contentment.
>
> "Three breathless fatigue men, their faces streaming with tears of sweat, put on the ground some large tins, a paraffin can, two canvas buckets, and a file of loaves, skewered on a stick. Leaning against the wall of the trench, they mop their faces with their handkerchiefs or sleeves.
>
> "Paradis, having lifted the lids of the jars, surveys the contents and announces, 'Kidney beans in oil, bully, pudding, and coffee—that's all.'
>
> " '*Nom de Dieu!*' bawls Tulacque. 'And wine?' He summons the crowd: 'Come and look here, all of you! That—that's the limit! We're out of our wine!'
>
> "Athirst and grimacing, they hurry up; and from the profoundest depths of their being wells up the chorus of despair and disappointment, 'Oh, hell!'
>
> " 'Then what's that in there?' says the fatigue man, still ruddily sweating, and using his foot to point at a bucket.
>
> " 'Yes,' says Paradis, 'my mistake, there *is* some.'
>
> "In spite of this confident assurance, the fatigue man makes off himself, curses overtaking him as he goes, maledictions charged with offensive reflections on his honesty and temperance, imprecations inspired by this revelation of a ration reduced.
>
> "All the same, they throw themselves on the food, and eat it standing, squatting, kneeling, sitting on tins, or on haversacks pulled out of the holes where they sleep—or even prone, their backs on the ground, disturbed by passers-by, cursed at and cursing.
>
> "Apart from these fleeting insults and jests, they say nothing, the primary and universal interest being but to swallow, with their mouths and the circumference thereof as greasy as a rifle-breech. Contentment is theirs."

We brushed the painful picture away and saw our French comrade standing erect at the guests' table, body tense with emotion, eyes aflame with the great decision:

"We of France would rather, far rather, go down to death together than to live on in a world under the heel of the Hun."

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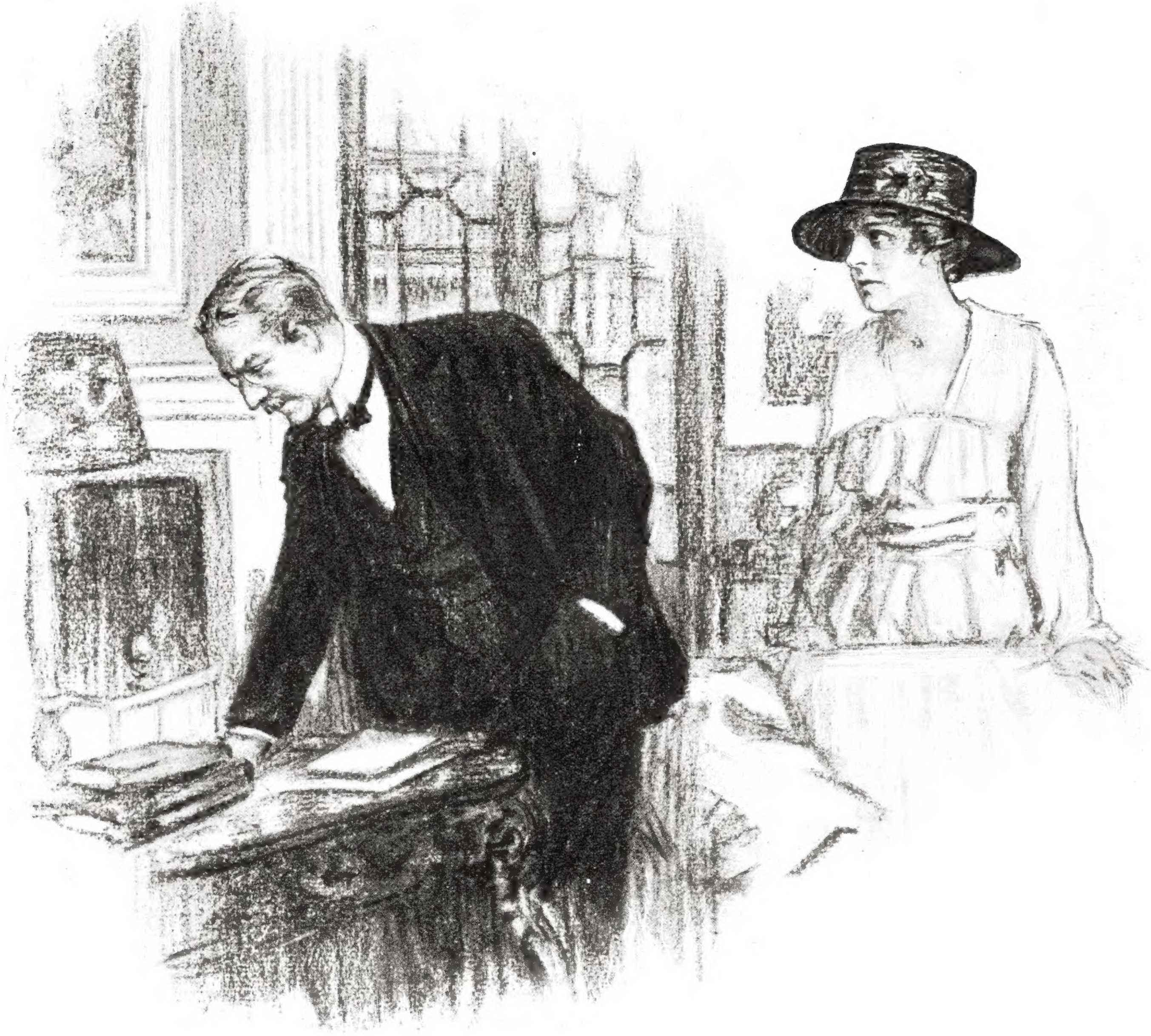

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

A GRIMACE OF PAIN CONVULSED HIS FACE AND HE TURNED AWAY FROM HER. "GO TO YOUR MOTHER, SHE CAN EXPLAIN," HE SAID.

From "The White Arc," by Henry Kitchell Webster, page 44

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THE most beautiful hair is only softer, silkier and prettier after an Ivory shampoo, and it feels as good as it looks. Ivory makes the copious, bubbling, lasting kind of lather that can be rubbed into hair and scalp thoroughly. Then it rinses easily, leaving the hair clean in the strictest sense. And it is so mild and pure that it does not impair the color or health.

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Everybody's Magazine
Number Two February 1918 Volume XXXVIII

BELGIUM

Before the Storm

By Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

HERE is the first instalment of the tragic story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who has been in that country since December, 1913, and has seen the whole black history from the beginning.

Every one knew this would be the great story of the war when Brand Whitlock should at last be free to tell it. Early last fall, EVERYBODY'S, *believing the time ripe, went after the story. Literally "went"—for Mr. Howard Wheeler, Editor of* EVERYBODY'S, *sailed for Europe on this express mission. A few weeks later came the cabled word that he had been successful—that Brand Whitlock, without resigning, and with the consent of the Government, would publish the story of Belgium, serially, in* EVERYBODY'S, *during 1918. Mr. Whitlock's story is more than an absorbing history—it is a vital revelation and message to America at war.*

ON AN evening late in the month of May, 1914, we were dining at the German Legation. We had arisen from the long table and gone up to the salons, and as we stood about waiting for the coffee I found myself beside Mr. von Below-Saleski, who said to me in a low voice and with a sigh:

"Well, thank God, it's over now."

He spoke, no doubt, in the sense of intimacy that was somehow ours, because we had come at about the same time to Brussels, where we knew no one, not even each other; the fact was somewhat a bond, the only one, between us. I could quite understand the relief he felt, the relief of the host who has done his duty; I had the same sensation myself in my capacity of guest.

"Yes," I said, "it's over at last."

"We can be tourists now," he went on, "go where we please, do what we please."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know, anywhere to be free, to get away. Take a trip somewhere. And you?"

"To the country."

ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

And I thought of Bois Fleuri, waiting for me there that night, in the dismal rain that made the Quartier Leopold so dreary and emphasized that expression of vague sadness it always wears, even when the sun lights up its blocks of austere houses. My heart was lighter for an instant in the thought of the country, the noble forest, Ravenstein with its golf-links, and the red roofs of little Tervueren.

While my thoughts played with the pleasant anticipations of vacation, my colleague left me standing there, to greet a dog, a German dachshund, that just then came wriggling into the salon, as delighted to be admitted to the company as the company was to have it come; there is, perhaps, nothing as efficient as a dog, even one of those dachshunds, to entertain the guests of a formal dinner. The dog was

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gamboling about and writhing ecstatically on the floor, thumping it with its tail, and the guests exclaimed over it, and spoke to it in French, though doubtless German was the only language it understood, and flattered it with endearing epithets:

"*Oh le gentil petit tou-tou!*" . . . . "*Quel amour de chien!*" . . . . "*Qu'i lest charmant, n'est-ce pas?*" . . . "*Ici, mon vieux!. . . .*"

The dog accepted all their compliments with a dog's frank love of flattery; the salon was enlivened with talk, with exclamations, with laughter; the footmen were serving the coffee and the cigarets, and, able again to leave his guests, Mr. von Below came back to me. We were standing by a table in the corner of the room and from among the *objets d'art*, the various trinkets, the signed photographs in silver frames, with which it was loaded, he drew forward a silver bowl that he used as a *cendrier*. As I dropped the ash of my cigaret into it, I noticed that it was pierced on one side near the rim by a perfectly round hole, the jagged edges of which were thrust inward; plainly a bullet-hole; doubtless it had a history. I asked him.

"Yes, a bullet-hole," he said. "In China, it stood on my desk, and one day during the riots a bullet came through the window and went right through it."

Several of the guests pressed up to see; such a bowl with its jagged bullet-hole and a history was an excellent subject for conversation; the German Minister had to recount the circumstances several times.

"I have never had a post," he said, "where there has not been trouble; in Turkey it was the Revolution; in China it was the Boxers. I am a bird of ill-omen." "*Je suis un oiseau de mauvais augure.*"

He laughed, standing there very erect and tall and distinguished, with his pointed black mustache, raising his cigaret delicately to his lips with a wide and elegant gesture, while the guests purred about, examined the silver bowl, thrust their fingers into the bullet-hole.

"But now," he went on, "I have the most tranquil post in Europe; nothing can happen in Brussels."

And we all fell to celebrating the peace, the calm, the repose of the loveliest, the most charming city in Europe. . . .

I think we all felt the relief that the end of the season brought us, for Mr. von Below's was the last of the long series of dinners and formal functions of the winter. There were only a few more moments to be got over; then the footmen would wheel in the service of the tea, and discreetly whisper, "*La voiture est avancée*," and we could go. . . . And then Bois Fleuri, and the links at Ravenstein, and the long manuscript of the novel I had so long wished to write!

I went over to where Prince Koudacheff, our Russian colleague, was standing by a great red curtain at the entrance to the adjoining salon, peering with that sharp, cynical glance out at a world that had stripped him of his last illusion. It was always a pleasure to chat with Prince Koudacheff: Nell had had him at the dinner-table. He was so good at heart in his Russian way, and his incorrigible pessimism was so delightful! But near by, in the great hall, one of the German secretaries of legation was recounting the history of an enormous oil-painting of the Kaiser that hung over the staircase; the history was neither important nor interesting, but since the portrait was of the Kaiser, the secretary adopted the courtier's tone in speaking of it, and I could like the young Belgian who, glancing up at the theatrical figure in its bald and too vivid colors and squinting at the light, said:

"*Il serait permis de dire, n'est-ce pas, que comme art, la peinture n'est pas fameuse?*" ("One might say, don't you think, that, as art, the painting doesn't amount to much?")

But then Mr. von Below was said to be a man of superb taste; he played the piano well, and had a knowledge of all the arts. Under him the German Legation would be immensely improved; he had already set out a new formal garden; he would enhance the already widening German influence in Belgium; his dinners that spring had been excellent; the Bourgogne we had just had for dinner, for instance, was the famous Château—Chose 1873.

II

IT HAD been a brilliant and a crowded season, even if its beginnings had been touched by the shadow of the mourning for the Countess of Flanders, the mother of the King, from which the Court was just emerging. The two *salons bleus*, with which the season at Brussels begins, had been given at the Palais, and the Queen's garden-party, with which it ends, in the summer palace at Laeken. But that year, destined to be so tragic in Belgian history and in the history of mankind, had been distinguished by events of unusual social interest; there had been the special mission from the new Chinese Republic, the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark, and later in the fatal summer, the visit of the Lord Mayor of London, who in robes and golden chains came riding—at least from the Gare du Nord to the Palace—in his ancient coach, with his beefeaters

Photographs copyrighted by H. C. White Co.

LA COLONNE DU CONGRÈS, IN BRUSSELS, COMMEMORATING THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BELGIAN CONSTITUTION THROUGH THE REVOLUTION OF 1830. BELOW IS THE PORTE DE GAND, AN OLD CITY GATEWAY OF BRUGES.

and all the civic pomp of old London town. And these events had laughing echoes and brilliant reflections in the Quartier Leopold, which never perhaps had been so gay. It is the quarter sacred from time if not immemorial, at least what would be immemorial in most of our cities, to the aristocracy, and lies west of the boulevards of the "upper town"—as that part of the city was called when Leopold I came to the throne—and with its solid blocks of stately houses, it extends now eastward almost to the Cinquantenaire, so has aristocracy flourished. Joseph Conrad, in one of his stories, refers to those houses as having given the impression of "whiteed sepulchers," and the Quartier does wear, indeed, an aspect of vague melancholy, *un peu triste*, with its monotonous façades of gray or white, or *café au lait*, that have a way of scowling gloomily in the rain that drops down so easily from the low gray northern skies; the houses seem always to be closed, and the *persiennes* drawn, as though their owners were not at home. Perhaps it is because they are not at home to everybody, though when one of the great doors is opened with a great clatter of chains, by an impassive butler, and one is once within, one attributes the external aspect to the reserve that one finds characterizing everything within, surcharging even the calm atmosphere.

THROUGH these great doors in other days carriages rolled as motor-cars roll in ours, or as they did roll until the Germans came, and at the other end of the *porte-cochère*, which pierces the house like a tunnel, one has a bright glimpse of those lovely gardens where so much of the intimate life of Brussels is passed. For the *Bruxellois* knows the charm of formal gardens, the mystery of high walls with the lavender blossoms of wistaria vines or the bloom of a peach bough falling over them in spring, just as, from long intercourse with France, he knows the beauty of the subdued colors and the exquisite lines of the furniture made in the time of Louis.

The inner doors of these old mansions have a sense of exclusion and intimacy that enhances their hospitality once one is admitted to it; they give into stately halls, with a wide staircase leading up to the great salons with their lofty ceilings and their heavily curtained windows overlooking the street, and the *espion* to tell who stands at the door without, a device that might have relieved Horace of the bore Crispinus, and delivered Emerson out of the dangers of those awful Devastators of the Day who dwell in every land. The old house, there on the corner of the Rue Belliard and the Rue de Tréves, that was the American Legation, did very well for the ordinary times of peace, though it hardly prepared for those extraordinary times then lurking in the dark future, when it was to be daily crowded with the victims of tragedies that even Joseph Conrad could not have imagined, and to become the strange stage of events that are now part of the history of the dear, the charming, the tragic land. There was little hint of those tragedies in the bright spring that came so early in that fateful year. It all seems like a dream now, from some dim land of youth, and in another day when we were all young and the world was otherwise. How long ago, those dinners at the various ministers! at M. Davignon's first of all, where an American lady, whose husband had just been ordered home, glancing down the long table brilliant with its napery, its flowers, its plate, the uniforms and the toilettes of the women about it, and the flashing jewels, sighed and whispered to me:

"I hate to leave it all!"

We were all soon to leave it and we did not know, and the master of the house was to be among the first, not only to go into exile, while the Germans came to pillage his wine-cellars and carouse in that very dining-hall, but to hurry on into that longer, darker exile where myriads have since been hurried. . . .

It all seems like a dream, we say, in our despair of giving a real sense of the unreality of some very real event, and I suppose that what leads one to say that, aside from one's inability to give clearness to a rather vague thought, is the fact that such light, gay, inconsequential, natural, and human things are impossible in our world any more since it entered upon this long and endless night and the terrible reality of its nightmare; they are events that belong to a world in which we used to live, a world so changed now that it can never be the same again. And yet there is a succession of scenes that live vivid in the memory; I can even recall with perfect distinctness phrases that were uttered, phrases of not the least importance, apropos of nothing at all—the old habit of a memory in which arrangements of words have a way of embedding themselves. For instance, that night at the Lamberts', when the Baroness in a kind of haughty beauty was moving among her guests, with emeralds flashing in her hair, Madame Guinotte entered the salon with her two pretty daughters—they were all in white and might have been taken for sisters, a charming sight—and Count John d'Oultremont stopping before them saying, in his direct, deliberate way:

"*Bonsoir, madame. Comment se porte votre nombreuse famille?*" (Good evening, madame. How is your numerous family?)

I can see the fashionable *cohue* that thronged the salons of the Prince Charles de Ligne's house there on the Avenue des Arts, in those famous *soirées* that began at eleven o'clock; the old Prince is leading Nell out to the dining-room and the handsome young Prince Georges de Ligne is talking to the Countess Bottaro-Costa. . . . And the old Prince Charles is dead, and the Baroness Lambert is dead, and the Count John d'Oultremont is a prisoner in Germany—they used to call him "*le beau d'Oultremont*" in his youth, when he was an officer in the Guides—and young Prince Georges de Ligne is dead, killed at Winghe St. Georges, and the great salons hung in red in the old house in the Avenue des Arts are closed and dark. . . .

And again that afternoon at the Wittoucks': Debussy is playing the piano; his fingers-nails had an odd way of strikthe counter of the piano as he played; and there was an actress from La Comédie Française, *une diseuse*, down from Paris for the day, who stood and recited while Debussy played; she had a voice as sweet as falling rain. . . .

I HAVE a vision of the Marquis of Villalobar standing beside the Prince Napoléon, near the great palms of a fountain in the conservatory of Prince Ernest de Ligne's house in the Rue Montoyer, looking on the world he estimated to a nicety by every one of its various standards. The Princess Clémentine is there, ladies are making sweeping courtesies before her, and gentlemen with orders on their hearts are kissing her hand.

And then the ball at the palace and the dancers under the brilliant chandeliers, the jewels and the gleam of white shoulders, and the gold lace of the officers of the Guides, their trousers of cherry red, and old generals whose breasts were heavy with orders, and suddenly the King—in black evening dress, his arm in a black silk sling, the result of a fall from a vicious horse in the Forêt de Soignes the other day.

And then there was the opera, every night if one cared to go, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie; all the old operas, and the Ring of the Nibelungs, sung by a German company from the Opera at Dresden, with German thoroughness not a line cut—and Wagner needs a blue pencil. Every one dined during the long entr'acte in the Restaurant de la Monnaie, and a bugler would blow the *Siegfried* motif to announce the curtain. Then "Parsifal," a score of times, in French, and "Elektra" and "Salomé," with Richard Strauss himself conducting and the audience gone wild, standing up and shouting its enthusiastic bravos. La Monnaie is the soul of the city. It was in this very theatre, at a performance of "La Muette de Portici" that the Revolution of 1830 burst forth. Every one goes, the men keeping on their opera hats until the curtain goes up, standing and sweeping the loges and the royal box with their glasses, to see if the little Queen, who is very fond of music, is there, or across at the Bourgmestre's box to see if Monsieur Max had come, and this until the conductor appears, bows, taps

THE GRAND' PLACE OF BRUSSELS, SHOWING AT THE LEFT THE FAMOUS HÔTEL DE VILLE OF THE FORMER BELGIAN CAPITAL.

ABOVE IT IS A VIEW OF NAMUR AND THE RIVER MEUSE, THE SCENE OF THE FIRST DESPERATE STAND OF THE BELGIANS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

with his baton, and the lights slowly die away into darkness, and stillness falls and one enters into that other world whose harmonies are so impossible to this that man has so stupidly arranged for himself.

There was, of course, the theatre; every week the company from the Comédie Française came to Le Parc: Kraus that spring was playing "Servir," the play whose terrible climax was so soon to be reproduced on a titanic scale with the whole vast theatre of Europe as its stage; while at La Gallerie Max Dearly was playing "Mon Bébé," the French adaptation of "Baby Mine," in which for us there was a double amusement in the inaccurate adaptation of a Chicago scene to the French stage.

Indeed there was the suggestion of the theatre in the whole series of events that made that season memorable. Not that it was theatrical in its effect, much less in intention, but it provided a succession of tableaux known to our Western world only through the theatre, as when the special Chinese Mission was received at the Hôtel de Ville.

One had some such sensation of unreality in the first moments of the *dîner de gala* given by the King to the new Brazilian Minister and the new American Minister—the vast hall, the waiting guests, and the brilliant group of officers at the great double doors, the sudden cry, *Le Roi!* and the doors swinging open and the King standing there.

And then there was the Queen's garden-party at the Summer Palace at Laeken, in those vast conservatories, with their masses of soaring green and towering palms and the heavy odor of strange flowers. The garden-party usually marks the close of the official season. It is given in May, when the flowers without as well as the flowers within the royal gardens are all in bloom, but since it is apt to rain on any day in Belgium, the party, with its reception to the Diplomatic Corps, is always given in the royal conservatories.

But there was another event in that year that succeeded the garden-party—the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark. The festivities of that week began with the reception King Christian held for the Diplomatic Corps at the Palace, his tall form in the scarlet coat giving him the air of an officer of the English Life Guards. There was the review of the Belgian army, with a pavilion for the two queens, and a tribune for the Diplomatic Corps at the Rond Point of the Avenue Tervueren; a day of heat and clouds of dust raised by the marching infantry, the lovable Belgian dogs dutifully trundling their mitrailleuse behind them, the rumbling guns of the artillery, and the Guides and the Lancers galloping in review before the two kings, while military bands played, and trumpets blared and drums rolled, and all Brussels turned out to see and to cheer.

THERE was, too, the reception given by the municipality at the Hôtel de Ville. We were all assembled in the ancient Salle Gothique, hung about with the old tapestries, under the Spanish flags that have depended from that oaken ceiling since the time of the Spanish domination. The Bourgmestre Max, *svelte*, pale, with his prominent eyes, his pointed blond beard, his curling mustaches, wearing the uniform and the scarlet sash of the Bourgmestre, delivers in his exquisite French an address of welcome, to which the King of Denmark responds. There is a quartet to play, and Croiza is there to sing, and there are two *premières danseuses* from La Monnaie. The *divertissement* over, the throng drifted along the corridors to the splendid chamber of the Bourgmestre, the King and Queen signed in the *Livre d'Or* (the Golden Book) of the City, and then we went out onto the balcony to see the royal party drive away.

Down there below us, the Grand' Place, the most beautiful square in the world, lay under our eyes; directly across from us the *Maison du Roi*, with its gilded façade; all about the houses of the ancient guilds and overhead the lovely spire whereon a golden St. Michel stands triumphant over the dragon he has slain. Close to the walls on all the four sides of the square are massed the delegates from all the old corporations, all the syndicates, all the societies of Brussels, their silken banners mingled in a mass of red and green and blue and gold. Their bearers stand silent, motionless, waiting for the royal families, and the empty square is spread before them. We stand on the narrow stone balcony and gaze down. The historical implications of the place impose on one the respect of silence. There in that square had been the jousts of the Knights of the Cloth of Gold; there had been held the old fêtes of the communes; there the old trade guilds had fought out their fierce quarrels, the *gueux* had assembled there, and there Egmont and Horn were beheaded. Charles V. had ridden there in pomp and the Duke of Alva had stalked across those very stones; there the cannon-balls of Villefroi had wrought their havoc, and it was all as it is to-day—those four gilded façades, that beautiful spire soaring aloft—on that morning when some man coming into the square from the Rue des Harengs related the news of the discovery of America, to be told, no doubt, that such a thing could not be.

The centuries had rolled over it, and left it unchanged in its beauty, and as we stood there, looking down, the modern world faded away. . . . Out from the portière below us rode four heralds; slowly, with stately tread of their caparisoned horses, they rode into the center of the square, lifted their long trumpets to their lips, held them pointing upward at a graceful angle and blew a long fanfare, and, turning slowly around, blew to the four quarters of the square. And then out from the portière there rolled a coach of state, of red and gold, with coachmen and footmen in red liveries and powdered wigs, and then another coach of state, and another, six in all, with the kings and the queens and the princes and the lords and ladies in waiting, and while the trumpets of the heralds blew they rolled slowly around the Grand' Place in the light that fell from a sky of mother-of-pearl in the mild spring evening. The dark mass of the delegates of the societies all around the square lifted their silken banners of crimson and gold and cried:

"*Vivent les Rois!*"

Slowly around the square they drove, and drove around again, and then turning into the narrow Rue de la Colline, they rolled away as though it had been Cinderella and her suite. . . . The light touched the gilt on the façades once more, then slowly faded from a sky that glowed above the house of the corporation of the brewers. . . .

Down in the court of the Hôtel de Ville there was a startling sound—the chauffeurs were tuning up their motors, and we drove back into modern times, back into the twentieth century, and home to dinner.

One more scene remains to be sketched: that summer evening in the little theatre in the palace at Laeken. It is a tiny theatre, where perhaps two hundred might find seats. Talma once acted there, and one evening, resting from his imperial labors, Napoleon commanded a performance in honor of Marie Louise. It had been seldom opened since and had not been used for years. The Queen had had it restored for this event and with her own exquisite taste had herself arranged the entertainment that was given. The King and Queen of Denmark and the King and Queen of the Belgians and the three royal children, wriggling uncomfortably and leaning against their mother, occupied the royal box. An English duke and duchess were present and the Ministers and the ladies of the diplomatic corps were in the little circle of loges; in the stalls were the members of the kings' and queens' households. Helde sang and Ysaye played.

And then the second act of "Orpheus" was presented, Ysaye conducting. The stage opened out into the conservatories, whose thick purple shadows in the warm summer night afforded such an Elysian scene as no stage-director could have contrived, and with such a setting, to such an audience, in that miniature theatre the company from La Monnaie rendered Gluck's romantic music. The ballet from La Monnaie was present, and there is one strain from the sweetly sad and stately music of the classic dance that must always recall that warm and pregnant night, the shadowy dancers in their gauze, the shades whence *Eurydice* was not to be wooed back to a world like this. Whenever that strain comes suddenly to memory, as strains of music will, it comes as a synthesis of all that is lovely and sweet and evanescent, the *motif* that expresses the personality of the lovely and gracious and courageous woman who chose it as an offering to her guests.

III

AND so the season ends, and it is June; the captains and the kings depart; the princes and the dukes, the counts and the barons followed to their châteaux in the country, if they had châteaux, or to their various estates, or, if they remained at home, they closed their houses. And if through those charming, narrow, old streets that wind and twist and turn in the lower town, the people swarmed and life went on in all its essentials as it had done for eleven centuries, the Quartier Leopold was silent and deserted, the heavy shutters were up at all its windows, the white façades stared purblindly in the summer sun, now and then an old *fiacre* with a prodigious clatter rattled over its cobblestones, and only servants went in and out of the great doors.

And Brussels settled down to its long summer somnolence.

One awoke in the morning to the strange cries of the venders, in Flemish. I can hear even now the "*Voden en benen!*" of the woman who punctually wheeled her cart down the Rue de Trèves just as Colette was bringing up our tea and toast, which we had at an open window, whence over the tiled roofs across the way, there was a glimpse of the quadriga on the arch of the Cinquantenaire and the waving leaves of the trees in the Parc Leopold. The stout dogs of Flanders, their tongues lolling, patiently dragged their carts with the burnished milk-cans through the streets. "*Ce qu'il y a de meilleur dans l'homme, c'est le chien*" (The best thing about a man is his dog), the French say, and Brussels is, or was, full of dogs; every family has two or three, the big dogs that pull the carts, and the amusing little griffons and Brabançons and the sharp-nosed black little skipperkes, who lost their tails, as the legend has it, sitting on the decks of the canal-boats. "Skipperke" means in Flemish "little skipper," the "ke" being the Flemish diminutive that is added on all occasions to every endearing name or epithet.

In those mornings the ministries over in the Rue de la Loi were dim and cool and half deserted, and the relations between Belgium and America so excellent that there was not often much to be discussed.

IV

EARLY in June we went to the country, to the villa we had taken for the summer. It was—the mind thinks persistently in the past tense of that lost time before the world was forever changed for us, and we, alas! for it—it was not far from town; not twenty minutes in a motor, indeed, from the Quartier Leopold and the Legation, so that we could be out and in. And yet it was in such a retired spot, hidden away in its little grove of fir-trees, that one could imagine oneself leagues away from all that suggests the town, all that is inimical to seclusion and repose. To reach it we drove out the Avenue Tervueren, the new street that Leopold II., the great builder, had laid out on the uplands east of town; and at Woluwe we were already in the country, on a pleasant road that soon was winding through the Forêt de Soignes, where in the solemn shadows of lofty beeches there was always the dreaming peace of some vast cathedral. The sunlight filtered through the boughs far overhead, touching to a vivid green the tiny branches, delicate as ferns that sprouted from the massive green-gray boles, and it dappled the thick bed of leaves and mold and mosses that lay at their base. We emerged then by the old Chaussée de Bruxelles at Quatre-Bras—not the Quatre-Bras that evokes the memory of Napoleon, of Wellington, and of Waterloo, but one of the many score of Quatre-Bras scattered over Belgium—there by the *estaminet*, where on pleasant afternoons there were always gay throngs of bicyclists and pedestrians taking the air and sipping their beer or their coffee at the little tables set out on the sidewalk. And then just beyond the *lisière* of the forest was Bois Fleuri—such was its perhaps too poetic name.

It was built in the modern French style, of red brick with white stone trimmings, and if it was somewhat too new, if it had not yet taken on the *patine* of time that would have brought it more closely into harmony with the rest of Belgium, its clean newness meant all the modern comforts, the only thing from town one would take to the country.

And perhaps its name was not too poetic after all, since it stood in a flowering wood, a hectare of land surrounded on three sides by a dark, sweet grove of pines. It had a rose-garden always in bloom; the roses climbed up the façade of the house and over the terrace.

There were pleasant paths among the trees and a thicket where a rabbit dwelt; he came out at times to nibble at the rose-leaves, dwelling in the peace that was breathed by all country-side, until one morning the ever-present cruelty and tragedy in which life too much abounds were brought back to us by a scream of fear and pain and we saw a dog slinking away, and afterward:

Mon petit lapin,
A-t-il du chagrin?
Il ne saut plus
Ne court plus
Dans not' jardin!

From our terrace, at tea-time, we could look across the lawn and the roses to the road and the endless fields that sloped away with their wheat and rye ripening in the sun, over to the little cluster of red roofs that marked the ancient village of Tervueren, where the legend of St. Hubert, the blessed patron of dogs, had its beginning. Further on, where the slender spire of an old church pierced the tender blue sky, a windmill lazily turned its sails all the afternoon; it was long before I knew the name of that village; I did not wish to know it, lest the delicate charm of it depart on acquaintance as charm is too apt to do with villages when one sees them, or with mysterious roads when one explores them, or with women—some women—when long admired at a distance, one is presented and for the first time hears them speak.

And there on the terrace after dinner, in the long twilight, we had our coffee, and as the soft voluptuous night enveloped that tranquil, peaceful world, a nightingale poured out its melody from the dark thicket that was so very near one could fancy, when we stopped our idle talking and held our breath, that he could hear the beating of that rapturous little throat. It would not sing long; it knew, consummate little artist that it was, that joy increases by its moderation, and that rapture grows sweeter as it is withheld. A few moments singing there in the darkness, with its hush, its mysteries and its low voices, and I would go up-stairs to the novel which I thought at last I was to write.

I had never heard a nightingale sing before that summer. But one evening, just as the twilight was fading from the fields—I had taken a turn in the garden—suddenly, as I entered the door, that shy, sweet melody flooded the still evening. I knew what it was, and yet there might be some mistake; the ironic spirits are always playing such sly tricks on mortals! One grows wary, after a while—of life, of happiness.

"That's a nightingale, isn't it?" I asked of Omer.

"Yes, your Excellency," he said, and the gentle smile that was so characteristic of him came to his good Flemish face.

"Are you sure?

"Certainly, your Excellency; only we say, 'Nichtingal' in Flemish"

"And we, nightingale in English."

"Yes, it's all the same."

It was convincing and I could accept the miracle, just as a month or so before I had accepted another miracle that was so much like this. I was playing golf with Frank Neilson at Ravenstein. It was a spring day of sparkling sunlight and warm caressing air; we were out on the eleventh hole; we had played our second shots, brassies, and there remained the mashie pitch across the bunker to the sloping green. I was addressing my ball when suddenly, almost from under my very feet it seemed, something fluttered lightly into the air and went on into the upper ether, whence it poured forth its full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

I stood and gazed upward, enchanted. I knew it at once; there could be no mistake. "It's a lark," I said.

"Yes," said Neilson, my companion, to whose English eyes and ears this wonder was not new; "yes, it's a lark. Play your mashie!"

I played it—into the bunker. I remember it all with perfect distinctness. But for once I did not care. I was thinking of Shelley, of course.

And so that summer brought me those two joys, which only Keats and Shelley could describe, two joys that in their simplicity, their evanescence and their charm stand out as symbols of its brevity.

V

THE work at the Legation was light; the morning drive through that noble forest into drowsy Brussels was in itself a delight, and in the afternoon there was the round of golf with George at Ravenstein or a stroll along the country roads through that pleasant Brabant country, to one of the little Flemish villages near by.

Marshall and Cousie had come for their usual summer outing in Europe; those of my colleagues who were still in town used to come out for tea, Sir Francis Villiers, the British Minister, and Jonkheer de Weede, the Dutch Minister. And there was a happy day when my friend

Richard McGhee, over from London on some parliamentary mission for the Irish party, came to spend the day, with the news of the Home Rule struggle in Parliament—we were reading each day in *The Times* the progress of the Ulster rebellion, looming large in the world just then. That is, when we read the papers; I used to let them lie many a morning unopened, until the trial of the Caillaux case came on at Paris; we always read that, with the interest and amusement French processes of justice always have for us who are grounded in the Common Law of England, though they come to about the same thing in the end.

I CAN recall a day, a sinister one in the history of this world, when for a moment I was called back rudely to the realities of an existence those days of blue and gold had removed far from my thoughts. I was sitting at my table, and through the open window there came the soft air of the late June morning, with the odors and the sounds of the country. I had the manuscript of my novel before me and I was far away, over seas and in that distant past, in a little Ohio town that was for the moment far more real to me than Brussels, and I was trying to make it as real to those who perhaps some day might idly peruse, on some such summer day as that, the book of which I was not yet sure.

And yet it was somehow just beginning to take form, beginning to show some signs of life; at times some characters in it gave evidence of being human and alive; they were beginning to act now and then spontaneously, beginning to say and to do things after the manner of human beings; the long vista before me, the months of laborious drudging toil and pain, the long agony of effort necessary to write any book, even a poor one, was beginning to appear less weary, less futile; there was the first faint glow of the joy of creative effort; and then suddenly there came the jingling of an impatient bell, the imperative mandate of the telephone; that vilest, most irritating and impertinent of modern inventions, that insolent and inopportune contrivance that makes it possible and, what is worse, permissible, for any one and every one in town to thrust his head into one's drawing-room when one is receiving invited guests, into one's dining-room when one is at dinner, into one's bedroom when one is asleep, into one's closet when one is praying, and to bawl into one's ears whatever stupidity or *ineptie* he has on his idle mind! . . . It was, however, the gentle Omer, with whom one never could be impatient.

"*Excellence, le Prince héritier d'Autriche a été assassiné a Sarajevo!*"

Who, and where? By whom? I had never heard of Sarajevo; I had not the least idea where it was in this world, if it was in this world. It was not half so real as that Ohio town which I was trying to evoke. And the Crown Prince of Austria was to me a most immaterial person—a kind of wraith wandering there in those nether regions to which so many of that House of Hapsburg have gone; that house that seems to have suffered in itself as much evil as it has caused others to suffer in this world. I confess that it seemed a rather unwarranted intrusion that morning. It meant for me putting aside Macochee and going to town at once; doubtless there would be a book to sign at the Austrian Legation.

Two or three days later there was the solemn requiem high mass sung for the repose of the soul of the murdered prince at the Church of St. Jacques sur Curdenberg. There we were, the entire diplomatic corps, hurried back from the four corners of Europe, to assemble again, in the church transformed into a *chapelle ardente* by the black velvet with silver broideries with which it was hung, and the black catafalque with the Austrian arms, and the myriad candles crackling, and the priests serving at the alter. The Nonce officiated at the mass; and after the absolution and after we had all filed up into the choir and each taken a candle and passed before the priest, who held forth the paten to be kissed, and after we had expressed our condolences to our colleague, Count Clary et Avignon, the Austrian Minister, we went out into the portico of the church and there a few moments loitered to gossip, to ask the news, with little thought, I fear, for the poor prince in whose honor the imposing ceremony had been held.

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THE PALAIS DE LA NATION, WHERE THE BELGIAN SENATE AND CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES SIT IN BRUSSELS.

"How did it impress you?" I idly asked the Chinese Minister.

"Oh," he replied, with the faintest suggestion of humor in his inscrutable Oriental countenance, "I thought it rather pagan."

The motors were rolling up and I rode away across the square in the rain and around by the drenched park, and then finally off through the forest.

I read the papers more carefully after that, but in a few days the world seemed to have forgotten, and went on about its various affairs, and as they had done so many times, abandoned the fire smoldering there in the Balkans to the diplomatists, in the old assurance that they would smother it with their notes.

AND June passed and July came. Aunt Sarah motored off to the Vosges to take the cure, and George went for a holiday trip through Germany, and the days went by, days of blue and gold, the lovely land drowsing, its fields ripening under the sun, settled in a droning content; there was the pleasant drive in the morning through the green forest to the Legation, now and then a call at the Foreign Office, the cool, half-deserted ministries there in the Rue de la Loi, quite the sleepiest places in town. There was golf in the afternoon at Ravenstein, where the myriad larks out of the eleventh and twelfth holes were forever raining down music from the skies, and in the adjoining fields the happy peasants at their picturesque labor; tea on the lawn that was so bright with the colors of the women's toilettes, and girls in white playing tennis in a bower of roses, and the long, cool avenue of beech-trees, and dinner, and coffee on the terrace, and then up to my room when all the house was still and the night dreaming without, and the manuscript of my novel.

The twenty-first of July is the Belgian National holiday, and on that day a *Te Deum* is always sung at Ste Gudule in honor of the foundation of the dynasty. The whole city was *en fête*, the black, yellow and red flag of Belgium—the old flag of that Belgium which for one short year at the time of the French Revolution was a republic, *Les États Belge Unis*, modeled after the young United States of America—was flying everywhere. The boulevards were thronged and the old streets of the lower town were filled with the Brussels crowd that is at most times so spontaneously, so almost naively, gay. From early morning long *queues* had stretched away down the streets before the theatres, that day opened freely to the public. The trains were crowded with people seeking the shade of Le Bois de la Cambre, or La Forêt de Soignes, or en route to that great field at Stockel where the aviation meet was in progress that week. There, too, were great crowds in La Place de Parvis, before Ste Gudule, waiting for a glimpse of the royal family. "Uniforms and decorations," the Minister for Foreign Affairs had said, which meant for me the ordeal of evening-clothes in the bright glare of noonday.

The old cathedral or, to be more exact, since Brussels is not the seat of a bishopric, the old church (the collegiate) of St Michael and Ste Gudule, was crowded again for one of those scenes it had been witnessing for eight centuries. The soft light that fell into the nave that morning touched the brilliant uniforms of the representatives of the army, the Government, the Diplomatic Corps. There were judges in their scarlet robes, and priests and bishops in their sacerdotal garments; there were tonsured monks, and here and there the white robe of a Dominican friar or the brown of a Franciscan monk, his bare feet in sandals. From the entrance to the transept in the Treurenberg there was a double hedge of grenadiers in their tall bearskins, and a broad crimson carpet that led up to the altar; and at all the gray old pillars of nave and transept there were trophies of flags and banners. There was the stir and rustle of a happy throng, elated by all that light and color, a pleasant exhilaration, suppressed to a gravity by the place and the scene. Not only were all the personalities of the town there, but there were the mysterious presences of those historic characters that in other days had trailed their fleeting glories there.

We had taken our appointed places in the choir; there were the usual greetings, smiles, handclasps, the customary gossip. Then suddenly the drums began to roll, the trumpets blew and through the lofty arches there rang a voice in a military command, hard, like steel:

"Presentez armes!"

There was the sharp rattle of the muskets as the grenadiers came to "present arms." And then the unisonant cry:

"Vive le Roi!"

Their Majesties, accompanied by their suites, came slowly forward and up the steps into the choir, pausing for the reverence at the altar, then for the ceremonial bow to the representatives of the nations of the world, then to the representatives of Belgium, and passed to the two thrones placed for them on the right of the altar. The great organ began to roll, the three priests at the altar, in their gold chasubles, began to chant the *Te Deum.*

The royal family made an interesting picture; the King, in the Lieutenant-General's uniform he always wears, tall, broad-shouldered, tanned somewhat from his outing by the sea—they had just come from Ostend—behind the thick lenses of his *pince-nez* the King's intelligent eyes were taking in the scene, noting who were there; the Queen, frail, delicate, with the unconscious appeal of sweet girlish eyes, and the delicate, sensitive mouth, had the three royal children beside her: the two princes, Leopold, the Duke of Brabant, and Charles, the Count of Flanders, grave, fair, slender boys, in broad batiste collars and gray satin suits, and the Princess Marie José, with her pretty mischievous little face and elfish tangle of crispy, curling, golden hair—the child that all the painters and all the sculptors of Belgium have portrayed over and over.

I stood there and watched that most interesting family, a very model of all the domestic virtues, in its affection, the sober good sense of the young parents. And I thought of the other kings and queens and princes and princesses that had stood in that very spot: the two Leopolds, father and son, the first of this short dynasty, so unlike each other, so unlike the King who stood there on that July morning. Maximilian had been married at that altar, the Duchess of Parma had knelt there, and there Charles V. had been crowned. . . . I looked at that grave, slender lad, Prince Leopold of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, etc., etc., etc., gazing out of those wide, boyish, curious eyes at that scene of splendor; what were the thoughts just then in that child's mind; were there any conceptions of the tragic mutations of Belgian history? Would he one day, in other scenes like this, when others should have taken our places, stand there where his father stood, while priests sang *Te Deums* in his honor?

VI

HOW distinctly the memories of that holiday come to mind! The luncheon with Gibson in the crowded café at a little table under the awning on the sidewalk, the bright glitter of the sun in the streets, the clatter of the *fiacres* over the rough paving stones, and the Brussels crowd, gay on its holiday. The avenue Tervueren was thronged as I drove back to Bois Fleuri in the afternoon; the trams were packed, everybody after the spectacle at midday at Ste Gudule, was bound for Stockel to see the exhibition of flying: the Franco-Belgian aeroplane competition that had been in progress all that week. We had not gone, since we had comfortable seats in the belvedere of our own house and a much finer view than we could have in the stands at Stockel, without the contact with the crowd. A much finer view indeed! Far over the waving tops of the trees we could see Brussels lying in the plain, the great bulk of buildings at the Cinquantenaire, the pale white mass of the Palais de Justice, and amidst the domes and towers, if one knew where to look and peered sharply enough, the delicate spire of the Hôtel de Ville, a slender silvery needle in the distance. And looking to the north there was the tower of the cathedral at Malines; the lovely panorama of the Brabant plain was spread before us; one might imagine that one saw the lowlands of Flanders over the vague horizon to the west.

Every afternoon we had gone up there and watched the aeroplanes, in utter grace rise and soar and dip and dive and rise again in their amazing evolutions. Olieslager, the best of the Belgian flyers, was there, and Pegoud, the great Frenchman, who so short a time before had astonished the world by looping the loop. Up and up they would mount, in gigantic spirals and then, there at that dizzy altitude, poise, hang motionless and still in the upper air, immobile as the buzzards at which I used to gaze as a boy in Ohio, and then suddenly dart downward checked in their fall, turn over, turn over again, and then again and again and again, and yet again—six times!—and then dive swiftly downward to be lost to sight behind the dark bank of trees. A breathless instant, and then there would come to us the sound of far-off cheering and the distant strains of the bands as they played "La Brabançonne" or "La Marseillaise." It was a sight of endless interest and fascination, exhilarating and inspiring—man's airy triumph over the last of the intractable elements with which he had been struggling for ages, the apotheosis of human aspiration, with implications of beauty beyond the wings of the imagination. My mind would go back to the Ohio town, so near to which my father was born; I could remember the early experiments of the brothers Wright, working with persevering patience to realize their ideal, in the midst of provincial skepticism. They used to call them "the crazy Wrights," and one old man had said to one of them:

"My boy, no one will ever invent a machine that will fly; and if any one does—he won't come from Dayton."

And now their dream had come true; this lovely reality there before my eyes above the Brabant plain!

One of those evenings, calm and still, in a transparent sky, a pretty thing had occurred. After Olieslager and Pegoud had performed their miracles, three swallows flew up before us, and seemed in the foreshortened perspective to take the very places in the luminous heavens the larger human birds had just quitted; they too mounted in spirals even more graceful, they paused and poised on delicate wing, and then they dived, and trembled there in the soft clear air, turning over and over, looping the loop not six but dozens of times, just as though they had awaited their time, and had said: "Now we'll show you how this thing should be done"—the prettiest performance one could imagine. The servants had come up to the roof to watch the spectacle, and when the birds had done and flown away, Colette said:

"You see, Mr. Minister, the birds say that they alone know how to do that trick, and we may as well go down-stairs."

And we went down. We never cared somehow to wait and see the number that concluded the performance—the woman in tights who mounted with her husband in a biplane and descended in a parachute; it had seemed to us like some cheap trick of the circus, out of place in that serious triumph of science and human will.

After tea Melle and I went for a walk. We went out the Chaussée de Malines toward the little village of Wesembeek, where there was a Flemish *kermesse*, that Verhaeren might have described or Teniers painted. As we were coming back, the hot day turned excessively

Photograph from Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

Photograph by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY, AND THE CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD. THE QUEEN AND THE KING ARE REMOTELY CONNECTED WITH GERMAN ROYAL FAMILIES.

sultry, ominous black clouds were piling in the west, a storm was coming up. Just as we turned into the little road that led to Bois Fleuri the biplane with the woman of the parachute arose in the lowering sky; it paused a moment over the trees. A bevy of Flemish peasant children were pointing excitedly upward and crying:

"*Vlieg machine! Vlieg machine!*"

"Look there!" I said.

"No!" said Melle, turning away. "I do not like that sort of thing!"

She gave a nervous shudder and impulsively covered her face with her hands. There was something of presentiment in the movement, and in the moment. I looked; the biplane shot suddenly down behind the trees. We reached the house a moment later and the storm broke, an electrical storm of almost tropical violence. Half an hour later Joseph came to me with an excited face and said:

"Your Excellency, the woman has been killed!"

I did not believe it and I thought no more of it. Some American friends were there to dinner and we sat on the terrace after dinner talking of home. The soft air was moist from the storm, but the rain no longer fell; now and then great sheets of lightning quivered over all the humid fields, then the soft darkness closed in again; the nightingale did not sing.

The next morning when Colette brought me my tea and toast, she said: "Yes, your Excellency, the poor woman was killed last evening."

The papers were full of it, telling how the husband had knelt over the broken form of his wife lying there in her spangles on the plain at Stockel, and how he had cried over and over: "Oh, my poor little doll! My poor little doll!"

And because one life had come to so swift an end there on that tragic evening, the newspapers printed long columns, giving all the details, and we were somehow depressed all that day by the death that had struck us so near.

VII

ON SATURDAY morning, the twenty-fifth of July, I had just seated myself at my table and was yielding to all those trifling temptations by which the indolent will postpones the task of composition, sharpening lead-pencils, alining them on the desk, arranging notes and paper, looking out the window at the summer day—and the golf-links so near!—and at last, when I had exhausted all the possibilities of petty occupations which, by a trick of the lazy mind, might serve as excuses for procrastination, the morning papers were sent up. I would glance over the report of the Caillaux case at any rate, though the full reports were in the Paris papers which Omer would bring out at noon. I picked up *L'Étoile Belge*, and there was the ultimatum which the Austrian Government had sent to Servia on Thursday evening.

There had been references to it in the newspapers of Friday, but ultimatums were not so infrequent in Balkan diplomacy and we had been too much absorbed in pleasanter things! But here it was in full. I read it through, marveling more and more at the amazing brutality of its successive exigencies, that ended in the peremptory note of demand for a reply within forty-eight hours. The delay was even then almost up. Any one could see that it meant but one thing—war, for surely no nation could yield to such a summons! The smoldering fire in the Balkans would break out again! Could the flames be confined to that area by the diplomacy that twice before, in recent years, had succeeded in doing that, or would they spread and involve all Europe? The mind for a moment was aghast at the thought and then—But no! Impossible, in our day, humanity advanced as it is, at an epoch where as never before the spirit of good-will is working in men, producing social amelioration everywhere. I read the despatches from the various capitals. The thing could not be! Diplomacy would find a way; there would be discussions and *pourparlers* and exchange of notes. The Balkans were far away from the field of American thought and preoccupation, and far away from snug little Belgium, safe in its neutrality, far away surely from Bois Fleuri, tucked away there among its roses and its grove of sweet-smelling pines, the wide fields about almost audibly purring with peace and contentment. War! On such a summer morning! Let the Balkans settle their rascally quarrels among themselves. What had we to do with them?

I thrust aside *L'Étoile*, hitched up my chair to my desk and went to work. I wrote until noon.

The Marquis of Villalobar, my Spanish colleague, an old friend whom I knew in America, was coming to luncheon that day, and when he arrived, the Austrian ultimatum of course came up at once. I can see him now as he stood there in our small salon, shrugging his stout Castilian shoulders at mention of it. The word so often lightly spoken came to our lips and suddenly assumed the sinister connotation it should always bear, and, as it was uttered now, it had a new, dread sound. War! We speculated, to no purpose, of course, and spoke of the fortunate neutrality of Belgium.

"At any rate," the Marquis said as we were going out to luncheon, "we have a comfortable *loge* from which to watch the performance."

It was a thought in which there was comfort; we could hug it to ourselves in the inveterate and persistent selfishness of our deplorable human nature, fling aside our preoccupation, and talk of the Caillaux case, of French politics and of Washington, or of the visit the Marquis had once made us at Toledo, or of the new English motor-car he had just purchased.

He was on his way to the Château de Dave, near Namur, to spend the week-end with an aunt, and shortly after luncheon he drove away in the rain, in his big green English car, behind Griffin, his English chauffeur, who seemed so integral a part of it.

The next day, Sunday, we went to Antwerp, Nell and I, to meet the *Lapland* that was bringing our mothers from America. The delay fixed in the Austrian ultimatum had expired, and yet there was no war. The world was quite normal, that dull Sunday of dismal rain—"*la drache nationale*," as the Belgians call it. There would be no war. Dawdling about the Hôtel St. Antoine at Antwerp, I asked the old Swiss porter—one asks porters everything—and he said there would be no war; he said it was impossible. Of course!

We had to stop over at Antwerp for the night; there was something the matter with the tides. The *Lapland* would not dock before Monday, and it was indeed late on Monday afternoon before the great hulk of the steamship, enveloped in the mystery of its long voyage, loomed in the rain across the misty reaches of the Scheldt. The ship came up to her wharf and the happy passengers came ashore, ready to scatter over Europe on their summer holiday—and there were the mothers!

Brussels was calm at the beginning of that week and we were all more or less unconscious, or more or less insensible. We spoke of war, accustomed ourselves to the word, at least, but when we thought or spoke of it, it was in the sense of security, of that inveterate human egoism which leads one to think an evil will not come, or, if it does, that it will pass by and leave him untouched.

The newspapers of Tuesday published Austria's declaration of war against Servia. England and France and Russia were sounding the Cabinet of Vienna, seeking some means of satisfying her demands without hostilities. On Wednesday, President Poincaré, overtaken by a wireless message on the sea, returned in haste to Paris from his visit to Scandinavia; and, a return that had for us a more personal interest, Aunt Sarah came back, arriving with the breathless air of one who has raced home just before a storm. She had motored in haste back from the Vosges. We had just received the news of Austria's declaration of war against Servia and the Austrian cannon had bombarded Belgrade.

But that was general, remote, like President Poincaré's return to the Elysée. Aunt Sarah had something personal to relate, far more moving tales to tell of her experiences at Nancy; no one would change her money for her; everywhere she had been jostled by moving troops. I think we were somewhat skeptical of that; there had been no mobilization, we insisted.

And she had a grievance, one of the most personal a woman can know, since it had to do with customs-duties. She had bought a quantity of the famous linen of the Vosges, and her rigid Puritan conscience had moved her to have the linen shipped to her, instead of packing it in her trunks. But at the frontier there was such commotion, such confusion, that the inspectors chalked her trunks hastily without so much as opening them. They vouchsafed only a cursory glance into the motor, and there their eyes lighted on two golden melons, hastily bought at Nancy, whose picturesque market was not to be resisted, and rolled into the car. And upon these the inspector seized and made her pay a heavy duty, that Belgian melons might be protected, I suppose, and that the ironic spirits might laugh at her conscientiousness in the matter of the linen, that might as well have been in those unopened trunks. Aunt Sarah insisted that universal war was imminent, but we were not yet convinced; at any rate was not Belgium's neutrality guaranteed in solemn treaties?

All that she knew, as she admitted frankly, was that she was glad to get home—but we must start off soon again and motor down to Dinant, that gem that crowned the Meuse. And we began to plan the journey to Dinant, until I took up the papers to read Maître Laborie's *plaidoirie* in defense of Madame Caillaux. The newspapers, indeed, gave more columns to that *cause célèbre* than to the efforts that were being made in the larger court. Sir Edward Grey was making another effort to do what he had done two years before—confine the war to the Balkan States by a conference at London. Sir Edward had sent a dispatch to Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador at Berlin, to propose to Germany that Austria be influenced to occupy Belgrade provisionally while the powers sought the terms of an accord. The proposal was welcomed by France and Russia.

BELGIUM BEFORE THE WAR. OF THIS IDYLLIC, STURDY PEASANT LIFE IN THE RICHEST LITTLE COUNTRY OF EUROPE, NOTHING REMAINS.

What would Germany do? The decision rested with her. We waited for news from Berlin.

It was now no longer a question of days but of hours; and then even of minutes, that throbbed by in an atmosphere that was charged with dreadful potentialities. One was sensible of it in all the faces, usually so preoccupied, that flitted by one in the street; almost in the hard glitter of the splendid sun that shone on those fateful days.

And yet there was a strange formality, a persistent, almost inappropriate usualness in ordinary things; life went on quite the same. The Legation was quiet, deserted, dull. Gibson and I strolled down to the Caveau de Paris, the little restaurant in the Rue du Marché aux Herbes where diplomats were always to be found at noon, and where one could always pick up the gossip of our world. But there, everything was as it had been; Count van der Straeten Ponthos, of the Belgian Foreign Office, was sitting in his place in the corner where the luncheon hour always found him, with his coffee and his cigar, taking his little after-luncheon nap. I can see now the young Prince Georges de Ligne at one of the tables, turning about to greet us, a brilliant smile on his handsome face. . . . We talked, indeed, more of the acquittal of Madame Caillaux, just pronounced by the *Cour d'Assises*, than of war.

The socialists were to hold a monster meeting that night; numerous speeches were to be made, of course, invoking the article of their creed which provides the specific panacea for war. Jean Jaurès was to speak, and I had the notion of going to hear him, but I did not—it was rather a long way from Bois Fleuri. I regret now that I did not.

Still we waited for news from Berlin. One man, by a word, could stop this thing; and there was stillness—an immense, preposterous, fateful stillness that seemed to fill the universe, as mankind waited for the word from William Hohenzollern.

Never had diplomatists written an appeal more beautiful in all that it implied for the peace of the world and for the happiness of mankind than that dispatch sent by Sir Edward Grey from Downing Street to the Wilhelmstrasse. And as millions waited, we waited; the best in one could not give up the hope that such an opportunity held out. But the word did not come, the one man did not speak. Instead there came the clash of arms; the stillness seemed broken by the rumble of mobilized cannon, and an ultimatum was flashed to St. Petersburg.

And yet, strange enough for us of the little household at Bois Fleuri, the whole problem, too stupendous to be grasped by one mind, had reduced itself, as things will in great crises, to one small personal question, namely: Would Omer be called to the colors?

Omer was a gentle soul, with a spirit far removed from the brutality of war. We were all fond of him. He had finished his military service years before; he had been in the *carabiniers*. He was in the eleventh class of reserves, and that figure 11 came to have for us a terrible significance. For days the mobilization of the Belgian army had been in progress, already troops were on the frontier to protect the nation's neutrality. The king had returned from Ostend—or had never returned there after the *Te*

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE MARTYRS' STATUE IN THE PLACE DES MARTYRS, BRUSSELS, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO FELL HERE IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1830, THROUGH WHICH THE BELGIANS GAINED THEIR INDEPENDENCE FROM DUTCH RULE.

Deum—there were lights in the ministries all nights, and in the Palace, where councils of state were in progress. But to us Omer somehow symbolized the whole international situation. Would he have to go or not? He went about, calm, unperturbed, smiling. I used to stop at the Galeries du Roi with the crowds at a bulletin-board, to see what classes had been called; one afternoon I read that the ninth class of reserves had just been called. . . . Omer's was the eleventh. It was Friday, the thirty-first of July.

VIII

I WAS awakened suddenly out of a sound sleep by a light, apologetic knock at my door. It was six o'clock on Saturday, the first of August. I got up, opened the door and there stood Omer, in uniform, the rough blue tunic, the linen pantaloons and the little *bonnet de police*. He stood at attention, his hand at the salute.

"*C'est la guerre, Excellence!*"

The words, of course, were superfluous. Omer standing there ready to depart was the first living symbol of the thing we had feared for a week. He was in a hurry; he had to get to town, report, and go to Liège at once. I fumbled through my clothes, gave him all the money I had, while he told me the latest news: the Germans had invaded the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and were throwing down the bridges. I told him I might have him excused, but no:

"*Je ferai mon devoir,*" he said.

I shook his hand, he smiled in the tender gentle way he had, and went down stairs and was gone.

I dressed, had my tea, and gave orders to move back to town. All day the servants were packing up, and late in the afternoon we were ready to leave the lovely spot where we had spent two such happy months. I gathered together my papers, the manuscript of my novel, beginning to attain a respectable size. I put it in a dispatch-box and went across the hall to see if I had left anything, to have that last look with which we will stab ourselves in moments of departure.

I found Nell in the great open window looking over the trees toward Tervueren, its little red roofs warm in the sun. She was in tears.

"My poor little Tervueren!" she said.

We drove into town, the two mothers and I, the motor piled with bags; a little silk American flag that Eugene had fastened there fluttered from the car. We passed some mounted troops in the Avenue Tervueren. Mobilization was well under way then! At the Cinquantenaire there was such movement and bustle; the authorities were already requisitioning motors and parking them there. We made a detour around into the Rue Belliard and so on to the Legation.

Among the things I had hurriedly swept off my writing-table into the dispatch-box—it is an insignificant incident, but there are those who will understand it—were two little books that I do not like ever to have far from the reach of my hand; they respond to two widely differing moods. One of them was a copy of "A Shropshire Lad," the other a small volume, bound in red leather, of Marcus Aurelius. I opened it at hazard, and my eyes lighted on these words:

"Like a soldier and a Roman, having taken his post."

I speak of this, not to intimate that there was anything of the Roman, then or ever, in me, but because these words in that moment were a tonic for human weakness, facing a task of which the only thing I knew was that it would be

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY AT BRUSSELS, IN WHICH MR. WHITLOCK SPENT TWO OF THE MOST TRAGIC YEARS OF HISTORY.

hard, and that I was unprepared for it. I kept repeating them to myself as we drove through the noble forest, that wore that summer afternoon the mysterious beauty of loved things beheld for the last time—so it seemed to us in that moment. I looked at those two sweet old women in the motor with me; they had lived through one war in their youth and they faced this latest war with the serenity of those advanced years which gave them the exemption of a detachment. I could envy them. "Like a soldier and a Roman, having taken his post"— those words that came down to me out of the old pagan world, were in my mind when I saw those cavalrymen trotting westward under the trees along the Avenue Tervueren; they were associated, too, with the thought of Omer, who had refused the privilege that his attachment at a neutral legation might have gained for him. Brave, gentle Omer! His example was not without its force and effect. . . .

At the Legation there were crowds of Americans in panic. What to do? Well, one thing at a time, *doucement*, as the French say. And try to comfort, to reassure. . . . How many days, how many nights, it was to be my lot to do that when my own heart was sinking!

It was late before the others came in from the country, too late to dine at the Legation, and we went down to the Restaurant de la Monnaie. The dim, familiar streets seemed strangely deserted, and yet, almost palpably, panic, fear, stalked through them. There were not many in the restaurant. Near us at a little table sat a man with his bottle of burgundy beside his plate, scowling at his newspaper with dark looks of preoccupation and concern. Beside him, his wife, a buxom *Bruxelloise*, glancing about, waiting until her lord should finish reading the dispatches, one of these calm scenes of Brussels domesticity, somewhat reassuring by its mere normality. I remember too that we were gratefully surprised when our money was taken without question, for the restaurants were refusing all money except gold. On the way home I bought a copy of *Le Petit Bleu*, which men were hoarsely crying in the Rue d'Arenberg. It had an article against Germany, and across its first page was a great headline in American style: "HONTE À LA BARBARIE!" (Shame on this Barbarousness!)

Germany had declared war on Russia, Luxemburg had been invaded, the whole world was mobilizing, France, England and Belgium, and declarations of war had become mere formalities. Jaurés had been assassinated at Paris. There was a rumor that Caillaux had been killed. The world was tumbling in ruins about us.

IX

IT WAS on the following day, Sunday, that Mr. von Below delivered Germany's ultimatum to Belgium; he handed it to M. Davignon at seven o'clock in the evening. Until the last minute there had been the repeated assurances that his Government would respect the neutrality of Belgium, and to the Belgian ministers the summons to let the German troops pass over Belgian soil to attack France came as a blow that was not diminished in its force by not having been unexpected. It seemed, indeed, but a detail in the midst of those tremendous events that were tumbled each moment into the horrid chaos of the world, to be telegraphed to Washington, with others, out of that room where we labored—that room which was so hot, so still, throbbing with the excitement that thrilled the nerves of the world. It was Sunday, but with no Sabbath calm; the only reminder, indeed, of the day was that some one said that prayers for peace had been said in all the churches. We began, too, to hear the first of those rumors with which war is so prolific, but we had little time to pay attention to them, because all our time, all our strength, all our patience was absorbed by the crowds of Americans that filled the corridors of the Legation day and night. They were of all sorts and conditions; and they came pouring into Brussels, and for days continued to pour into Brussels from all over the continent. Many of them were in fear, many in a panic, a few almost in frenzy. There were those who wished to go home; and there were those who, still loath to relinquish their European tour, the long-cherished dream that had been so rudely broken, did not wish to go home. Many of them were without money: their travelers' checks suddenly worthless, they were at their wits' end. I find a note in my journal to the effect that the women were often calmer, braver, more reasonable than the men. It was a strain, listening to repeated tales of hardship. What they mostly needed was some one to think, and, above all, to decide for them. We tried to get as many as would do so to go to Ostend and thence to England—the boats were still running across the Channel.

Meanwhile the mobilization of the Belgian army was being effected amid scenes of enthusiasm.

The requisitioning of motors was going on; the Minister of the Interior had issued a proclamation forbidding cinema representations that might inflame the populace; a socialist demonstration to have been held on the morrow had been voluntarily renounced; the King had issued decrees, putting the army on a war footing, and convoking the Chambers in extraordinary session for Tuesday, and regarding the issue of five-franc notes, for the silver pieces had crept into hiding.

X

CROWDED as they were by their imperative exactions, the hours were so heavy with tragedy that they moved slowly by: in each of them one lived a lifetime or an age.

Behind the *persiennes* of the ministries over in the Rue de la Loi the lights had burned all night, and after long conferences with the King at the Palace the Ministers, Baron de Brocqueville at their head, had drawn up their calm and stately reply to Germany's ultimatum; it was delivered promptly to Mr. von Below. But Germany had not even awaited Belgium's response to her ultimatum; she had invaded Belgian soil that morning at Vise.

I was routed out early that morning by a telephone message from the French Legation asking if I would receive Monsieur Klobukowski, the French Minister. I divined his desire instantly: I knew he was coming to ask me to take over the protection of French interests in case the capital falls. I was down by eight, but M. Klobukowski sent M. Fontarce, the Secretary of the French Legation in his stead. Poor Fontarce! He was very haggard and pale, with heavy, dark circles under his eyes; he had not been to bed at all; indeed there had been no sleep over at the French Legation; it was crowded day and night by excited members of the French colony, as ours was by Americans, yet how much more crowded! There were thirty thousand French in Brussels. It was somehow terrible to see the agitation, the tragic expression in M. Fontarce's mobile face—even his beard seemed to have grown more gray—and his brow was moist with perspiration, matting down the locks of his banged hair.

He remains for me, somehow, in the memory I have of him as he sat there, leaning anxiously forward over the edge of the desk, the incarnation of the demoralization and the intensity of those terrible times: he was in agony, as was his country.

He nodded sadly in affirmation, even before I could put the question he must have read in my eyes—we were somehow still hoping selfishly that we might escape the horror—and:

"*Oui*," he said, "*c'est la guerre!*"

He presented his chief's compliments and excuses and wished to know if I would take over the French Legation. I was pleased, and I told him so. To one to whom the word France meant what it did to me, since that youthful phase, common, I suspect, to most boys, when I had pored over every book I could find that relates to Napoleon—and then the French language, French literature, French art; it was like an accolade.

When he had gone I went up-stairs and told Nell that we were in for it; that war was certain; but I was too busy all that morning to notice how the family were affected; until at noon Nell told me that Aunt Sarah had decided to go home; she was sadly shaken. Great bustling about then, rushing up and down stairs, servants flying everywhere and clamoring Americans in the corridors below! We got Aunt Sarah off at one o'clock, bundling her and her bags into the motor, her steamer trunks on top, and Alice, her English maid, weeping, bidding the servants good-by and clambering into the motor after her mistress, her black gown all unbuttoned down the back, revealing her white undergarments. . . .

Monsieur Klobukowski called during the afternoon to ask me to take over his Legation in case of eventualities. He was smiling as he usually was, and showed none of the signs of the strain exhibited by M. Fontarce that morning. I told him that I should be delighted to act for him.

XI

THE Belgian Government's reply to the German ultimatum, a dignified state paper, saying that Belgium refused to break her engagements and would resist German aggression, was delivered on Monday evening at seven o'clock. At ten o'clock the King addressed a telegram of appeal to the King of England. Tuesday morning at six o'clock Mr. von Below delivered his Government's note saying that Germany could take what she wanted by force. Germany had already declared war on France. The Belgian Government had been notified by both France and England that they would come to her defense if Belgian soil were invaded; the formal declarations of war were all that remained.

And at ten o'clock that morning the King went to Parliament.

It was a day of lovely sunshine; the Belgian flags of black and yellow and red floated from every house, and the people had gathered early about the Park and the Palace and the Parliament buildings to see the King and the Royal Family go by. The crowds were massed along the sidewalks, on the *terre-pleins* and the *carrefours;* people hung out of windows, even the roofs were black. The *garde-civique*, the *chasseurs* and the infantry, the *gendarmes à cheval* and companies of Boy Scouts formed a hedge from the Royal Palace along the Rue Royale to the Parliament Houses at the other end of the Park. The Queen went by first in a landau, with the three royal children, preceded by the *piqueurs de la Cour.* The King, booted and spurred, mounted on his big bay, came after with his staff and the *escadron* Marie-Henriette in their green tunics and gray busbies as guard of honor. The crowds were wild with enthusiasm.

At ten o'clock Mr. Gibson and I drove to the National Palace. Sir Francis Villiers drove up in his motor just as we arrived, and I entered with him and we went slowly up the red-carpeted staircase together to the diplomatic gallery, Sir Francis heavy with care. The Salle des Séances presented a scene one would not soon forget. All around the galleries were crowded, the wives of the Ministers in seats opposite us, though none of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were there. Below, the senators and deputies, all in formal black: some seated, quietly waiting, others in excited groups, discussing the ultimatum of last night and the invasion of the land. The Duc d'Ursel was there in the uniform of the Guides. The Ministers, after their sleepless nights, were on their benches, the Baron de Brocqueville, Messieurs Davignon, Carton de Wiart, Hymans, the new Liberal Ministre d'Etat, and Vandervelde, the new Socialist Ministre d'Etat, receiving congratulations. The hall is a semicircle, with columns all around, not unlike the chamber of the Supreme Court, the old Senate at Washington, though of course larger. A red-and-gold fauteuil was placed for the King on the president's dais; overhead under the statue of Leopold I. was the escutcheon of Belgium and a trophy of flags of Belgium and the Congo. The diplomatic tribune was hung with Belgian flags too. Down there on the floor before the president's desk a great green table was set, and at it were seated the president and the recorders. Gold fauteuils were set for the Queen and the Royal Family.

The colleagues were gathering in these now changed conditions, the last time we were assembled was at Ste Gudule, scarcely a fortnight before, at the *Te Deum* to celebrate the founding of the Belgian dynasty, now so rudely shaken. Mr. von Below, of course, was not there, nor the Count Clary, the Austrian Minister. We waited many minutes, then there came through the open window the strains of a band and suddenly a voice cried:

"*La Reine!*"

The deputies sprang to their feet, and against the solid black of their frock coats there fluttered the white of the handkerchiefs they waved as they shouted:

"*Vive la Reine! Vive la Reine!*"

And there was a charming Majesty, all in white, lovely and gracious, just entered the chamber below to our left, acknowledging this loyal salute with sweeping courtesies right and left. She had a modest suite—the Countess Henricourt de Grunne, *la Grande Maitresse*, in a violet gown, and the two little princes, Leopold, the Duke of Brabant, the heir apparent, and Charles, Count of Flanders, in black satin suits that day instead of the costumes of gray they usually wore, and the elfish little Princess Marie José.

The Queen took the golden chair placed for her on the left of the tribune, and the little princes took their seats beside her, the little Count of Flanders wriggling on his chair in such a boyish manner. The deputies resumed their seats and the chamber for an instant was still. And then while we waited, suddenly there was a noise outside, a rumble, a roar, and then a bailiff shouted:

"*Le Roi!*"

Their word was caught up by many, many voices, swelling to a hoarse shout:

"*Le Roi!*"

The Queen, the Ministers, the deputies, everybody arose; we in the diplomatic gallery never once sat down. The King was just below us, entering the chamber from the side opposite that from which the Queen had entered; the deputies were waving their hands—no handkerchiefs in them now—and shouting in a united voice, deep, rough, masculine, in a mighty crescendo:

"*Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!*"

It was though they could not shout it loudly enough; as they stood there, some in tears, Catholic, Liberal, Socialist, those distinctions faded; it was Belgium acclaiming her King.

And there he was, in the fatigue uniform of a Lieutenant-General, booted and spurred, his saber clanking at his side. He strides along firmly, swiftly mounts the rostrum, takes off his *képi*, flings it on the table before him, clicks his heels together, makes a smart military bow, swiftly peels the white glove from his right hand, slaps the glove into the *képi* and without waiting, begins at once in his firm voice and his beautiful French, to read his speech from the notes that he holds in his white-gloved hand.

The Queen, the little princes, the deputies, resume their seats; the applause that greets his Majesty is quickly hushed by the universal adjuration of silence:

"Sh! Sh!"

The president's gavel falls on the green table. The stillness in the chamber is the stillness of poignant, nervous tension. The Ministers in the front bench with their portfolios know what is coming, no doubt; but the others strain forward—the old Count Woest, for instance, with his hand behind his deaf ear, to hear the fateful words.

The King is somewhat short-sighted; he puts on his *pince-nez*, holds the narrow little strips of paper rather close to his eyes, and begins to read:

"*Quand je vois cette assemblée frémissante, dans laquelle il n'y a plus qu'un seul parti . . .*"

(As I look upon this moving assemblage, in which there is but one party . . .)

The emotions break, cries ring forth; then—

"Sh! Sh!" again, and silence.

And the King goes on: " . . . *celui de la Patrie, où tous les coeurs battent en ce moment à l'unisson, mes souvenirs se reportent au Congrès de* 1830, *et je vous demande, Messieurs: Etes-vous decides inébranlablement à maintenir intact le Patrimoine sacré de nos ancêtres?*"

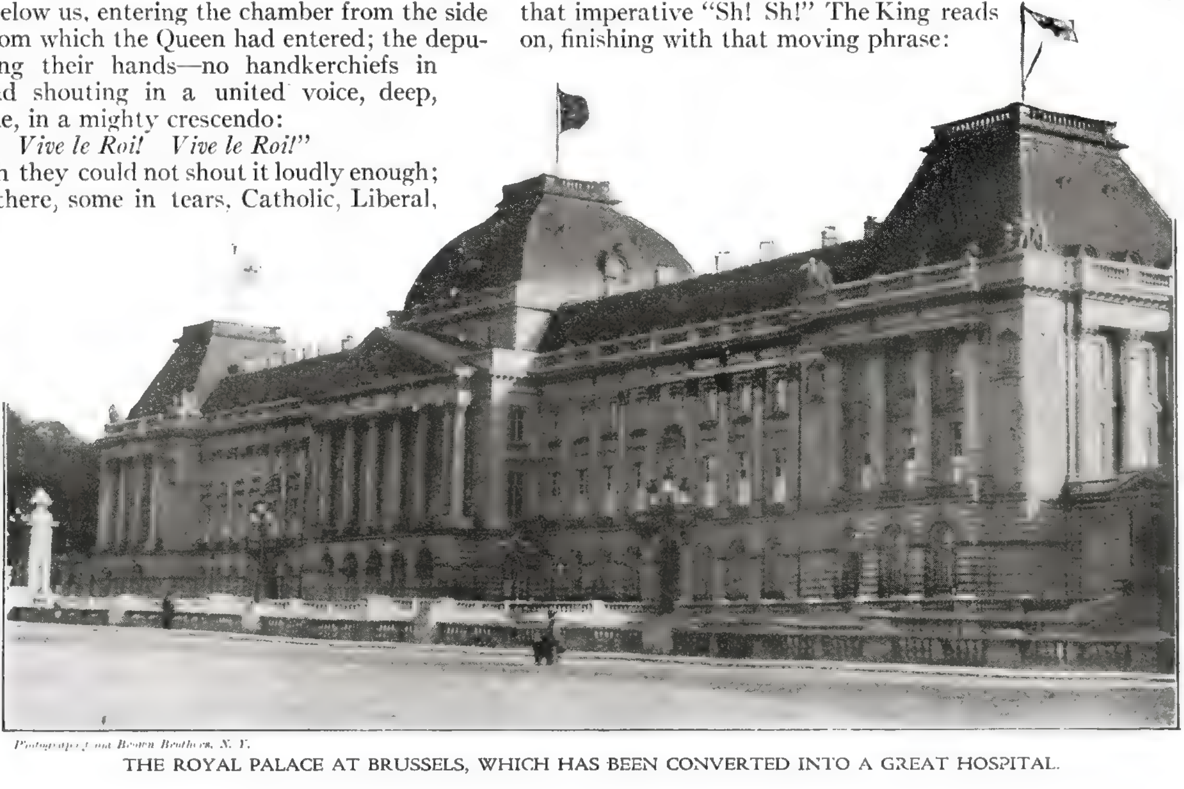
(. . . that of the Fatherland, in which all hearts in this hour beat as one, my thoughts go back to the Congress of 1830, and I ask you, gentlemen: are you determined steadfastly to hold intact the sacred patrimony of our ancestors?)

The deputies spring to their feet, raise their hands as though swearing to an oath, and cry:

"*Oui! Oui! Oui!*"

The King continues; he strikes out emphatic gestures with his free hand. Below him the little Duke of Brabant looks up intently into his father's face, never takes his eyes off him. What are the thoughts in that boy's mind? Will that scene come back to him in after years? And how, when, under what circumstances?

The silence is intense, too intense to be borne, and now and then exclamations break out, immediately smothered by that imperative "Sh! Sh!" The King reads on, finishing with that moving phrase:



Photograph from Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THE ROYAL PALACE AT BRUSSELS, WHICH HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A GREAT HOSPITAL.

"*J'ai foi dans nos destinées. Un pays qui se défend s'impose au respect de tous; ce pays ne périt pas. Dieu sera avec nous dans cette cause juste! Vive la Belgique indépendante!*"

(I have faith in our destiny. A country which defends itself enforces the respect of all; such a country shall not perish. God will be with us in this just cause. Long live free Belgium!)

The mad, passionate applause breaks, all unrestrained now; handkerchiefs are waved, then pressed to weeping eyes—the King seizes his *képi*, the Queen and the little princes rise, and the King stalks out, sword clanking; away on stern business now!

And I find myself leaning over the balcony rail, a catch in my throat, my eyes moist.

Then that stillness again in the chamber, intense, vibrant with emotion, the thrill of patriotism, the sense of tragedy, the consciousness of assisting at an historic scene; the deputies remain standing, and the Queen makes her sweeping courtesies again, right and left, then with the royal children and her suite, retires.

Then there is an universal inhalation in the chamber, a long breath, and Baron de Brocqueville, the Minister of War and Premier, is opening his portfolio, taking out the pages of his speech, standing up.

"*À la tribune! À la tribune!*"

The deputies cry, and he marches down, climbs up into the tribune, stands there, looks about him, bows. A handsome man, M. de Brocqueville; and a striking figure there in the tribune, in that moment; tall, *svelte*, distinguished, in black frock coat, curly hair, smart mustache, the ribbon of the Order of Leopold in his *boutonnière*. He speaks dramatically, reading the German ultimatum; the Belgian reply; asks almost peremptorily for a vote of supplies, and, at the end, smiting the tribune, his seal ring striking sharply on the hard wood, he concludes with:

"*La parole est aux armes!*"

The session is over, though the senators and the deputies are to hold formal sessions to ratify the Government's acts and to vote supplies. But the dramatic tableau is done and we turn to speak to one another, and then drift out of the gallery. And as we go, the Prince Koudacheff comes up to me, takes me aside and asks me to take over his legation in case he has to go away. I tell him that I shall be honored to do so, of course.

On our way out the word went about that the Papal Nuncio wished us to remain and meet him a moment in an anteroom. Monseigneur Tacci, as the only Ambassador at the Belgian Court, was the dean of the corps, though the Count Clary, who had been at Brussels longer than any of us, usually acted in that capacity. We gathered about him, then, in one of the antechambers, and he stood there in the midst of us, in his violet robes, very distinguished, with his dark, aristocratic features, as finely cut as a cameo, and his delicate hands that were so expressive, speaking to us in his soft Italian voice that lent its accent to his French. He hinted at the possibility of the Court and Government going to Antwerp, and said that in such an eventuality we should have to accompany them.

Then the sunshine once more, and the motors rolling up into the paved court before the Parliament buildings, and the colleagues lifting their tall hats to each other, and then rolling away in the crowded, agitated, brilliant streets.

When I got back to the Legation I found a telegram from Washington authorizing me to take over the French interests, providing such action would not prevent my taking over any other legations the chiefs of which might ask me to do so. And on the heels of this, word came from Mr. von Below that he was leaving in the afternoon and would ask me to accept the representation of German interests.

At two o'clock then, Mr. von Strum, the Secretary of the German Legation, came, very much excited, and formally delivered Mr. von Below's request.

"But I've agreed to act for the French interests," I said.

Mr. von Strum looked at me an instant, as though he could not believe me. I asked him to tell Mr. von Below of that fact, supposing that in such a case Mr. von Below would not wish me to act for German interests. Mr. von Strum was nervous, agitated and unstrung. I suppose that he, too, had been without sleep for nights on end. Tears were continually welling into his eyes, and suddenly he covered his face with his hands, leaned over his elbows on his knees, an attitude of despair. Presently he looked up.

"Oh, these poor, stupid Belgians!" he said. "Why don't they get out of the way! Why don't they get out of the way! I know what it will be. I know the German army. It will be like laying a baby on the track before a locomotive!"

He bent over, stretching his hands toward the floor as though to illustrate the cruel deed.

"I know the German army," he repeated. "It will go across Belgium like a steam-roller; like a steam-roller."

He liked the phrase, which he must have picked up in America (he had an American wife), and kept on repeating it.

He went away and late in the afternoon came back, saying that Mr. von Below asked me as a special favor to him to take over his legation and I consented. I sent word that I would go to the German Legation at five o'clock, and asked Maître de Leval meanwhile to draw very carefully a *procès-verbal*. The German Legation is across the street from the American, in the Rue Belliard, and at the hour appointed we went over there, Mr. Gibson, Maître de Leval, and I.

We found poor Mr. von Below alone in his chancery, stretched out in a low chair, a cup of tea on the little tabouret at his side. He was smoking a cigaret — his short mission at Brussels ended. When last I saw him, the night of his formal dinner, it was in that very room that he had been so happily looking forward to a peaceful, idle summer. At sight of me he flung up his hands, shrugged his shoulders and made a little grimace, as though, he too, remembered; as though words were unnecessary—or inadequate. Mr. von Below had had a *procès-verbal* prepared, but I preferred mine and we signed and sealed that. Then in that room of gloomy oak, the two white-haired German functionaries, the old Grabowsky, *conseiller aulique*, and another, bureaucratic and formal, bearing a tall, white candle and a long stick of red sealing-wax, proceeded slowly and solemnly around the room, sealing the oaken cupboards where the archives are. We stood about in silence while this was being done. Then the strained farewells. Mr. von Below was leaving at seven o'clock for Berlin, via Holland.

Half an hour later Maître de Leval and I drove over to the Foreign Office. In the Rue de la Loi we met a line of automobiles, half a dozen of them, spinning at high speed toward the Cinquantenaire. They were filled with officers, in the *bonnets de police* that the Belgian soldiers wear in memory of the Revolution of 1830, and they gave a gala air to the scene. Eugene lifted his cap when they whirled by.

"*Le Roi!*" said de Leval.

It was he, and his staff, going to the front.

The next instalment of **Brand Whitlock's Story of Belgium** *will appear in the March number.*

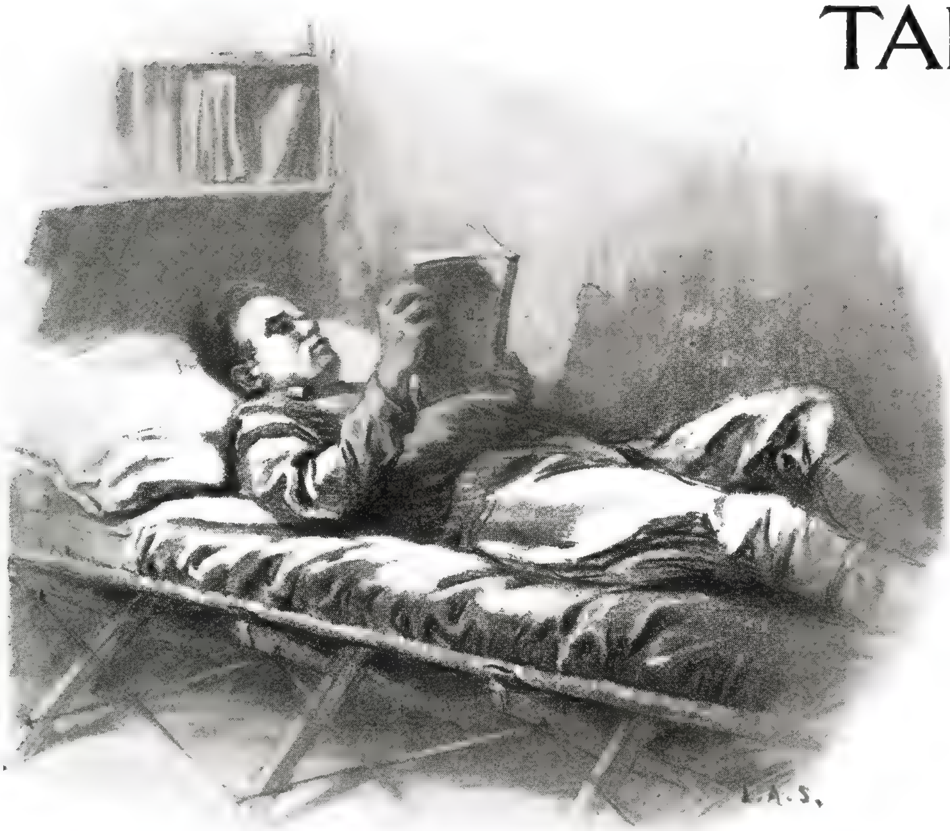
TAM O' THE SCOOTS

By

Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

Annie – the Gun



HIS MIND WAS ABSORBED WITH THE BREATHLESS ADVENTURES OF HIS COWBOY HERO.

"A'VE noticed," said Tam o' the Scoots, "a deesposition in writin' classes to omit the necessary bits of scenery that throw up the odious villainy of the factor, or the lonely vairtue of the Mill Girl. A forest maiden wi'oot the forest or a hard-workin' factory lass wi'oot a chimney-stalk, is no more convincin' than a seegair band wi'oot the seegair, or an empty pay envelope."

"Why this disquisition on the arts, Tam?" asked Captain Blackie testily.

Three o'clock in the morning, and freezing at that, a dark aerodrome and the ceaseless drum of guns—neither the time, the place nor the ideal accompaniment to philosophy, you might think. Blackie was as nervous, as a squadron commander may well be who has sent a party on a midnight stunt, and finds three o'clock marked on the phosphorescent dial of his watch and not as much as a single machine in sight.

"Literature," said Tam easily, "is a science or a disease very much like airmanship. 'Tis all notes of excl'mation an' question mairks, with one full stop an' several semi-comatose crashes——!"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, shut up, Tam!" said Blackie savagely. "Haven't you a cigar to fill that gap in your face?"

"Aye," said Tam calmly, "did ye no' smell it? It's one o' young Master Taunton's Lubricatos an' A'm smokin' it for an endurance test—they're no' so bad, remembering the inexperience an' youth o' ma wee frien'——"

Blackie turned.

"Tam," he said shortly, "I'm just worried sick about those fellows and I wish——"

"Oh, them," said Tam in an extravagant tone of surprise, "they're comin' back, Captain Blackie, sir—a' five, one with an engine that's runnin' no' so sweet—that'll be Mister Gordon's, A'm thinkin'."

Captain Blackie turned to the other incredulously.

"You can hear them?" he asked. "I hear nothing."

"It's the smell of Master Taunton's seegair in your ears," said Tam. "For the past five minutes A've been listenin' to the gay music of their tractors, bummin' like the mill hooter on a foggy morn—there they are!"

High in the dark heavens a tiny speck of red light glowed, lingered a moment and vanished. Then another, then a green that faded to white.

"Thank the Lord!" breathed Blackie. "Light up!"

"There's time," said Tam, "yon 'buses are fifteen thoosand up."

They came roaring and stuttering to earth, five monstrous shapes, and passed to the hands of their mechanics.

"Tam heard you," said Blackie to the young leader, stripping his gloves thoughtfully by the side of his machine. "Who had the engine trouble?"

"Gordon," chuckled the youth. "That 'bus is a——"

"Hec, sir!" said Tam and put his hands to his ears.

They had walked across to the commander's office.

"Well—what luck had you?" asked Blackie.

Lieutenant Taunton made a wry face.

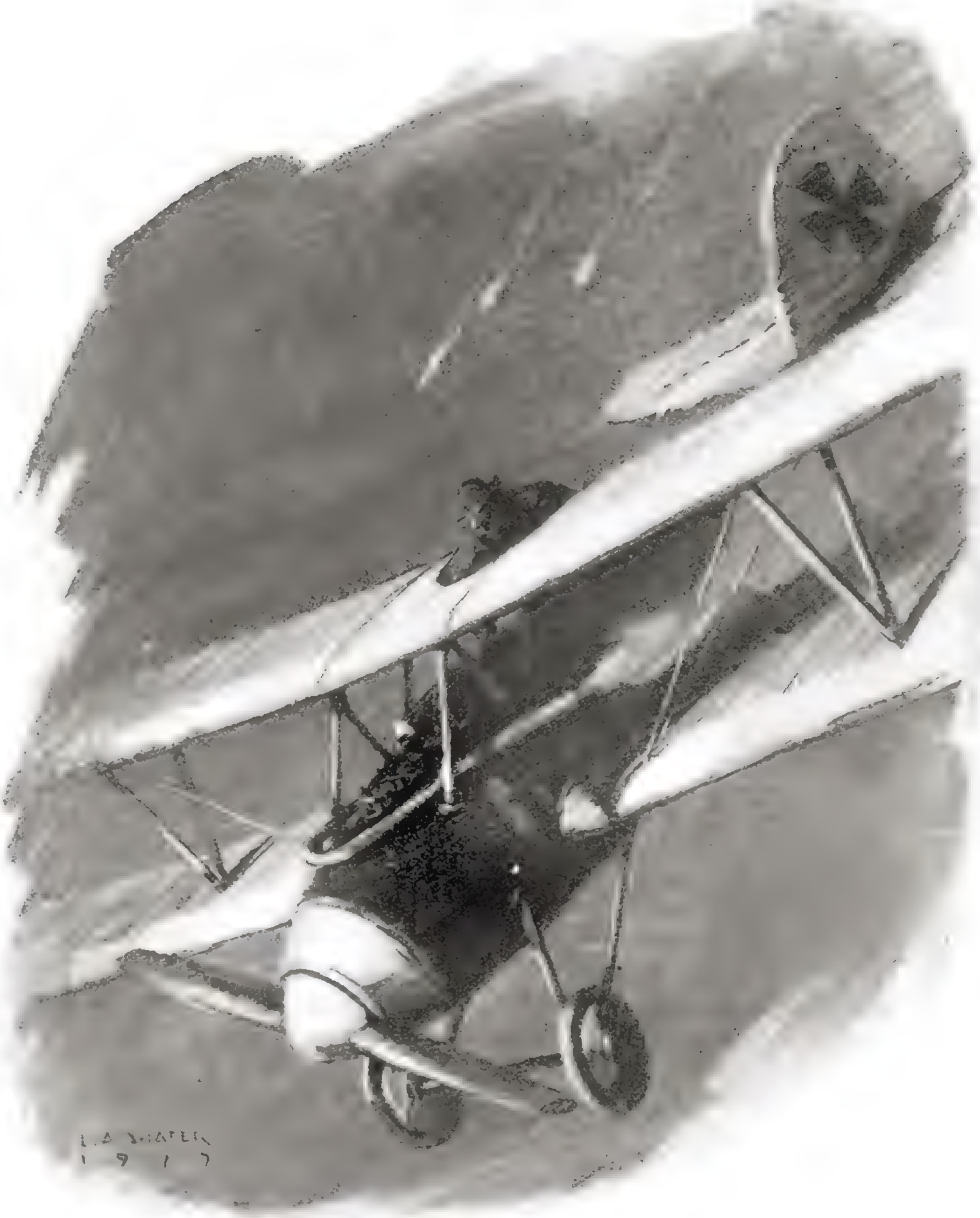
"I rather fancy we got the aerodrome—we saw something burning beautifully as we turned for home, but Fritz has a new searchlight installation *and* something fierce in the way of archives. There's a new battery and unless I'm mistaken a new kind of gun—that's why we climbed. They angled the lights and got our range in two calendar seconds and they never left us alone. There was one gun in particular that was almost undodgable. I stalled and side-slipped, climbed and nose-dived, but the devil was always on the spot."

"Hum," said Blackie thoughtfully, "did you mark the new battery?"

"X B 84 as far as I could judge," said the other and indicated a tiny square on the big map which covered the side of the office; "it wasn't worth while locating, for I fancy that my particular friend was mobile—Tam, look out for the Demon Gunner of Bocheville."

"It is computed by state—by state—by fellers that coont," said Tam, "that it takes seven thoosand shells to hit a flyin'-man—by my own elaborate system of calculation, A reckon that A've five thoosand shells to see before A get the one that's marked wi' ma name an' address."

And he summarily dismissed the



DOWN CHARGED THE NOSE OF HIS MACHINE.

matter from his mind for the night. Forty-eight hours later he found the question of A.A. gunnery a problem which was not susceptible to such cavalier treatment.

He came back to the aerodrome this afternoon, shooting down from a great height in one steep run, and found the whole of the squadron waiting for him. Tam descended from the fuselage very solemnly, affecting not to notice the waiting audience, and with a little salute, which was half a friendly nod, he would have made his way to squadron headquarters had not Blackie hailed him.

"Come on, Tam," he smiled. "Why this modesty?"

"Sir?" said Tam with well-simulated surprise.

"Let us hear about the gun."

"Ah, the gun," said Tam as though it were some small matter which he had overlooked in the greater business of the day. "Well, now, sir, that is *some* gun, and after A've had a sup o' tea A'll tell you the story of ma reckless exploits."

He walked slowly over to his mess, followed by the badinage of his superiors.

"You saw it, Austin, didn't you?" Blackie turned to the young airman.

"Oh, yes, sir. I was spotting for a howitzer battery and they were firing like a gas-pipe, by the way, right outside the clock—I can't make up my mind what is the matter with that battery."

"Never mind about the battery," interrupted Blackie; "tell us about Tam."

"I didn't see it all," said Austin, "and I didn't know it was Tam until later. The first thing I saw was one of our fellows 'zooming' up at a rare bat all on his lonely. I didn't take much notice of that. I thought it was one of our fellows on a stunt. But presently I could see Archie getting in his grand work. It was a battery somewhere on the Lille road, and it was a scorcher, for it got his level first pop. Instead of going on, the 'bus started circling as though he was enjoying the 'shrap' bath. As far as I could see there were four guns on him, but three of them were wild and late. You could see their bursts over him and under him, but the fourth was a terror. It just potted away, always at his level. If he went up it lived with him; if he dropped it was alongside of him. It was quaint to see the other guns correcting their range, but always a bit after the fair. Of course, I knew it was Tam and I somehow knew he was just circling round trying out the new gun. How he escaped, the Lord knows!"

Faithful to his promise, Tam returned.

"If any of you gentlemen have a seegair—" he asked.

Half a dozen were offered to him and he took them all.

"A'll no' offend any o' ye," he explained, "by refusin' your hospitality. They mayn't be good seegairs, as A've reason to know, but A'll smoke them all in the spirit they are geeven."

He sat down on a big packing-case, tucked up his legs under him and pulled silently at the glowing Perfecto. Then he began:

"At eleven o'clock in the forenoon," said Tam, settling himself to the agreeable task, "in or about the vicinity of La Bas a solitary airman micht ha' been sighted or viewed, wingin' his way leisurely across the fleckless blue o' the skies. Had ye been near enough ye would have obsairved a smile that played aroond his gay young face. In his blue eyes was a look o' deep thought. Was he thinkin' of home, of his humble cot in the shadow of Ben Lomond? He was not, for he never had a home in the shadow of Ben Lomond. Was he thinkin' sadly of the meanness o' his superior officer who had left one common seegair in his box and had said, 'Tam, go into my quarters and help yourself to the smokes'?"

"Tam, I left twenty," said an indignant voice, "and when I came to look for them they were all gone."

"A've no doot there's a bad character amongst ye," said Tam gravely; "A only found three, and two of 'em were bad, or it may have been four. No, sirs, he was no' thinkin' of airthly things. Suddenly as he zoomed to the heavens there was a loud crack; and lookin' over, the young hero discovered that life was indeed a bed of shrapnel and that more was on its way, for at every point of the compass Archie was belching forth death and destruction"—he paused and rubbed his chin—"Archie A didn't mind," he said with a little chuckle, "but Archie's little sister, sir, she was fierce! She never left me. A stalled an' looped, A stood on ma head and sat on ma tail. A banked to the left and to the right. A spiraled up and A nose-dived doon, and she stayed wi' me closer than a sister. For hoors, it seemed almost an etairnity, Tam o' the Scoots hovered above the inferno——"

"But why, Tam?" asked Blackie. "Was it sheer swank on your part?"

"It was no swank," said Tam quietly. "Listen, Captain Blackie, sir; four guns were bangin' and bargin' at me, and one of them was a good one—too good to live. Suppose A had spotted that one—A could have dropped and bombed him."

Blackie was frowning.

"I think we'll leave the Archies alone," he said; "you have never shown a disposition to go gunning for Archies before, Tam."

Tam shook his head.

"It is a theery A have, sir," he said; "yon Archie, the new feller, is being tried oot. He is different to the rest. Mr. Austin had him the other night. Mr. Colebeck was nearly brought doon yesterday morn. Every one in the squadron has had a taste of him, and every one in the squadron has been lucky."

"THAT is a fact," said Austin; "this new gun is a terror."

"But he has no' hit any one," insisted Tam; "it's luck that he has no', but it's the sort of luck that the flyin'-man has. To-morrow the luck may be all the other way, and he'll bring doon every one he aims at. Ma idea is that to-morrow we've got to get him, because if he makes good, in a month's time you won't be able to fly except at saxteen thoosand feet."

A light broke in on Blackie.

"I see, Tam," he said; "so you were just hanging around to discourage him?"

"A thoct it oot," said Tam. "A pictured ma young friend Willie von Archie shootin' and shootin', surroonded by technical expairts with long whiskers and spectacles. 'It's a rotten gun you've got, Von,' says they; 'can ye no' bring doon one wee airman?' 'Gi' me anither thoosand shots,' gasps Willie, 'and there'll be a vacant seat in the sergeant's mess;' and so the afternoon wears away and the landscape is littered wi' shell cases, but high in the air, glitterin' in the dyin' rays of the sun, sits the debonair scoot, cool, resolute, and death-defyin'."

That night the wires between the squadron headquarters and G. H. Q. hummed with information and inquiry. A hundred aerodromes, from the North Sea to the Vosges, reported laconically that Annie, the vicious sister of Archie, was unknown.

TAM lay in his bunk that night devouring the latest of his literary acquisitions.

Tam's "bunk" was a ten-by-eight structure lined with varnished pine. The furniture consisted of a plain canvas bed, a large black box, a home-made cupboard and three book-shelves which ran the width of the wall facing the door. These were filled with thin, paper-covered "volumes" luridly covered. Each of these issues consisted of thirty-two pages of indifferent print, and since the authors aimed at a maximum effect with an economy of effort, there were whole pages devoted to dialogue of a staccato character.

He lay fully dressed upon the bed. A thick curtain retained the light which came from an electric bulb above his head and his mind was absorbed with the breathless adventures of his cowboy hero.

Now and again he would drop the book to his chest and gaze reflectively at the ceiling, for, all the time he had been reading, one-half of his brain had been steadily pursuing a separate course of inquiry of its own; and while the other half had wandered pleasantly through deep and sunless gulches or had clambered on the back of a surefooted bronco up precipitous mountain-slopes, the mental picture he conjured was in the nature of a double exposure, for ever there loomed a dim figure of a mysterious anti-aircraft gun. He took up the book for about the tenth time and read two lines, when a bell in the corner of the room rang three times. Three short thrills of sound and then silence.

Tam slipped from the bed, lifted down his leather jacket from the wall and struggled into it. He took up his padded helmet, switched off the light and, opening the door, stepped out into the darkness. Buttoning his jacket as he went, he made his way across by a short cut to the hangars and found Blackie surrounded by half a dozen officers already on the spot.

"Is that you, Tam? I want you to go up—there she goes!"

They listened.

"*Whoom!*"

"Fritz has sneaked across in the dark and is industriously bombing billets," he said; "he dodged the Creeper's Patrol. Go and see if you can find him."

"*Whoom!*"

The sound of the bursting bomb was nearer.

"'Tis safer in the air," said Tam as he swung into his fuselage. "Contact!"

A few seconds later, with a roar, the machine disappeared into the black wall of darkness.

It came back in less than a minute well overhead and Blackie, straining his eyes upward, followed its progress against the stars until it melted into the sky.

"*Whoom!*"

"He is looking for us," said Blackie grimly; "stand by your hangars."

To the northwest two swift beams of light were sweeping the sky urgently. From a point farther south sprang another beam.

"If Fritz doesn't locate us now he ought to be shot," growled Blackie.

But apparently Fritz had overshot the aerodrome, for the next explosion came a mile to the west.

"Tam will see the burst," said young Austin and Blackie nodded.

There were no other explosions and they waited for ten minutes then——

"*Ticka-ticka-ticka-ticka!*"

The sound came from right overhead.

"Tam's got him," whooped Blackie; "the devil must have been flying low."

"*Tocka-tocka-tocka-tocka!*"

"That's Fritz," said Blackie, "and that's Tam again."

Then one of the waving searchlights strayed in their direction, and down its white beam for the space of a hundred yards slid a ghostly white moth. It dipped suddenly and fell out of the light and in its wake, but above, burst three little green balls of fire—Tam's totum and sign-manual.

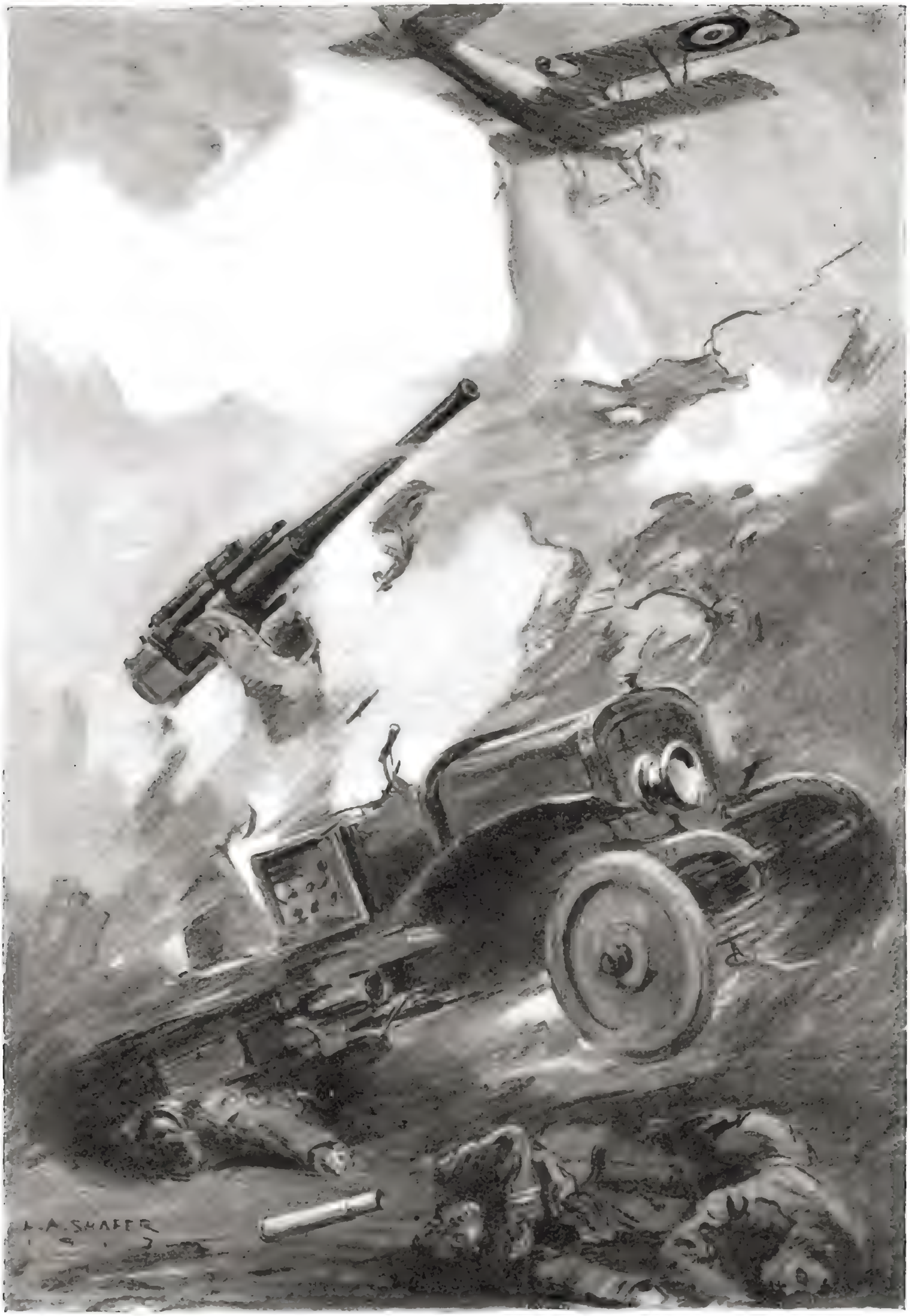
"Landing lights!" roared Blackie, and they had hardly been switched on when Tam swooped to the ground.

In the meantime a motor-car had gone swiftly in the direction of the fallen Hun machine.

"He crashed," said Tam breathlessly, as he jumped to the ground; "A'm afeered the puir body is hurt."

But the poor body was neither hurt nor frightened, nor indeed had he crashed.

In point of fact he had made a very good landing, considering the disadvantages under which he labored. They brought him into the mess-room, a tall stripling with shaven head and blue laughing eyes, and he took the



THE EXPLOSION FLUNG HIM UP AND TOSSED HIS LITTLE MACHINE AS THOUGH IT WERE OF PAPER.

coffee they offered him with a courteous little bow and a click of his heels.

"Baron von Treutzer," the prisoner introduced himself.

"I was afraid that a thousand meters was too low to fly, even at night," he said; "I suppose I didn't by any lucky chance get you. By the way, who brought me down? Tam?"

"Tam it was," said Blackie cheerfully, "and you didn't get us."

"I am sorry," said the baron. "May I ask you whether it was Tam who was doing stunts over our new gun?"

Blackie nodded.

"I thought it was. They have been cursing him all the evening—I mean, of course, the technical people," he added hastily, as though to emphasize the fact that the Imperial Air Service was above resentment. "Naturally they swore you had some kind of armor on your machine, and though we told them it was most unlikely, they insisted—you know what obstinate people these manufacturers are; in fact, they say that they saw it glitter," he laughed softly. "You see," he went on, "they don't understand this game. They can not understand why their wonderful"—he corrected himself swiftly—"why their gun did not get you. It would have been a terrible disappointment if they had brought you down and discovered that you were not sheeted in some new patent shell-proof steel."

"Oh, aye," said Tam, and he smiled, which was an unusual thing for Tam to do, and then he laughed, a deep, bubbling chuckle of laughter, which was even more unusual. "Oh, aye," he said again and was still laughing when he went out of the little anteroom.

He did not go back to his bunk, but made his way to the workshop, and when he went up the next morning he carried with him, carefully strapped to the fuselage, a sheet of tin which he had industriously cut and punched full of rivet-holes in the course of the night.

"And what are you going to do with that, Tam?" asked Blackie.

"That is ma new armor," said Tam solemnly. "'Tis a grand invention I made out of my own head."

"But what is the idea?" asked Blackie.

"Captain Blackie, sir," said Tam, "I have a theery, and if you have no objection I'd like to try it oot."

"Go ahead," said Blackie with a perplexed frown.

At half-past eleven, Tam, having roved along the German front-line trenches and having amused himself by chasing a German spotter to earth, made what appeared to be a leisurely way back to that point of the Lille road where he had met with his adventures of the previous day. He was hoping to find the battery which he had worried at that time, and he was not disappointed. In the same area where he had met the guns before, they opened upon him. He circled round and located six pieces. Which of these was "Annie"?

One he could silence at terrible risk to himself, but no more. To drop down, on the off-chance of finding his quarry, was taking a gambler's chance, and Tam prided himself that he was no gambler. That the gun was there, he knew. Its shells were bursting ever upon his level and he was bumped and kicked by the violence of the concussions. As for the other guns, he ignored them; but from whence came the danger? He had unstrapped the tin-plate and held it ready in his gloved hand—then there came a burst dangerously near. He banked over, side-slipped in the most natural manner and with all his strength flung the tin-plate clear of the machine. Immediately after, he began to climb upward. He looked down, catching the glitter of the tin as it planed and swooped to the earth.

He knew that those on the ground below thought he was hit. For a brief space of time the guns ceased firing and by the time they recommenced they fired short. Tam was now swooping round eastward farther and farther from range, and all the time he was climbing, till, at the end of half an hour, those who watched him saw only a little black speck in the sky.

When he reached his elevation he began to circle back till he came above the guns and a little to the eastward. He was watching now intently. He had located the six by certain landmarks, and his eyes flickered from one point to the other. A drifting wisp of cloud helped him a little in the period of waiting. It served the purpose of concealment and he passed another quarter of an hour dodging eastward and westward from cover to cover until, heading back again to the west, he saw what he had been waiting for.

Down charged the nose of the machine. Like a hawk dropping upon its prey he swooped down at one hundred and fifty miles an hour, his eyes fixed upon one point. The guns did not see him until too late. Away to his right, two Archies crashed and missed him by the length of a street. He slowly flattened before he came over a gun which stood upon a big motor-trolley screened by canvas and reeds, and he was not fifty yards from the ground when he released, with almost one motion, every bomb he carried.

The explosion flung him up and tossed his little machine as though it were of paper. He gave one fleeting glance backward and saw the débris, caught a photographic glimpse of half a dozen motionless figures in the road, then set his roaring machine upward and homeward.

It was not until a week afterward that the news leaked out that Herr Heinzelle, one of Krupp's best designers, had been "killed on the Western Front," and that information put the finishing touch to Tam's joy.

"But," asked the brigadier-general to whose attention Tam's act of genius had been brought, "how did your man know it was the gun?"

"You see, sir," said Blackie, "Tam got to know that Fritz believed his machine was armored, and he thought they would be keen to see the armor, and so he took up a plate of tin and dropped it. What was more natural than that they should retrieve the armor and take it to the experts for examination? Tam waited till he saw the sunlight reflected on the tin near one of the guns—knew that he had found his objective—and dropped for it!"

"An exceedingly ingenious idea!" said the brigadier.

This message Blackie conveyed to his subordinate.

"A'm no' puffed-up aboot it," said Tam. "'Twas a great waste o' good tin."

*Other stories of **"Tam o' The Scoots"** will follow in later numbers.*

A SONG OF FOOT-FARING

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

OH, THE days of skipping and singing,
Of leaps with a laugh between,
The days of the merry "Hail! good friend,"
In meadow or forest green!

For now one must needs look sober
Or folks will think one a fool;
We have lost the ways of our truant days
In a weary session of school.

But the heart may quiver with music,
And the lungs of the soul may fill,
And fancy may jig through a city square
In spite of the cold world's will.

The face is dull and the pace is dull
As we tramp the dull gray street—
Thank God for the lilt of a heart that laughs,
And the lightness of fancy's feet!

INVADED AMERICA

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

The Winning Battle in the Middle West

THIS is the third article in a series through which Mr. Adams is rounding up and bringing to light the secret German activities and pro-German disloyalties in America. The preceding article dealt with the struggle of the loyal and disloyal forces in Wisconsin. This article gives a wider survey of the conflict and its encouraging outcome in the Middle West.—THE EDITOR.

UNSUPPORTED by logic or precedent, there has grown up in this country a singular superstition concerning the nation's powers of assimilation. Any settler in this land of freedom and opportunity, so we Americans fondly assume, becomes, by the very process of settling, as American as ourselves. One whiff of our patriotic ozone, and, presto! behold the alien transformed in the twinkling of an eye into blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh, a firm prop of our painfully constructed and still incomplete institution of democracy. Unquestioningly, and with a fatuous trustfulness, we take for granted the fiat Americanism of the newcomer.

IN THE United States there are perhaps fifteen million people of German birth, descent, or more or less intimate connection. Teutonic propaganda has been systematically at work upon them since war loomed over this country.

Undigested Americans

UP TO now this has been a not intolerable situation. In time of peace, a nation can afford to play the fool. War is a disturber of complacency.

At a time when the nation should be united in a single understanding, purpose, and will, we are aroused to the true conditions of our disunion: thirty-odd nationalities—not languages alone, but alien allegiances—perpetuated and fostered within our borders; alien-tongued newspapers and magazines combatting the educational forces of our own press; alien thought, speech, and customs maintained in churches, in clubs, in schools, in business, professional, and political life, to such an extent, at the worst, that the sign, "English Spoken Here," may be found in American shop windows; that office-holders cringe to the foreign vote, and we find the mayor of a thriving town warning Americans against the public expression of sentiments concerning the world war which might offend their fellow residents of German breed or sympathies! In the light of such conditions, we now come to realize what had been passed by as unimportant hitherto, that a nation-wide, expert German propaganda has been in progress for many years, ranging from Prince Henry's tour of the "singing societies," to the calculated pressure upon politicians of the solid German vote, particularly directed toward Teutonizing our educational system.

Against this, what Americanizing influences have been opposed? None, generally speaking, previous to our entry into the conflict. Then two agencies began to make themselves felt: one a purposefully Americanizing force, the other a strange diversion to the ends of patriotic propaganda of a national financing scheme. The first, the general plan of the Councils of Defense, national, state, and subsidiary, contemplated from the outset missionary work upon our alien-minded residents. As to the second, any one would have been set down as fervidly imaginative who should have prophesied that a bond issue by the United States Treasury would prove the most effective possible agency for determining the state of the public mind as to loyalty, and hardly less effective as an instrument of conversion of the disaffected. Yet so it has proven. The Liberty Bond has been a new Liberty Bell to awaken the newest Americans, as the Revolutionary tocsin aroused the oldest.

First, it is essential to know who, in this war, are for us and who against us. No better determinant could have been devised by the most careful ingenuity than the Liberty Loan. Appeal, in its name, to a pro-Teuton, and you shall see him react to it as unerringly as litmus paper responds to the self-betraying chemical, and with the same change of color. Then it is for the Liberty Loan committees, the state Councils of Defense, to determine how he may be reclaimed. I have studied the operation of a number of these nationalizing influences, particularly in the Middle West, where, outside of our great industrial centers, foreign culture most obstinately maintains itself, and though the process of Americanization will take years to complete, at least a most encouraging start has been made.

Nowhere has this plan of making the bond, as such, an energizing and regenerating force for nationalization, been carried so far as in the procedure of the Liberty Loan Committee of the Ninth Federal Reserve District, centering in Minneapolis. Credit for this is largely due to A. R. Rogers, the chairman. In a previous existence, Mr. Rogers was at the head of a great lumber company, in the management of which he developed not only forcefulness and acumen in dealing with all kinds of men, but also that happy quality broadly termed in business life, tact. Mr. Rogers's brand is, I suspect, less the tact of the tactician than of the man with an underlying humanness and a sense of and sympathy with the other fellow's point of view. As the "other fellow," in this case several million strong, represents every phase of feeling, from ardent patriotism to absolute disloyalty, the Liberty Loan chairman has had his work cut out for him. As an initial step, he called together his chief aids, and briefly set forth his theory for them to pass on to the army of bond solicitors under them:

The Bonds of Partnership

"THE idea isn't to sell bonds alone. Our job is to gather in new partners in our government. Even if a salesman should sell Farmer Jansen a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds and didn't at the same time sell him on the proposition of America and the war, he would only half have done his job. A man who is persuaded, not bulldozed, into subscribing is more of an asset to the country than his money. When you take an employee and make him a profit-sharer in the business, he gets a new point of view. Your salesmen are going out to sell profit-bearing shares in the United States of America, and to make loyal partners of their customers."

Each salesman, as he went out, was armed with a formidable weapon in the shape of the "blue card," now known to many thousands of bond rejecters in the Northwest. The blue card is susceptible of unfair use; but the Ninth District solicitors were insistently warned against employing it to report any man who was financially unable to purchase a bond, or with any other sound reason for refusing to buy. The process is this: A man—say a farmer—is approached by the Liberty Loan solicitor and is asked to take a bond. He refuses. The solicitor explains the nature of the loan and urges the nation's need. The farmer is obstinate; says he can't afford the money, or, perhaps, that this is a rich man's war (the familiar echo of German or pacifist propaganda) and that he doesn't see why a poor man should be called upon. The solicitor argues that he has a good farm; he can afford to do his share; but the arguments fall on deaf ears. Out comes the blue card. On the reverse, which is presented to the farmer's eyes, is the legend, in large print:

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
LIBERTY LOAN
FEDERAL RESERVE BANK
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

NOT disloyalty, pro-Germanism, or indifference has prevented many German-Americans from declaring the faith that is in them, but the fear of boycott, social, political, or business reprisals from their malcontent fellows, the sullen withdrawal of personal associations in church and club, and the threat of vengeance at the polls.

"The Government wishes a statement of your case on the following points," says the visitor, and proceeds formally to put the queries:

Name? Nationality? Citizen? Business? Ever take up a homestead? Any member of his family serving his country? Did he buy any of the first issue of bonds? How many? What reason for not buying present issue?

TO WIN over the silent but loyal German-Americans is the most important internal consideration of the war to which we must all set our hands, unless in the hard days to come we are to face divided councils, hampering doubts, and a chill and alien spirit devitalizing the militant energies of the nation.

Each reply is entered upon the blue card. Often the fifth and sixth queries do the business, even in strongly recalcitrant cases. They afford what an agent would call "strong talking points." If the farmer has taken up a homestead, the bond man asks him how he can justify his refusal to aid the nation which gave him the very basis of his livelihood. If he has a son in the service, emphasis is laid upon the necessity of liberal support of the boys who are going to the front. Frequently before the catechism is finished, the subject has reconsidered his determination and decided to subscribe.

On their receipt the cards are carefully studied and filed, and in some cases they are followed up. Where the case is known to be a person of influence in his neighborhood, he may be made the subject of special urgency, either by letter or personal call. It is in the handling of cases where the man reported feels the sting of injustice, however, that the principles of the organization show to the best advantage.

Such a case was that of a not very successful German farmer whom I shall call Herz, reported by an over-zealous solicitor as disloyal. The blue card in this case aroused in the mind of Chairman Rogers a suspicion that the whole facts had not been rightly set forth. He wrote the farmer a kindly letter, asking if he did not owe a duty to his country. The reply, by return mail, justified the chairman's insight.

> DEAR SIR:
>
> I did not decline to buy a Liberty Bond on the ground that I did not consider this a just war. I thought it was enough for me to send my only son against my sister's and brothers' sons, without giving my money to buy ammunition to kill them. I further said that I would have to borrow the money for to buy a bond. I can prove that I told a man this morning (before I got your letter) that had shortly bought a bond, that I would buy a bond too before the week is up. I hope this will explain my position to you, although I may be ridiculed or condemned for the statement I made, but it is a conscientious scruple with me. I am grieved especially in behalf of my sister. She brought me up and has been a mother to me. How can I meet them again on earth or hereafter with clear conscience? Of course it is brother against brother now; but I can not understand why a man should be always under suspicion of being disloyal because he is German born or German descent. I admit I was strong pro-German before Congress declared war on Germany, and had a right to be, but since then I considered it my solemn duty to be loyal to the land of my adoption. I lived here thirty-three years; it is home—the home of my wife and children. I have no other country to defend. I am not in sympathy with the German Government as the ruling classes, but I can not help to be extremely sorry for the German people.
>
> I rather think it is an injustice to a man to be reported as a slacker within twenty-four hours after he has been interviewed, but they need not worry about me, I will buy bonds.

To which pathetically honest and straightforward letter Mr. Rogers replied:

> Instead of your being persecuted or condemned, this committee expresses to you its sympathy. I can understand the situation, and, further than that, I do not feel that you should be asked to buy these bonds unless you desire to do so. The thing that your Government is most anxious to do now, much more anxious than to sell a few bonds, is to have people like yourself, with German ancestry, German relations, feel, as I am sure from your letter you must, that this is, after all, the best country on the face of the earth, and that it is up to us, one and all, to defend it at all times.
>
> You may consider from this letter that you will not be annoyed or persecuted, and that the card you mention will never be used against you and brought to life again. I am very glad indeed that you wrote me, and I shall be glad to do or say anything more that will satisfy you and make you feel that the people representing your Government have no intention of injuring any loyal American citizen."

All this took a little time, trouble, and thought on the part of one of the busiest men in the country; but it gave to a protesting bond purchaser, sore, sorrowful, and resentful, the feeling that his Government understood and sympathized with him, and it made of him a real supporter of the United States of America, who when the next bond issue comes around, will go out, so he has told his friends, and work for it.

In a Minneapolis factory worked a young Jew who was known to his fellows as a "conscientious objector." A Liberty Bond salesman deliberately provoked him into argument, "blue-carded" him, and, accusing him of disloyalty, practically terrorized him into taking two hundred dollars' worth of bonds. The card, as turned in, did not impress the chairman favorably. He sent for the young fellow's employer, learned that the Jew was a quiet, unargumentative

A GREAT number of German-Americans, possibly a majority, walk in fear of their own clan and do not manifest their allegiance to this country because they dare not. Nine-tenths of them could be won over to full loyalty.

youth who had always held anti-war convictions, but had made no attempt to proselytize and had never evinced any disloyalty. Thereupon, Mr. Rogers sent a more tactful man to see the workman, explain to him the purposes of the bond, and inform him that if his conscience revolted against subscribing to the loan, his subscription would be crossed off the records, and he need fear no further trouble. After thinking it over, the subscriber decided to stand by his subscription. Wise handling had made a friend of one whom harsh treatment might have left an enemy.

Occasionally a man will write in, saying that he has taken more bonds than he could afford, in fear of being "blue-carded." Where investigation of the complainant's financial status indicates that this is true, the committee releases him from part or all of the obligation, and censures the solicitor in the case.

Lend-a-Hand Loyalty

SUCH instances are few, however. For the most part the bond volunteers have been scrupulously fair in their dealings. Great dependence has been placed upon the county chairmen, who are carefully chosen and trained in their duties, and they are held to responsibility for the local conduct of the loan, though it is understood that the Central Committee is always at their call. Securing a county chairman is not always easy, however. Man after man in McCleod County, Minnesota, declined to serve, on the plea that he would be boycotted and ruined by the German element, which is very strong there. McCleod had done nothing worth mentioning in the first loan, and purposed to do less in the second. It looked like a deadlock.

Somebody suggested to the committee Ben Klaus of the International Harvester Company, who was born in McCleod County, and had lived in Germany for ten years. Though of German parentage, Mr. Klaus is American from the ground to a point six feet, two inches above the ground. He is also credited with being a hustler.

"Go up there and start something on this loan," was the committee's invitation to him.

"What good would I do?" demanded Mr. Klaus. "This is an orator's job. I never made a speech in my life."

"Don't begin now," they advised. "Just go up there and hustle."

So Mr. Klaus went back to his birthplace and hustled. He understood the people; he talked plain talk; and he invited any one who might not like it to step out and say so. The result showed in the figures for the county:

First Loan	$ 30,000
Second Loan	$300,000

Particular attention has been paid to the farming communities where the first loan fell far short; and it has been found that solicitors who are themselves Germans have been notably successful in this field. A central Minnesota farm locality, almost wholly German, had made practically no response to the first loan. Thirty-two specially selected men were sent to the place, and when they had finished, every farm but two in the district had a bond. Further, and more important, they were able to report at least the beginnings of a change of heart in a considerable percentage of cases. Until their arrival nothing but the pro-German side of the war had been presented.

With the clergy of the Lutheran Church, a troublesome and rather pathetic problem, the committee has been particularly successful, through tactful handling. They have appreciated the force for loyalizing the German elements of the community which these leaders could exert if they would, and have gone to great lengths of forbearance in dealing with them. It would have been quite in order, for example, to be harsh with the pastor of a flourishing Michigan church for inflammatory utterances in his sermons. Instead, a representative of the committee, a man of calm temper, judgment, and a comprehension of the difficulties of the Lutheran sect in the present crisis, went to the minister and talked the whole matter out with him. In the first campaign the preacher had been quietly but potently against the bond issue; in the second he was out among his people working on the bond sale. The head of one of the most active district committees in North Dakota is a Lutheran preacher who in the first campaign flatly refused to preach a sermon on Liberty Bonds.

While the second campaign was in progress, Mr. Rogers received a letter from a pastor, so clearly and justly stating the perplexities of a Lutheran who was at heart loyal to this nation, that it afforded excellent material for propaganda. Mr. Rogers asked permission to publish it. The writer replied that the letter might be used if Mr. Rogers felt that it was really needed; but, he added, the publication would cost him a reduction in salary, if not his pulpit. It was decided to print the letter, the committee arranging to care for the writer in case his church dismissed him. As events turned out, it appeared that he had mistaken the temper of his fellow Lutherans; for, after he had followed up his letter by taking an active and valuable part in the loan campaign, his church signified its attitude, not by cutting down, but by increasing his salary.

Patriotism by Persuasion

IN A former article I have referred to the original State Council of Defense, that of Wisconsin. This council has, in Magnus Swenson, a chairman who sees in the war an opportunity for bringing about a greater solidarity in the nation. Having been born raised, and educated in the state, Mr. Swenson has a pretty clear comprehension of his fellow citizens, including those of foreign affiliations. On principle he gives credit to every citizen for loyalty to this country, until there is some reason to suspect him.

In all cases, the immediate effect sought is to check overt disloyalty or interference with the loan. "First stop their talking, then get after them with personal persuasion where possible," is Mr. Swenson's principle. For example, a report comes in to headquarters from a loyal German in a dairy community who has resigned from his church because of what he regards as the unpatriotic utterances of the pastor.

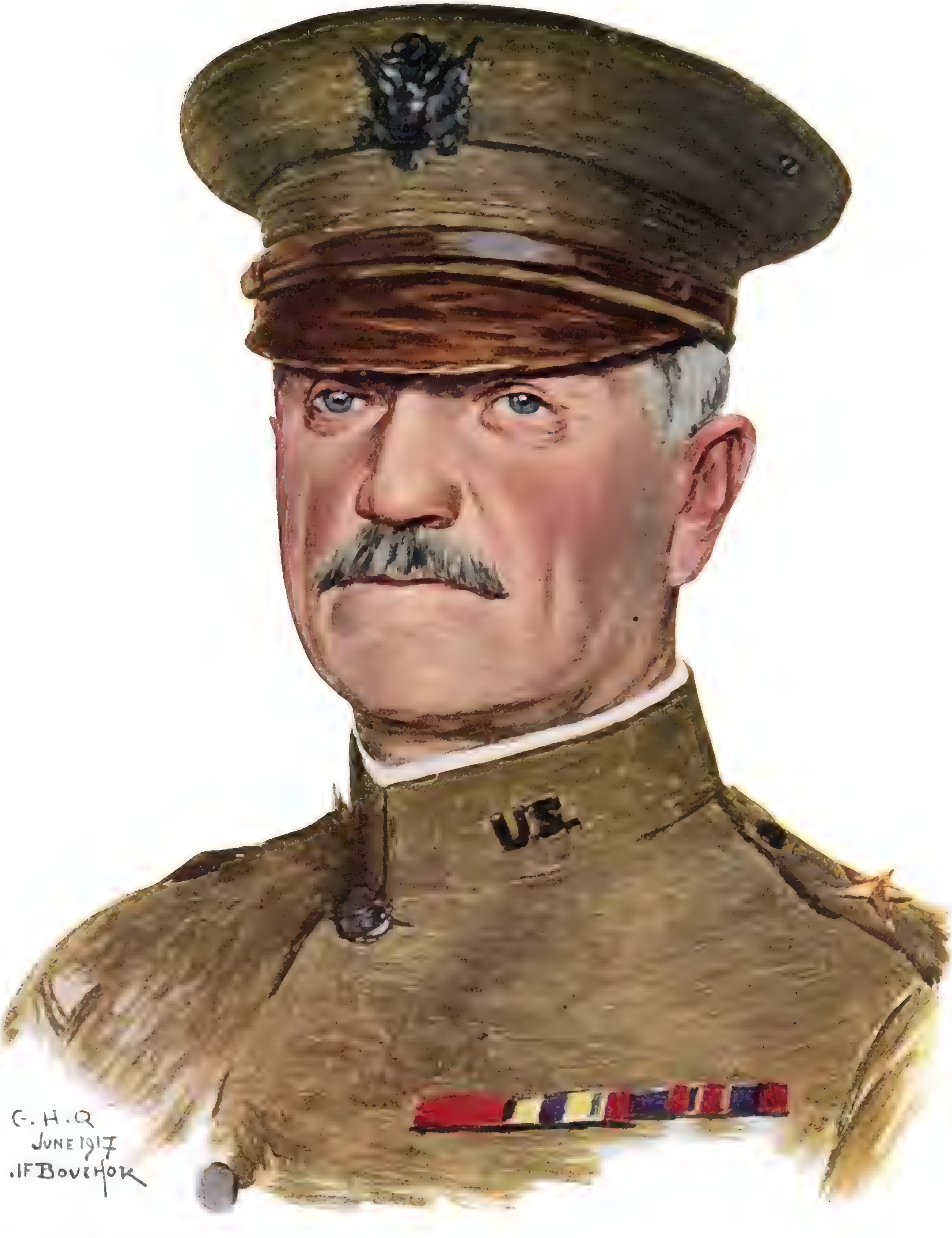
The local committee is instructed to report upon the clergyman's sermons. On receipt of the report, the State Council of Defense asks the erring cleric to come to the state capital, and have a talk with Mr. Swenson. The minister (a Lutheran) arrives in a state of unmitigated alarm. He admits having advised against the purchase of Liberty Bonds and having told his hearers that this country should never have gone to war against Germany.

Why? Mr. Swenson asked. Out of a tremulous jumble of LaFolletteism, pacifism and ignorance, the real reason presently emerged. The man honestly believed that the United States sought, in this war, to expunge Germany and German civilization from the world, by joining other nations in a plan of overwhelming conquest.

"Now we shall get somewhere," said the chairman

(Continued on page 74)

THE true-hearted and loyal American of German birth must be the nation's constant reliance, since he most effectually can sway his doubtful fellows.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G.H.Q
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J F BOUCHOR

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John J. Pershing.

THE LITTLE LANDSCAPE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

God gave all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

EVERY year when spring laid emerald hands upon the three fields of Pierre Durant's farm, there came from the sands of Egypt two swallows, who built their nest under the eaves of the mud-and-rubble homestead. Rebuilt would be a truer word, for always, after a deal of twittering and fluttering, they settled in the same old niche which their fathers and forefathers had occupied before them.

"They are just as we are, Marte," old Pierre would say.

And she would reply, "The old farm is both our homes and ever will be."

She was right, in so far as she and her husband were concerned. Their tiny corner of the mighty world was all the world to them, and the great beyond a void, a strangers' gallery, a place of cold winds and little understanding.

To Pierre Durant, his wife, his farm, the three little fields, an old horse, a cow, and a few fowls were everything. Each was a part of his tiny landscape, each had its place, its value, and the whole was perfect. He knew every mood of wife and pasturage and loved them all. There was no great demonstration of this love, because it was a solid, unvariable condition in his mind and as actual as the roof upon the farmhouse.

Every day from dawn till dark Pierre labored in his fields or with his stock, while his good wife stood by the wash-tub or the churn or attended to the needs of the little household.

Tranquil, unruffled souls, ineffably happy and sublimely satisfied with the simple gifts God had made them.

"Why should I think of the morrow," said Pierre, "when the morrow will be but to-day over again?"

And so down the aisle of peaceful years these children of the soil trod the gentle pathway to old age.

And then the war came, to thunder at their gates, and hungry, soughing shells moaned among the branches of the trees margining the boundaries of the little farm.

To say the Durants were afraid would be untrue. They were shocked, startled, and amazed. At the beginning they could not comprehend the enormity of war. It dazed their senses; its hateful cacophony hammered in their sleeping hours and woke them clutching for each other's hands.

It was all so near, not as a peril, but an evil, a horrible, implacable evil, that stole people's lives and people's worlds. They had watched with awful understanding the processions of hooded carts heaped up with furniture and belongings that marked how this or that small holding had fallen into the invaders' hands. They had seen the strained look on the faces of the refugees who walked beside—a look as though their happiness had careened in unfathomable waters.

"Marte," faltered old Pierre, "if—if the farm should go!"

And she would answer, "But the British are very strong, Pierre."

And that was a prayer.

"I shall speak to the British," said Pierre.

Accordingly one day he sat on a pile of slag by the roadside and waited.

Strangely enough, he elected a time when some members of the staff were riding by, after having considered the advisability of abandoning that particular defensive system for another a little farther back.

Seeing them approach, old Pierre boldly stood in the middle of the road and, raising his hat, asked Monsieur le Général to safeguard his farm, and explained his reasons with simple sincerity.

"What's he talking about?" demanded the general of heavy artillery.

A subaltern with red tabs and an embryonic mustache explained.

"He says the farm is everything to himself and his wife, sir," he finished up.

The general stroked his nose thoughtfully.

"Curious that that side never enters into our calculations," he muttered. "Well, since our resolution, you can tell him we mean to hang on here."

The subaltern translated the words in execrable French and Pierre's face illumined like a saint's in a holy picture.

"But there'd be no harm dropping him a hint it'll be a pretty unhealthy shop when the batteries come in," added the general.

"The general says that if you are wise you will leave before the cannons come. Otherwise you'll get 'napooed,'" and he made an expressive gesture. "*Compris?*"

But Pierre Durant only shook his head and the smile of happiness prevailed. The farm was to be defended and he would stay with the farm. If the good God chose that bursting shells should plow up his fields, that was something to be endured stoically and without complaint.

"*Monsieur l'officier* does not understand," he said very simply. "We are all one, my wife, my farm, and I—elsewhere we should not exist. It is our home."

"They are a great race, the British," said his wife when he told her the wonderful news. "It is well that you spoke, Pierre."

Thereafter life took a kindlier turn, even though the war crackled and burst at their gates and the great shells whined overhead.

The racket and jar—the passing of troops, the rumble and jingle that disturbed the night, the snorting of tractors, the crisp whirr of motor-cycles and the drone of countless aeroplanes, became inevitable and accepted and passed into an almost unnoticeable part of their lives. The great horror had gone—the horror of losing their world, and Pierre returned cheerfully to his plow and Marte to her churn, and in the spring the swallows came back to their nest beneath the eaves.

"See them blinkin' swallows, Jack," remarked one Tommy to another. "Why don't they build somewheres safe?"

"Habit, y' know," his companion volunteered. "Damn things don't know no better."

"Might say the same for the old bloke and 'is bit o' crackling what lives inside."

"You might."

In accordance with plans for a local spring offensive, certain midnight activities developed in a sunken copse behind Pierre Durant's farm. Heavy wheel-tracks crushed down the vegetation, and often one might hear the words, "On the trail together, lift; on the rope together, heave," droning through the dark. The tops of several trees were lopped off that they should not interfere with the howitzer batteries which nested like respectable old hens in the undergrowth.

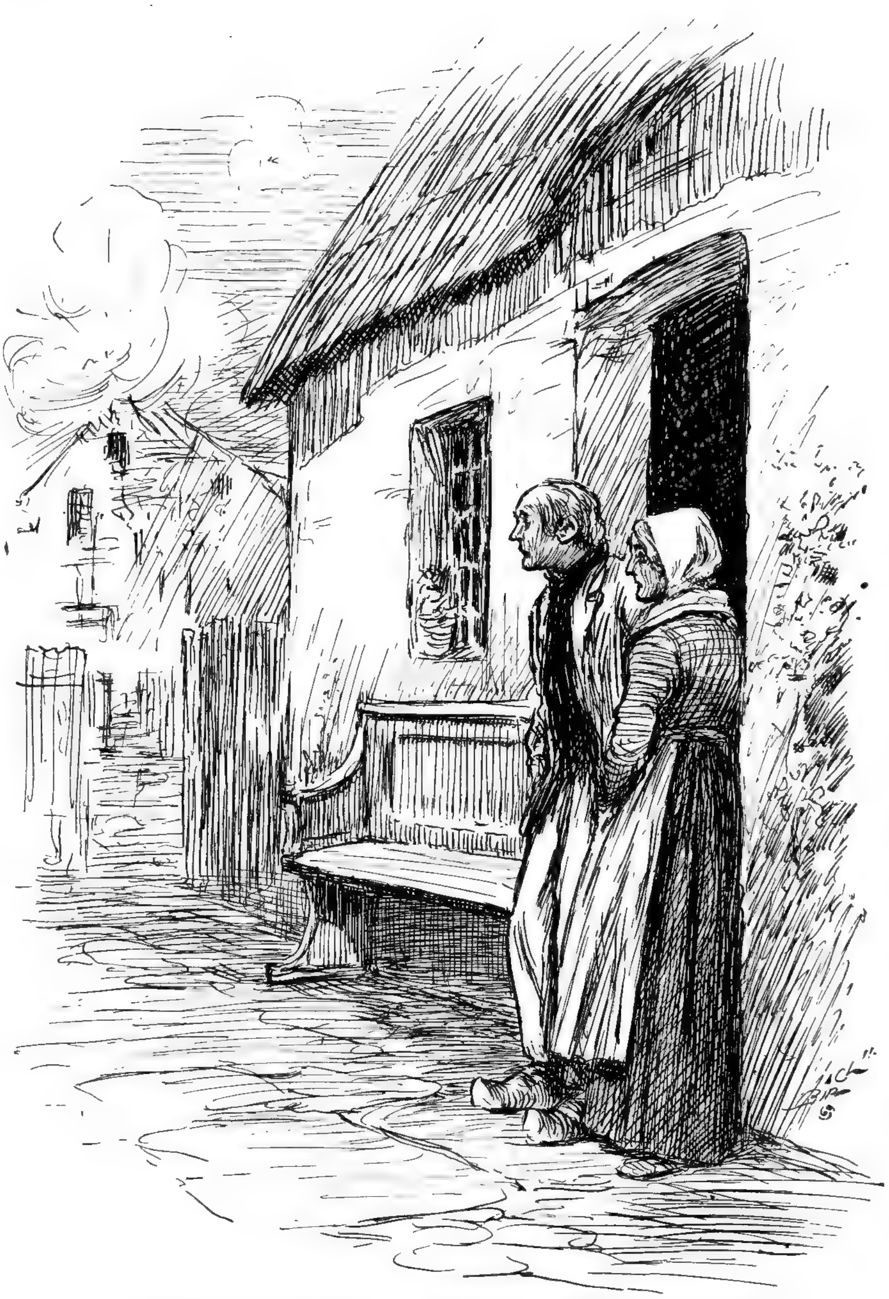
Hitherto there had been comparatively little artillery work on this sector of the front, but, as any gunner will tell you, there is nothing in the world attracts its own kind with a greater rapidity than guns. Once a few heavy batteries put in an appearance and begin to register, you may bank on the certainty that before many hours have elapsed the enemy will have made his own redispositions and be doing the like.

Taking this into consideration, the mayor of the village, acting under instructions of a rather elastic nature, called on the peasants to pack their traps and be gone before the storm broke.

"Very soon," he cheerfully announced, "we shall return to find the invader thrown from our doors, but for the present it is best that we should go."

And to set an example, the good little man, although it broke his heart to do so, made great and smiling preparations for leaving the *mairie*. But since France is a free country, it is more or less left to the individual to take what risks he chooses. If a man is well known and above suspicion the law will not force him to leave his home, except in certain areas. Therefore, although most of the villagers took the mayor's advice, Pierre Durant, some others like him, and one or two *estaminet* keepers, who were making unexpected fortunes in certain crowded but prescribed hours, resolutely declined to go.

"If I am too old to fight," said Pierre, "I am not yet old enough to run away."



THEY STOOD TOGETHER ON THEIR DOORSTEP AND WATCHED THE HAVOC WROUGHT.

So the mayor shook his head and went his way. He understood too well to argue.

The warning to the village did not come too soon, for the day following the general exodus, the Boche shells began a system of "searching" which laid open the side of the little mayor's house from roof to basement, wrecked a dozen cottages in the market-place and brought down the church steeple in a pile of wreckage.

This was the Hun's polite way of informing the English that he knew all about their future plans and was prepared to meet them in the same spirit.

Pierre's farm stood back from the village some five hundred yards and he and his wife stood together on their doorstep and watched the havoc being wrought.

"Let them wait," said Pierre grimly; "back there," and he nodded his head toward the copse in the valley behind, "back there the answer is preparing." And as if to give testimony to his words there came from that direction flashes followed a second later by heavy detonations and the "screee" of the outward-bound projectiles.

"Come," said Marte, "let us go inside. It is cold this evening."

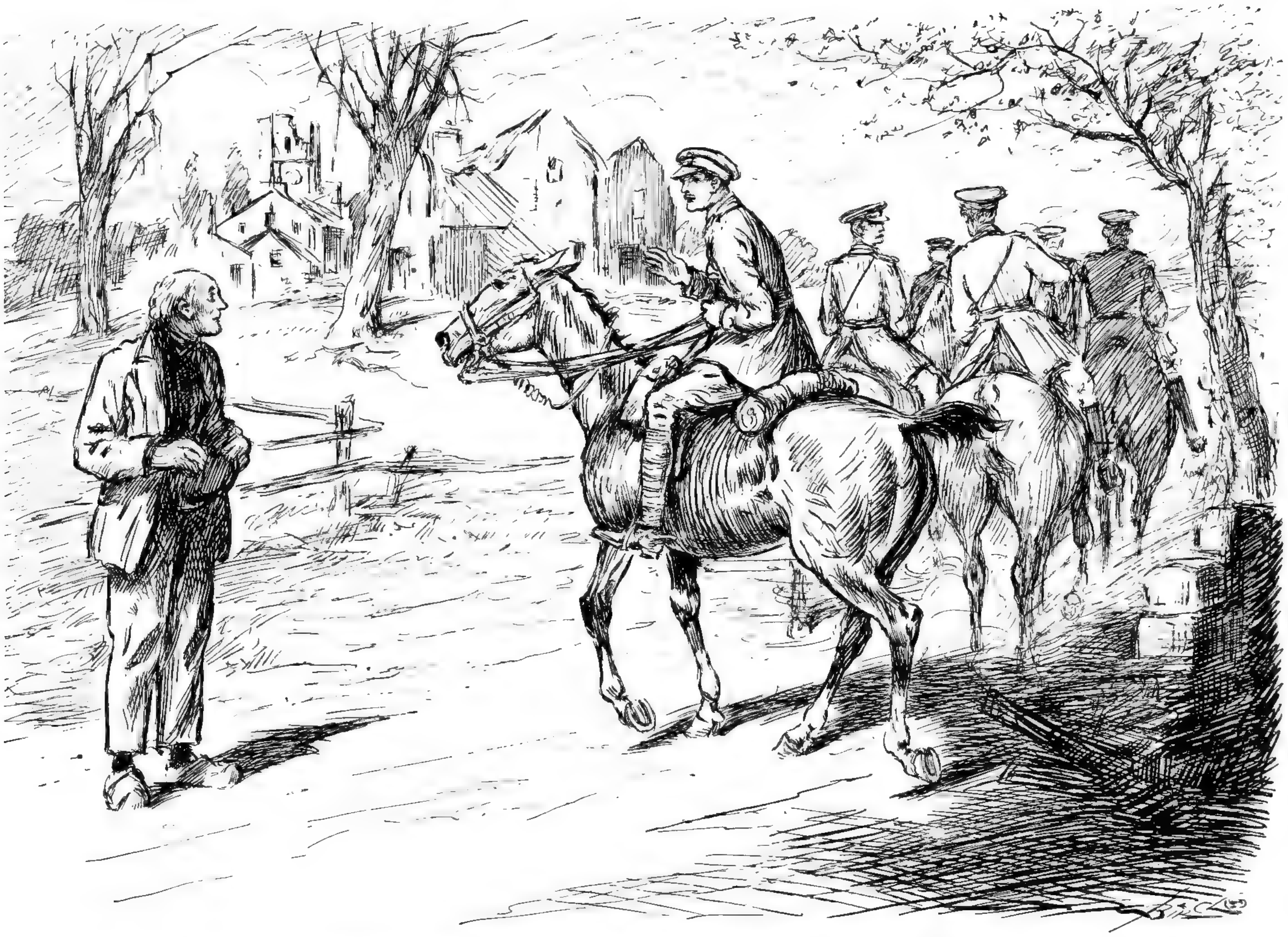
She shivered a little as she poured the hot soup into his basin a few moments later, and the old man took her hand.

"You are not afraid, Marte? You are not sorry we have remained?"

"Why, no; I would not die happily other than in my own house."

"Die, Marte?"

"Or live elsewhere, Pierre."



"THE GENERAL SAYS IF YOU'RE WISE YOU'LL GET OUT BEFORE THE CANNONS COME. OTHERWISE YOU'LL BE 'NAPOOED.'"

"Yes, home is best—even so, home is best."

She smiled reassuringly.

"We have been very happy, Pierre."

"It is because all that we desire we have, and our happiness is bound in each other and our fields. That is as it should be, Marte."

Never before had they talked thus together; perhaps never before realized so clearly the completeness of their world.

Then for a long while they sat in silence while the war busied itself and gathered around them.

The sound that disturbed them was not like that of an ordinary bursting shell. It was a chuffy, unsatisfactory sort of sound—a cross between a pop and a hiss—an irritable sound that compelled attention.

"What was that?" old Pierre lifted his head.

"It fell close to the house—by the fowl-run, I should say."

"I will go and see."

"No, smoke your pipe, I will go, Pierre; besides, there is some washing on the line I had forgotten," and Marte Durant rose and went out into the garden.

Passing through the orchard, she lifted the latch of the gate at the end where the cattle-shed and the hen-houses showed ghostly white in the dusk. All was in order there, the fowls fluffed up on the roosting-perches and the old cow ruminating sedately in her stall.

Marte sighed with relief and crossed the yard to the meadow beyond to collect the flannels hanging out to dry.

A light puff of wind blew across her face, bringing with it a faint but familiar scent. She raised her head and sniffed.

"Lilac," she thought, "but it is early for lilac to smell so strong."

She had just finished taking the homely garments from the line when she saw a small hole in the ground full of a whitey, opalescent fluid from which a misty vapor seemed to be rising. In stooping to examine it more closely, the fumes caught her throat and made her choke.

"Strange—very strange," she muttered. "Now I wonder what that may be."

But when she returned to the house she said not a word to old Pierre other than to reassure him that all was well in the farmyard.

"Good," said Pierre. "The air is heavy with the smell of lilac to-night."

A little before dawn the old man was wakened by the voice of his wife:

"Pierre—Pierre—I am going to die."

That was all. He fumbled for a match and lit the candle. She looked very white and seemed scarcely to be breathing.

"Marte! What is it? What ails you?"

But she could not reply, and the *eau-de-vie* he poured between her lips trickled down the withered cheeks to the pillow.

There are certain pleasant-smelling properties in a German gas-shell which act upon the heart and bring in its train prostration and death. Pierre Durant did not know that his wife's soul was being lifted to heaven on the scent of lilacs on the evening air.

Fearfully he sat by the bed, her hand in his, and then as the dawn broke, her soul flickered out, and with a single voice the British guns opened their mighty chorus.

A ceaseless, shrieking, savage roar, as if all the thunders and all the winds of the world were thrumming through a megaphone.

But Pierre heard it not. The cry in his heart drowned all other sounds. His head pitched forward beside his dead wife's and he whimpered like a child who is lost upon a moor. Then he crossed the hands, closed the chilling eyelids and lit three candles to light her soul upon its way.

All that day Pierre sat motionless by the bedside while the shell-firing tore the air above to shreds. No one came near him and he would not leave the body alone.

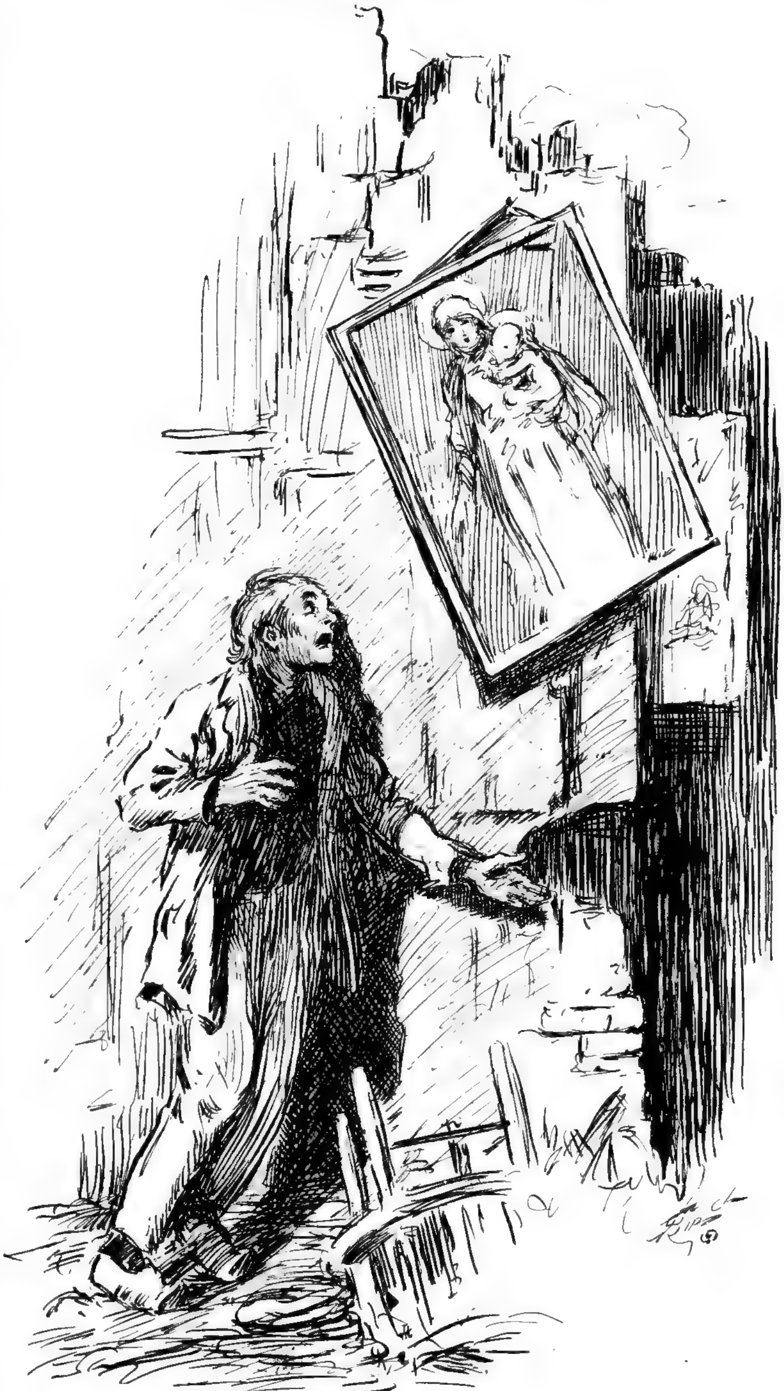
Toward evening the Germans recovered sufficiently from the first shock to begin a counter battery attack, and presently the mighty bursts came near at hand. One shell, dropping short, pitched in the yard, wrecking the barn, which settled down like a sinking ship. Even this did not disturb Pierre's reverie—only he was more conscious that his world was changing—slipping away. All his life the roof of the little barn had been an accustomed picture from the window of the little bedroom, and now it had gone, leaving a vista of dark, rolling plains beyond that seemed strange and unfamiliar.

Whirr—crump! An infernal clatter of falling tiles, the crisp tinkle of glass, and a cold wind swept through the room, stirring the counterpane and the hair upon the dead woman's forehead.

Pierre rose indecisively.

"I must leave you, Marte, to fetch a priest, else they might deny you the extreme unction."

The French do not leave their dead alone, and it was torture to him to go. He groped down the staircase and closed the outer door behind him.



"WHAT IS THERE LEFT FOR ME, LADY?"

On the doorstep he paused a moment. The two swallows were swerving to and fro over a spot beside the wall where four little half-fledged corpses and a broken mud nest lay on the ground.

"They too!" muttered the old man. "They too."

He found the priest in the first place he sought. In the chancel of the deserted church, whose roof-beams looked like a skeleton's ribs and showed the star-mottled sky above, stood the small, lonely figure.

"My wife is dead," said Pierre. "Will you come?"

"The dead have the first call," said the priest. "I will come, although my church is dying fast."

By the light of the three candles the simple ceremony and the benediction to the dead were held.

"Will you wait with the body for a little, Father? I have business to do."

So the priest became watcher, and through the din and racket he could hear below the sound of a hammer and the ripping of a saw.

Presently Pierre returned bearing on his shoulders the rough coffin he had fashioned from timber of the fallen barn. Very reverently they laid the body of Marte Durant within.

"To-morrow morning we will bury her, father, if you will help me. There is no one else I can ask."

"No. They are all gone save you and me. But shall I not watch with you here, my son?"

Pierre shook his head.

"Then I will dig the grave. By the east wall you would like it—is it not?"

"Aye, so that she may look toward her home, Father."

So Pierre was left to his thoughts—thoughts in which the thunders of Armageddon had no place—thoughts of three little fields, the farm and a helpmate—thoughts of a perfect world that was crumbling to dust and passing into an outer nothingness.

They buried her in the early morning, wheeling the poor coffin to the churchyard on a hand-barrow.

"It is finished," said the priest.

Pierre nodded slowly.

"What next, my son?"

"One continues," he answered dully, "only—only it will be working now in the dark, Father."

Then he turned homeward alone.

"Hi!" shouted a voice, as he rounded the bend in the sunken lane that led to his door. "Don't go up there, you old idiot; they're strafing it like the devil."

Pierre did not hear the words, but he stood like a man turned to stone, for where his house should have been but a single jagged wall was standing, about which two startled swallows fluttered aimlessly. As he looked, they rose upon the wind, circled once and headed away for the west.

"It is finished," said Pierre, "and only I remain."

He stumbled over the litter in the garden path, the broken chairs and tables—the twisted bed—the thousand and one mosaiced fragments that had made his home, and laid his head against the tottering wall, where a picture of the Virgin hung drunkenwise upon a nail.

"What is there left for me, Lady?"

And a merciful 5.9 jarred out the answer with a crash and a pall of yellow smoke.

MAKING A SOLDIER OUT OF JOHNNIE

By Edward Hungerford

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THEY HAVE TAKEN THE SLOUCH OUT OF HIS SHOULDERS, AND HE STANDS ERECT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.

THEY are making a soldier out of Johnnie. They have taken the slouch out of his shoulders and the looseness out of his entire posture, and he stands erect for the first time in his life. They have put him in uniform and given him a gun. He has had the manual of arms and a training in extensive warfare such as was not even in the dreams of West Point three years ago.

They have done other things to John; not so visible at first glance, but quickly discernible when you come to talk with him. They are things that are to stay with him all his days. When he gets home again, he is not going to be quite as flippant in talking about the "old man," or the "old lady."

A Maker of Americans

THE army teaches respect; it is part of discipline. And John has been taught genuine discipline. There are, of course, a number of good military schools in the land which teach this thing. But their influence has been small when one comes to compare it with our huge population. Few boys have been able to enjoy their advantages. But the cantonments are reaching nearly three-quarters of a million young men already; are making them not merely soldiers, but real men—Americans, clear-thinking and alert in mind and body. If there had been no war, the cantonments would have been worth their cost—in effort and money—for this thing alone.

The finest argument that we have had for universal training is to be found in these sixteen cantonments. They have now been in existence long enough for even the most casual observer to appreciate not merely their worth to the boys who have been fortunate enough to be admitted to them, but the possibility of such as these to future generations of American boys—war or no war. A boy may indeed be genuinely envious of the young men who in 1917 were conscripted for our National Army. It is to be hoped that the lesson of all this will not be upon the boys alone; that some of it will filter through the minds of those estimable gentlemen who make our laws and so diligently guard us against ourselves.

Four days after Johnnie arrived at the cantonment they had him in khaki. And hardly had he passed his physical examination before they were at him with the setting-up drills and preliminary physical exercises. Upon the heels of these came the simple military formations—the men being "told off" into squads of from ten to twenty each and placed in charge of a first sergeant —in army parlance a "top-sergeant"— a man who but a few weeks before was probably but a raw recruit himself. But such is the simplicity and thoroughness of present-day methods of military education that almost any keen-witted, able-bodied young mon can be whipped from rawness into a presentable soldier within a period to be measured by weeks and by days rather than by months. And there has been no shortage of either keen wits or able bodies in the young men who have presented themselves at the sixteen cantonments of the National Army.

A Unique Army

THERE has been, in some directions and at several times, a certain tendency to decry this National Army. An unfair criticism, usually arising from jealousy; and most unjust. My answer to it comes from the most distinguished of the younger officers of the Regular Army—a West-Pointer whose service record began in the Spanish War and has led him steadily upward ever since.

"Like a good many Regular Army men I was rather strongly prejudiced against any other soldier organization," said he, the other day. "I felt that we possessed, in the old Regular Army, a *morale*, a distinction, man for man, that no other organization, civil or military, here or abroad, might ever attain. Now, I am glad to say that I was wrong—entirely wrong. I have been with the National Army four weeks now, and I am convinced that this body of men which we have upraised in 1917 is going to prove itself

Photograph Copyrighted by Brown Brothers.

THERE IS A SHORT REST IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MORNING, WHEN THERE IS NO WORK, BUT ALL PLAY, UNTIL GRUB-TIME.

the most distinguished fighting organization in the whole history of this nation, if not indeed in the whole history of military science."

Developing Initiative

HE HAS had opportunity to observe. A few months ago he was brought home from a military station in the Far East and told to organize the course of military instruction at one of the large National Army cantonments.

"How do you wish me to do it?" he inquired.

"You will have to work it out yourself," his commanding officer told him, and walked away.

"And yet," says this West-Pointer, "there are men who persist in saying that the Army offers no chance for initiative."

He turned to the organization there at his division headquarters. He had authority, and having authority, he chose assistants—when and where he chose. And when these younger officers asked him for detailed instructions he smiled and repeated the instructions which he had received from his own commanding officer. They were only told the results that they must attain. The rest they would have to work out for themselves.

The West Pointer first had a set of trenches dug—three deep and some three or four hundred yards in length, with connecting trenches and gun emplacements, all just like the trenches "over there". Then he took the conscript men—already showing the good effects of drill and discipline—and from them chose as grenadiers the tallest and the strongest.

The men chosen to throw the hand-grenades stand at a distance of approximately sixty yards and, in order to improve the sureness of their aim, throw into baskets whose open tops are barely four feet square. This is not an easy trick, particularly for a novice. If you do not believe it, get a bowling-ball and try it yourself; for a hand grenade is not unlike an average bowling-ball, in size or in weight. And it is thrown in much the same way.

The grenadiers generally try at first to throw it as they would a baseball; such is the cost of our devotion to our national game. Then, after they have convinced themselves as to the impossibility of that method, they fall into the right way and do better than hitting the baskets once in a hundred shots. Steadily they improve, and when they are graduated, their batting average would do credit to a major league. Then they are graduated into a rifle grenade which slips upon the barrel of one of the new Enfields or the older Krags, and, of course, carries to and explodes at a much greater distance than sixty yards.

The first time I tackled a hand-grenade I blew myself to pieces—that is, the instructor said that I did. Five seconds elapse before the time you release the trigger, and the exact moment that the grenade explodes into a thousand pieces. I stood looking at the grenade seven seconds after I had released the trigger—and was two seconds in eternity. Only the grenade was not a real one. It was stuffed with sawdust, instead of gunpowder. All of the boys get the sawdust ones at first. They will have to be very proficient indeed before they are entrusted with anything more deadly.

A Grim Grind

THIS is all hard for John, you say, tremendously hard. Of course it is. War is no picnic. War is a hard, serious business, and the work of training for it is bound to be hard, serious work. For instance, consider the lethal-house; that sinister-looking structure of yellow pine boards that has become a part of the cantonments. Its looks do not belie it. For it is within that tightly sealed place that John must undergo for the first time the distinctly unpleasant and dangerous business of chlorin gas. Only it is not going to be dangerous or even particularly unpleasant if he keeps his gas-mask tightly fastened upon his head and shoulders. And the psychology of the experience is going to be that when he gets over there and a yellow flood of chlorin gas comes pouring across No Man's Land he is not going to be sick at his stomach and ready to turn tail, but he is going to realize that in his modern mask he is invulnerable to the poison—and is going to keep straight ahead through it.

Photograph Copyrighted by Brown Brothers.

WITH PRESENT-DAY METHODS ALMOST ANY KEEN-WITTED, ABLE-BODIED YOUNG MAN CAN BE WHIPPED FROM RAWNESS INTO A PRESENTABLE SOLDIER IN A PERIOD OF WEEKS AND DAYS RATHER THAN MONTHS.

And that is why they are going to "play" with liquid fire at each of the cantonments. These deviltries of the Germans are not going to come to him on the battle-fields as complete and terrible surprises. He is being schooled against them, taught how most effectively to resist them. And for that thing alone every American mother who has a son in any of the cantonments ought to thank God that her son is fighting for a nation which does not send its boys into battle afraid and unprepared.

Getting Ready

THIS, after all, is the big end of the camp work. We soon shall see the lighter side of its activities. But let its more serious, by far its most important, side come first. And before we are done, let us see a squad, another squad, a dozen squads come running down a company street—each man in his gymnasium running-togs; knee-breeches and sleeveless jerseys.

"Going to have an inter-company meet," you venture, "or perhaps an inter-regimental one."

You are right—and you are wrong. It is athletic work—and much more. It is part and parcel of the making of the soldier. A little later he will have to run with his fellows; no longer dressed in "gym togs," but in full uniform—rifle and dirk and field equipment of every sort to boot. He will have to run and then he will have to climb into the seven-foot-deep trenches—in double-quick time. There is nothing easy about this training. Or soft. But it is thorough. And that, of itself, should be a cause for thankfulness.

And finally the instruction in hand-to-hand conflict. Down a company street at Yaphank I saw a row of gibbets—a boyhood knowledge of Robert Louis Stevenson had taught me they were gibbets. And from each gibbet hung a man—a man of straw, a crude effigy which men fought with bayonets. And later, real hand-to-hand conflict—wrestling and boxing, with a knowledge that the Marquis of Queensbury is quite an unknown gentleman to Hans. Hans only knows Nietzsche. And the disciples of Nietzsche have taught him that the fair—the honorable way, if you please—to meet an adversary in personal encounter is to murder him in cold blood, by foul means if necessary.

Sometimes the instruction grows more technical. A company or a battalion, or even a whole regiment, may be ordered to the trenches at dusk, there to gain a little practical experience in night attack or defense. Heavy marching order is the instruction given; which means arms and all accouterments—with the single exception of ammunition. And every ninth man is told off and given a lantern.

Conversation is forbidden, whistling or singing a high military offense. And even when the long files have dropped softly down into the communicating trenches and the shoes of some unwitting private have scraped against stones left in the bottom of the ditch, there are sure to be sharp words from one of the young Plattsburg officers who takes the whole business very seriously indeed. He is right. For over there away, a few hundred yards are the Boches, whose ears are never asleep; and even if the Boches are not there on this night of rehearsal, the real first-night is coming when a single unnecessary noise in the trench-system may mean attack and unnecessary loss of life.

Some of the men go into the third-line trenches, others into the reserves, and others—more favored than their fellows—into the firing-line trenches. After that the game is one of silence and of waiting. "Patience" is hardly to be compared to it. And the first time one of the young conscripts gets restless and pops his inquisitive head up over the trench-edge there is a telephone message, the quick thrust of a high-powered searchlight upon his dazed face, while a lieutenant slips up to him and tells him to withdraw. He is dead, theoretically. But that is not the worst. He has exposed his fellows to premature attack. War is a business, which in the last analysis is tremendously dependent upon the individual human factor.

In Dead Earnest

I HAVE a friend—a young six-foot officer and powerful as a horse—at one of the cantonments in the far South, who has a way of showing this need for individual responsibility. It is his practise to skirmish around the camp late at night and approach the sentries, giving careless, indifferent, casually friendly replies to their challenges. The sentry in his happy-go-lucky back-country fashion feels that the stranger is not merely a friend, but of the cantonment. Then—two hundred pounds of brawn and muscle land upon him; he feels an awful blow in the pit of the stomach; his gun is taken away from him and he finds himself sprawling on the ground. As soon as he can get his breath he looks at his attacker and begins:

"What the——"

"Exactly so," interrupts the officer, "only if this really had been No Man's Land and I a German scout you would have been completely dead by this time."

They are taking few chances in the training of our great new Army.

Some time along about dawn the regiment is dismissed and goes to breakfast and coffee—and steaming-hot coffee at that—at the various barracks. Only this morning, instead of turning into the stiff morning routine of drill and training, it turns into the neat iron cots in the dormitories, joints tired and bones aching, but in a few hours to be vastly better, mentally and physically, for the experience.

On ordinary days the routine is barely begun at breakfast, which is served at the distinctly unfashionable hour, a quarter after six. Twenty minutes before was reveillé—the time-honored "They won't get up, they won't get up, they won't get up in the morning," was sounded and files of sleepy and somewhat disheveled men were forming in the dark of every company street. The fastidious fellow who has been used to his early morning bath and shave has had to change his habits. Those luxuries can come later in the day—when there are short respites from the camp routine. They no longer have a place in an early morning schedule.

Nor in a later morning schedule either, for that matter. For breakfast is hardly out of the way before drill begins; special training of every sort—a short rest in the middle of the morning just like the old-fashioned school recess when strict orders provide that there shall be no work but all play. And continues until noon. Grub-time again. The men fall into line in the big barracks mess-halls, their mess-pans in hand, a hungry, expectant, healthy lot of human animals waiting to be fed.

A Well-Fed Army

AND such food! Never do I expect to eat better than I had at the cantonments this last autumn, or more of it. In fact, the very generosity of the cooks has made a special problem of itself. In their anxiety to see that no man was underfed they have overdone it. And the men, themselves, have not cared. So now Camp Devens has a rule which gives a second helping to any man who asks for it. Only he must eat up that second helping. If he does not, his mess-pan is tagged when he turns it in at the end of the meals and the food that he left over at the one meal—sheer wastings, if you please—becomes the first course of the ensuing one. Mr. Hoover himself could hardly have conceived a better plan.

Work through the afternoon, supper at the very unfashionable but extremely popular hour of five and then freedom until taps, promptly at nine forty-five o'clock in the evening. These are old-fashioned hours and sensible. And there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that much of the excellent health records of the cantonments are due to them, as well as to the open-air exercise and the abundance of simple, well-cooked food.

The food *is* good; and the men thrive upon it, despite the temptations of the post-exchanges—in other days known as canteens—with their allurements of soft drinks and candies and fancy cookies upon their shelves. The quantity of this stuff which is consumed, even on an average day, is staggering to the imagination. Johnnie has an appetite hardly to be compensated by a mere three meals a day. Likewise our John has thirty-two extremely sweet teeth. Multiply that thirty-two by forty thousand and you begin to see the enormous candy-buying and gum-chewing power of a single cantonment. You do not express surprise any more when you are told that in the eighteen post-exchanges at one cantonment a business of more than three hundred thousand dollars a month is done; four great motor trucks give all their time to bringing supplies from the railroad and the express stations. And more than one thousand pints of milk are sold daily over the counters to the boys in one store in one cantonment.

JOHNNIE'S DAY IN CAMP

5.40 A.M. First call for reveillé
5.55 Reveillé
6. Assembly
6. to 6.15 Calisthenics
6.15 Mess call (breakfast)
6.45 Inspection of quarters
6.55 First call for drill
7. Assembly
7. to 7.40 Drill
7.50 to 8.30 Practical instruction in guard duty
8.30 to 9 Physical drill
9.10 to 11.30 Special instruction
11.30 to 1.30 P.M. Dinner and rest period
1.30 to 2.00 Special instruction in hygiene and sanitation
2.00 to 4.30 Military instruction
4.30 to 5. Rest period
5. Mess call (supper)
9.45 Taps

This is a typical day in Johnnie's life. He is entirely free Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday, unless assigned to some special detail.

And smokes—oh, John! A single average camp sells five million cigarets a week; all of them together one hundred million cigarets in seven days—for there is no Sunday-closing law to apply to the cantonment stores. Yet, even the most radical of the anti-cigaret leagues have not seen fit to oppose the soldier's rational desire for a smoke. It is recognized as sort of inherent privilege. It does much to make for the real democracy of our Army.

John's Recreation

THE athletic training of the boys at the cantonment falls partly under the Commission on Training Camp Activities; under the direct interest of Dr. Joseph E. Baycroft, of Princeton University, who has given a lifetime of study to this work. And this is as good a time as any other to study the important and interesting work of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, which is a governmental function under the allied control of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. It represents one of the many steps now being taken in Washington to centralize the activities arising from the conduct of the war rather than to spread both further and thinner.

An article in a recent issue of EVERYBODY'S told in much detail of the elaborate plans and work of the Young Men's Christian Association with the men of both our Army and Navy. I cannot, myself, pay too high a compliment to that work. It is a difficult job, but it is being done thoroughly and by men who are peculiarly experienced and qualified for it. I found a young man in the gray uniform of the Y. M. C. A. sweeping out one of the green huts, who in other days was the pastor of a splendid congregation in one of the smart suburbs of Boston. He was donating his services—magnificently and generously. And he was but one of many.

The Y. M. C. A. for many years has studied the social and religious needs of the soldier and the sailor. Its houses for the sailors at Brooklyn and Norfolk and other places are wonderfully elaborate and well-fitted. It won the hearts of the men who were mobilized two years ago upon the Mexican border. But unfortunately it is, to a degree, handicapped by its name. Organized as a beneficent organization for young men of the Protestant evangelical churches, it loses force with the young men of other faiths. And the most immediate needs of the young men of our cantonments are moral and physical rather than distinctly religious.

The first of these points was overcome at the beginning of the organization of our new Army by the admission at the cantonments of the headquarters buildings of men's associations of other faiths. The

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AT GRUB-TIME, A HUNGRY, EXPECTANT, HEALTHY LOT OF HUMAN ANIMALS FALL INTO LINE, MESS-PANS IN HAND, WAITING TO BE FED.

Knights of Columbus have represented the Roman Catholics and the Y. M. H. A. the Jews, and both very creditably. And it is to the further credit of the Y. M. C. A. that in several instances where these other organizations were not able to complete and open their headquarters buildings as promptly as had been hoped, they were invited to use and did use the buildings of the Y. M. C. A. In the field work that organization knows neither race nor creed.

The Problem of Visitors

NEITHER does the Y. W. C. A. It desired to erect hostess houses, where the wives and mothers and sweethearts could meet the boys during the hours when they were free from drill and duty. The first of these houses was erected two years ago at the earliest of the officers' training camps at Plattsburg. The commandant located there at that time was rather diffident about having it builded upon the Government reservation. Finally he gave his consent. But this year when it was proposed that a hostess house be built near the cantonment to which he was assigned he insisted that it be put up within the boundaries of the camp, where he could guard and protect it.

There is a deal of variance among the Army men as to the way that the women relatives of the soldiers should be permitted to visit them at the cantonments.

"I like to have the women folks come," said one of the commanders to me. "It keeps the boys contented and it lets their families see and know the comfortable conditions which surround them here."

That is the generous view of the problem. Other army veterans shake their heads rather dubiously at it. They have viewed with a degree of consternation the rush of wives of the young officers to take quarters in the towns adjacent to the cantonments. In some fairly large cities such as Atlanta, or Louisville, or Columbus, or Little Rock, this has made little if any upset to living conditions. It has become a problem in smaller communities, like Rockford and Battle Creek and Chillicothe and Petersburg. And in such cantonments as Yaphank, Wrightstown, Annapolis Junction and Ayer, it is a calamity. I know of one town, adjacent to a cantonment, which is endeavoring to manufacture Government munitions, and partially failing because of the inability to house the workmen that should be employed in its shops. Yet the wives of the young officers have not hesitated to come in and fill the available living accommodations of the town. It is because of this condition that Secretary Baker recently issued a request that the families of both officers and men refrain as far as possible from taking living accommodations in close proximity to the cantonments. Yet in one particular case—Camp Sherman at Chillicothe, Ohio—the Government has purchased a plot of ground close to the camp and is building both a club and residences; facilities which the town was either unwilling or unable to provide.

The Camp and the Family

A SINGLE instance at Rockford, Illinois, shows this congestion problem. The cantonment there—named Camp Grant after the great soldier who came out of the little near-by city of Galena—has a social distinction, which few of its fellows have attained. The most of its men come from that particularly virile and American of cities—Chicago. And Chicago has taken Camp Grant to its warm heart. The houses of Rockford have been leased; some of them at well-nigh fabulous prices, by the elect of the

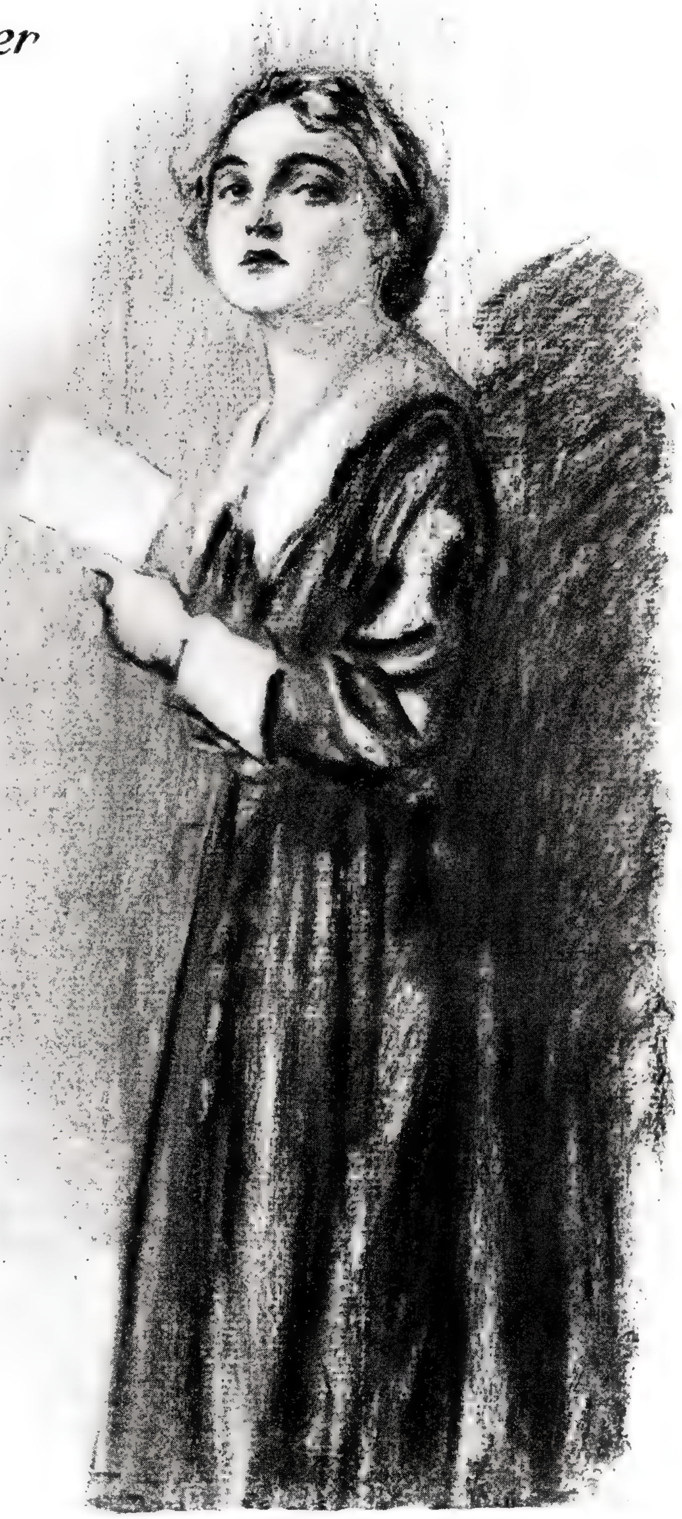
(*Continued on page 102*)

THE WHITE ARC

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL



SHE ASKED RATHER TRENCHANTLY, WHEN SHE REACHED THE SIGNATURE, "WHO'S—JEAN?"

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one army post after another where she has gained a fortuitous education and learned her father's code, "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago, whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him.

The night of the bridesmaids' dinner Jean can not sleep for excitement. She goes down to the billiard-room to recover her dinner-card on which Hugh has written a toast and which she remembers having slipped into the folds of the settee. Passing the library, she is conscious of some one moving about. In order not to alarm the family needlessly, she goes back for her revolver, and enters the library just as the burglar is about to pick the safe. As he refuses to obey her injunction not to move, she fires at his feet. The family assemble at the shot. Hugh, guarding the burglar in the library while the family discuss his fate, discovers that he is an old employee of the Corbett works, and after half an hour's conversation, Hugh startles the family with the charge that it is the fault of conditions in their factory that the man has been led to steal. He is prepared next morning to back up this statement to his grandfather, who, having slept through the noise, hears the news from young Greg at the breakfast-table, and goes into a rage.

That afternoon in an interview with his grandfather, Hugh is dumfounded by the permission to see what he can do to improve conditions at the factory. He goes to work conscientiously, to develop a scheme. However, about a year after the inauguration of the welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

Hugh is away at the time studying welfare systems and learns of the strike through the headlines of a newspaper. He returns home instantly and adopts a method of his own to break up the strike. He drives out to the factory in the family limousine and learns that the detectives have planned to kidnap Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. He carries her off himself with the purpose of hearing the strikers' side of the story.

Helena misunderstands his purpose and struggles violently to escape, biting the hand that Hugh puts over her mouth. She finally quiets down and a heated discussion follows, in which Helena characterizes Hugh's welfare methods as hypocritical, cowardly philanthropy. In spite of their difference of opinion each feels an intense personal interest in the other, and they part with the expectation of meeting again.

Soon after, Hugh is housed with a fever due to the infection which has set in in his hand, and in his abnormal mood his relation to the strike and to Helena Galicz becomes more important. His feeling for her is heightened also by a letter which he receives from her, in which she shows that she is beginning to care for him. He still tries to make himself believe, however, that his interest in her is impersonal; a state of mind which causes his family much uneasiness.

CHAPTER TEN

A Crisis Occurs in Hugh's Life

MRS. CORBETT was right in one of her predictions at any rate. The strike did kill old Gregory. To put the thing in a different, and perhaps truer fashion, it enabled him to live all the life he had left in the space of a few close-packed, intensely vivid weeks, whereas at the placid jogging pace he had declined into before the strike began, he might have eked it out for two or three years. Perhaps, after all, it did him a service. There is no doubt he enjoyed that last fight—the reawakening of forgotten faculties—the resumption of the old authority.

To the new-school men in the organization—men like Howard and Bailey—he was a revelation. For years they had been regarding him as an amiable old nuisance, smiling over his contrarieties when they could, swearing when they must, and wondering in their heart of hearts how the enterprise had ever managed to grow to the enormous thing it was under his hands. Now they gazed at him with undisguised awe. The decisions of his mind were like the miraculous ax-strokes of a skilled woodsman: swift, heavy, trenchant, and of an accuracy they found uncanny. They understood now why Corbett & Company had grown to the thing it was.

They saw him, to tell the truth, at a little better than his best. This new attitude of theirs—of all, indeed, who worked behind him, for the old-timers who remembered were glowing with pride in him—was oxygen to his old lungs. He glowed with it.

It is probably fair to say that those last active weeks of his were the best of his life. Of course he had to pay the price. The new heady wine was too much for the old bottle.

Riding home from work in the car with him one late June afternoon, young Gregory noticed that the old man was getting drowsy, his speech thickening, and, looking at him, saw that his face was flushed. By the time they got him home he had to be almost carried up to bed; and when the doctor arrived an hour later, his diagnosis was hardly needed, the apoplectic nature of the seizure was so plainly apparent.

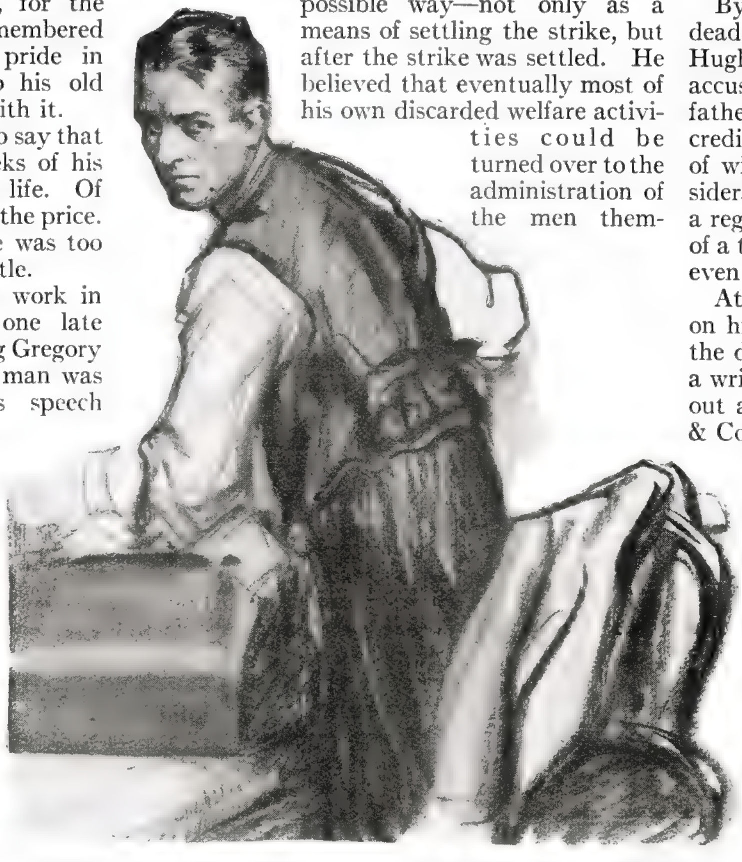
Old Gregory did not die for more than a month. But he never recovered full consciousness again, nor articulate speech; though sometimes they thought he recognized one of them momentarily. Two nurses took possession of him. His life was over.

And yet he could not be mourned as dead. The fiction of his possible recovery, or partial recovery, must be kept up. Such a situation is nerve-wearing at the best. And in this case of the Corbetts it was complicated first by the strike, and secondly, by Hugh. And both these complications they felt they owed to Helena Galicz.

On the subject of the strike Hugh had one long and thoroughly futile scene with his father. It took place in old Gregory's office out at the plant, Hugh having formally asked for an appointment and security against interruptions. He spent a good many hours preparing for it, too; marshaling his arguments.

What he wanted to convince his father of was that the sort of victory their present methods were intended to accomplish would be disastrous even if they attained it. The backbone of contention was the refusal on the part of the officers of the company to deal with any organization, or in any way recognize the existence of any organization among the operatives.

Hugh was for abandoning this line altogether. He would treat with the organization such as it was. Indeed, he would go further and refuse to treat with anything but an organization. He would facilitate organization in every possible way—not only as a means of settling the strike, but after the strike was settled. He believed that eventually most of his own discarded welfare activities could be turned over to the administration of the men themselves. He even worked out the scheme in considerable detail.



HUGH, COLLARLESS AND IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES, WAS CLUMSILY TRYING TO PACK.

Of course in his talk with his father he never got as far as that. For Hugh's mere approach to the subject looked to Robert senior's horrified eyes like rampant anarchy. Really, I believe Hugh would have come nearer succeeding with his grandfather.

It would be unfair to characterize Robert Corbett as a mere bundle of negations. He had real abilities. His judgment in many matters was better than his father's; his thinking was of a closer, finer grain. Given a decent chance, he might, for example, have made as brilliant a name for himself in science as Hugh was destined to.

It was exasperating, therefore, to have it work out like this, and to find himself put in the position, by the one of his own sons from whom he had expected complete sympathy and agreement, of a hard-fisted Tory reactionary. If the men would repent, abandon their misguided ways and come back to work, they would find no one readier to take a liberal attitude than he. But to talk of concessions now was preposterous. Such talk, besides, came with particularly bad grace from Hugh, since it was his ill-considered experiments that caused the trouble.

The scene went as badly as possible from the first. Hugh was never quite at ease with his father; always became, by contagion, ceremonious and elaborate and, in the exasperation of finding himself so, incapable of saying the things he wanted to say.

By the end of an hour they were deadlocked in a state of cold anger. Hugh had, by polite implication, been accused of having caused his grandfather's fatal seizure, of having discredited the family name, and, at last, of wilfully blinding himself to all considerations of reason and propriety in a regrettable infatuation over a woman of a type which his father was unwilling even to attempt to characterize.

At this point, Hugh, who had been on his feet, abruptly seated himself at the desk opposite his father, pulled up a writing-pad, dipped pen in ink, wrote out a formal resignation from Corbett & Company, addressed to his father as president, and left the room.

The break need have gone no further. There is nothing inevitable about these lives of ours, unless one is willing to believe that the minute events and coincidences of them were all written down in imperishable books before the world began. A dozen circumstances that might, apparently, have happened fully as easily as those that did, would have altered matters materially for Hugh.

One of these is the trivial coincidence that he was with Helena on the afternoon they brought his grandfather home, apparently dying. It was at Alice Hayes's flat that they reached him on the telephone and summoned him home. There was a touch of drama about that that impressed them all, including Hugh himself. It was one of those facts that fly to their marks like arrows. It gave to old Gregory's seizure the look of a heavenly expression of disapproval of his grandson's wilful misbehavior. It was the sort of thing people lower their voices to speak about. The fact that, against all reason, Hugh experienced a touch of this feeling himself, made him the more sensitive to, and resentful of, its effect on the others.

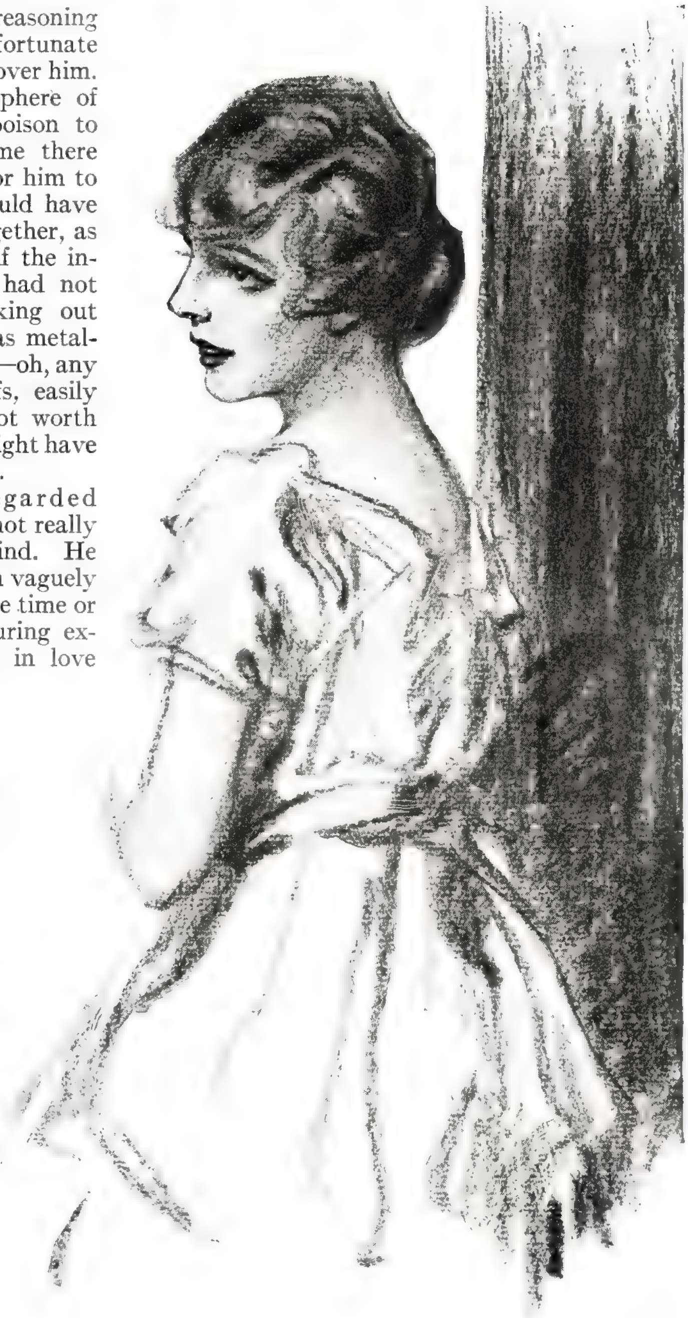
That resentment was heavily responsible for the quarrel with his father. On top of that quarrel, his mother made what was, I am inclined to think, a blunder. Hugh came home from it in one of those still rages of his, determined on packing a trunk and getting out of the house, for a while at any rate. She resisted this determination with every weapon she had—and these were many and formidable. She understood him better than any one else and did not at all underrate the pressure of the emotion his quiet manner concealed. She spent half an hour deliberately goading and taunting him, and eventually managed to provoke the explosion she wanted.

There were none of the ordinary maternal and filial inhibitions between this pair. Hugh could talk to her as he could talk to no one else, and after he had turned loose and told her, in terms which I shall not venture to report, exactly how he felt about all the members of his family—severally and collectively—herself, his father, his brothers, and his sister Anne—who had heard dire rumors of what was in the wind, and had been silly enough to presume upon her status as a married woman, and write him a chiding letter—after he had got through all that, he felt, in spite of himself, better.

Whereupon his mother turned good-humored and sensible; pointed out that it wouldn't do for him to go out of town with his grandfather's life hanging by a hair, as it was. The old gentleman was fond of him and in the event of a return of consciousness, which the doctors agreed was probable—possible anyhow—would certainly want to see him. And for Hugh to leave the house without leaving town, would in the present circumstances, be sure to create scandal. Besides, and lastly, Hugh wasn't well yet. His hand was still in bandages—a conspicuous sort of injury. Why, he couldn't eat in a restaurant without summoning a waiter to cut up his food for him. And he was to forget his nonsense and be reasonable. She'd do what she could to see that the others were.

Sensible as her reasoning was, I think it unfortunate that she prevailed over him. The family atmosphere of disapproval was poison to Hugh, and at home there was nothing else for him to breathe. If he could have got out of it altogether, as he wanted to do; if the injury to his hand had not precluded his seeking out and getting a job as metallurgical chemist, if—oh, any one of a dozen ifs, easily conceivable but not worth enumerating—it might have turned the balance.

Because, as regarded Helena, Hugh did not really know his own mind. He had, for years, been vaguely expecting that some time or other the transfiguring experience of falling in love would happen to him. Exactly what it would be like he had never taken the trouble to speculate. You knew the real thing when it struck you, at any rate; that seemed to be the almost universal experience. He knew that it excited and gratified physical desires and gave them a moral justification which, outside its sphere, they lacked; transmuted their base metal, somehow, into fine gold. But all that was secondary to a mysterious primary other thing, a joyous confident meeting of souls, the thrill of a million tiny points of contact all around their two perimeters.


JEAN CAME OUT IN THE HALL WHEN SHE HEARD THEM COME IN.

If Hugh had felt like that about Helena—recognizably anything at all like that—the disapprobation of the family would have given him very little concern. He knew their bark was worse than their bite. He had complete confidence in the fundamental good sense of all of them, as well as in the permanency of their affection for him. If what he did proved, in the event, to have been well and wisely done, they would eventually see the wisdom of it and be glad. The only thing they would not forgive him for, would be spoiling his life by an act of wilful folly.

Can a man be truly in love when he is capable of questioning the wisdom of it? Hugh was constantly barking his shins over that question during those days.

The girl had taken possession of his thoughts as no other person or interest, however absorbing, had ever had possession of them before. He did not dream about her while he slept, nor while he was in her presence. But all the rest of the time, it is fair to say, he did. For what he supposed to be his thoughts about her had the enormous quality of dreams—like drawings without scale or perspective. He had endless imaginary conversations with her which did not in the least resemble anything they ever said when they talked together. The minutiæ of her life took on grave importance. It was intolerable to him not to know hour by hour where she was, what she was doing. A day that passed without any form of communication with her seemed endless.

And yet, he could not disguise the fact that the comparatively few hours he was able to spend in her society were troubled—unhappy. She was an enigma to him that he made no progress toward solving. He experienced, in talk with her, sudden revulsions, incredulities, as disconcerting as air pockets are to an aviator; they gave him, literally, the sensation of vertigo. He never fell quite to the ground; always, before the final, fatal smash, she swept him aloft again.

The sheer woman of her, roused, excited—half intoxicated him. The texture of her skin, the contours of her wonderful body, the color and warmth of her, her moments of arrested motion, tense and almost as terrifying as those of a panther, and the wonderful relaxations, luxurious—intolerable, almost—which these subsided into—all thrilled and tormented him.

It horrified him to find himself desiring her, as there was no blinking the fact he did, in that base, animal fashion, while what he had always believed to be his higher emotions were still perplexed and contradictory. The fact that he was capable sometimes of suspecting that she deliberately tempted him, roused him to a passionate denunciation of his own unworthiness. With equal wrath, he repudiated the notion which sometimes flamed up in his mind, that the same fiery animal passion which burned in his veins burnt also in hers. He had always entertained, quite simply and without speculation, the conviction that no nice girl—no decent woman—ever felt like that. Were the impulsive caresses, then, that she half offered him and hesitatingly withdrew, mere symbols of affection? He tried hard to believe that.

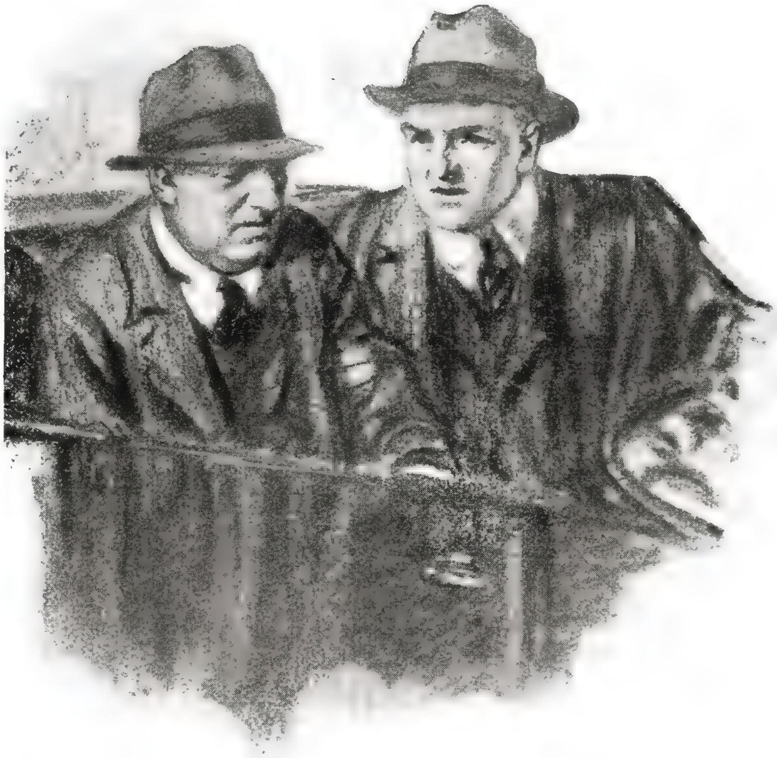
It is to be noted, also, though the paradox is beyond my powers to explain, that his sense of rectitude was not a support to him. Some imp within him used it merely as a target for shooting arrows of contemptuous interrogation into. Was there something queer about him? Did he lack something of being a regular normal man?

A crisis came in the affair at last one afternoon up in Alice Hayes's sitting-room.

Hugh hated that room. It wasn't big enough for him. When he stood up in it his head felt the oppression of the ceiling, and when he sat down in it his legs stuck out too far, and got in the way of all and sundry who wanted to move about in it. Night and day it was badly lighted, and he was always peering, trying to see more than he could. There was a cramped little fumed-oak desk in the corner of it, where he frequently found Helena writing. He used to try to persuade her to go out into the near-by park with him, but seldom with success. She usually pleaded that she was not dressed for the street, and this was plausible.

The facts were that she had no good-looking street clothes. What she had extinguished her—made her look dowdy and second-rate. She was at her loveliest in a suggestion of undress: a kimona—any old rag of a thing, it didn't matter—and bedroom slippers; her hair a wilderness. Besides, she hated exercise and out-of-doors generally.

On this particular afternoon Hugh found Alice at home, although, as usual, on the point of departure. She was a pleasant, demure, slim little thing, absurdly young-looking when one considered what she did and what an appalling lot she knew. Hugh liked her; found her infinitely easier to talk to than Helena, and was often curiously distraught in his mind as to whether he was glad when he found her there or sorry. And to-day, though he fiercely wanted Helena alone—he knew he did; there couldn't be any doubt about that—yet he found himself prolonging Alice's stay, postponing her departure with a sort of desperate ingenuity.



RIDING HOME ONE AFTERNOON, YOUNG GREGORY NOTICED THAT THE OLD MAN WAS GETTING DROWSY, HIS SPEECH THICKENING, AND LOOKING AT HIM, SAW THAT HIS FACE WAS FLUSHED.

When she did go finally, Helena broke the stiff silence that followed her departure by asking Hugh why he had not gone with her. "She's the one you really like," she added morosely. "She's much more your sort than I am."

Hugh snapped at her for that, which was, a moderately penetrating observer might have guessed, exactly what she wanted him to do. And for five minutes they quarreled. Hugh hated himself for this, for the things he found himself saying. He didn't want to say them or think them. He realized that he was incapable of following either his judgment or his inclination. It was like driving a car in a deeply rutted road. You slid down, somehow, into those grooves and couldn't get out.

Then, with one of her lightning changes of mood, she repented, came over to him humbly and said she was sorry; picked up his wounded hand, noted with a little cry of joy the lighter bandages, and pressed her lips down softly on the newly exposed palm.

He buried the other hand in her hair. He was trembling all over. All the power of resistance he had, all the inhibitions of chivalry and respect for womankind, all that he classified broadly under the term decency, was barely strong enough to hold him down to that merely brotherly caress.

The crisis passed. She took her lips away and his right hand, that had been in her hair, fell at his side again. She made a gesture of impatience and seated herself on the divan.

"I'm not fit for human society to-day," she said, and told him why. She'd just finished a short story. She'd been writing ever since he left her yesterday; all night, or most of the night, and to-day, until a half-hour before he came.

"A story?" he said. "That's new, isn't it?"

But it seemed she had tried it before. It was a thing she was passionately eager to do. She hated the drudgery of translating and book-reviewing—all the stupefying stodgy things that the necessity of getting a living condemned her to. And then, none of the foreign language papers that she had access to paid more than pittances. Fiction in English, if she could make it go, would be a way out.

Hugh asked if he might hear the story, and she read it to him.

There were two of Hugh who listened. Way down inside, and barely audible, was the incorruptible critic who writhed at the crudity, at the lack of temper, at the lumps of undigested syndicalist propaganda, at the transparent naïveté of the fictional devices the story employed to make itself a story. But all the rest of him was a furious partisan busy shouting the critic down; calling the crudities strength, the lack of temper, passion, and trying to set up a comparison between its harsh, formless dissonances and those of the newer Russian music, which he was just learning to admire. Gradually, though, he stopped listening altogether; just looked, as her preoccupation with the manuscript enabled him to do, and drank down the sound of her voice.

She thanked him rather wistfully, when the reading was finished, for the kind things he managed to say about the story, and this note—one he had never heard before in her voice, nor seen in her dark eyes—set him harder at the task of convincing her that she had done well. In his own ears the things he said sounded false and flat. But she seemed rather pathetically pleased with them.

"However," she said thoughtfully, "it won't do any good. No editor of a popular magazine will think about it like that. I don't suppose they even read things that come in from people they have never heard of."

HUGH, as it happened, shared this wide-spread delusion with her. "I know a chap that writes," he said after a moment—"not fiction; special articles, but he knows all the editors and stands well with them. Barry Lake, his name is. He's a great friend of Rodney Aldrich's. Give me the manuscript and I'll get him to read it. If he likes it, he can pass it on to somebody—tell us whom to send it to, anyhow, and write a letter so that he'll read it."

He had to say this rather more resolutely than he wanted to, because the words were uttered over the protest of the critic in him, who by now was fairly clamorous, assuring him that Barry Lake wouldn't like it a bit better than he did; and that he would look an ass, going to a man he knew no better than Lake, on such an errand.

But the moment he said the words the critic was forgotten. Because Helena began quietly to cry. The tears just welled up into her eyes until presently they spilled over and her efforts to check them seemed only to make them come the faster. In all the wide range of emotional states Hugh had seen her in, she had never been near tears. She seemed no less amazed over them now than Hugh himself.

"I don't know w-why I'm crying," she said desperately, when the fact was beyond concerning. "It's too silly."

"It's the writing all night, I suppose," said Hugh, in a voice as ragged as hers. She had thrown herself down on the divan, her face in the cushions. He seated himself gingerly on the extreme edge of it, and with an awkward hand touched her shoulder—her hair, and finally took one of her hands in his good one. She abandoned it to him, passively, but she seemed to find some comfort in the contact. Her sobs quieted and presently ceased, and at last she looked up at him.

"You haven't any room," she said. "You're sitting on nothing," and moved so that he'd be more comfortable.

"It wasn't the writing," she began at last. "It's easy for me to write, and it never hurts me to go without sleep. The thing that just demoralized me was your—kindness. It's new to me and, somehow, it hurts. I didn't believe in it at first. I've spent hours trying to figure out what things meant. And then I came to see at last that it didn't mean anything, except just—that you were kind. And this last thing got me, somehow."

Hugh wanted to know what she meant by "this last thing." His offer to show her story to Barry Lake? There was nothing much to that, that he could see.

"There was," she contradicted. "You hated the story and you hated the thought of showing it to your friend. You felt it would make you look foolish in his eyes. But you were going to go ahead and do it just the same."

The clairvoyant truth of this analysis of his feelings was too much for Hugh to deny convincingly. He tried but quickly shifted the issue.

"Anyhow, there's nothing extraordinary about it. Most people are kindly disposed, I've found."

"I haven't," she said.

And when he exclaimed incredulously at that, she went vehemently on.

"It's true. I've never found kindness. People have been in love with me," she said—"men and women. And they have made sacrifices for me. Grace Drummond did. But she wanted them paid back. She kept an account, put her grievances away, just the way she put her savings in the bank, to draw interest. And it's been the same with all the rest.

"But you—you don't keep any account at all. I have never made you anything but trouble from the first, when I began by hurting your hand, and you—" she smiled as she said this, and the tears flushed up into her eyes again—"you gave me a nice clean handkerchief to wipe the blood away with. It's been like that ever since. You haven't let me pay anything back. You haven't—wanted anything."

"That," he said hoarsely—"that's not true."

She turned a sudden, plunging look into his eyes, and raised her head slowly from the pillow so that her face came nearer his.

There was a breathless little silence. Then, without any voice at all, he said, "Helena!" and she understood that it had come at last.

She drew in a long rapturous sigh, as her white arm slipped around his neck. Her head dropped back on the pillow, and his followed it.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Constance Helps the Situation

CONSTANCE CRAWFORD was having dinner alone with her father that night at the Corbett house. It was the week of the Republican convention—the famous steam-roller convention which renominated Taft—and most of the family were down at the Coliseum. The flickering existence of the not quite dead old man up-stairs, had materially subdued their interest in politics, but not suppressed it altogether. They were divided as usual: Gregory, Robert, Junior, and Carter (about to enjoy his first vote) were all determined adherents of "Yale's greatest son." Their mother was a fire-breathing Rooseveltian. She was engaged, at the moment when Constance and her father sat down to dinner, in shouting "Robber!" at Mr. Elihu Root, magnificently oblivious of the consternation she was causing the other occupants of the Republican committeeman's box, in which she had rashly been invited to sit.

Her husband was not attending the convention, being equally disgusted with the tactics of both wings of the party. He was opposed to Toryism. No man was more progressive, in the true sense of the word, than he. But he did not countenance Mr. Roosevelt's methods—did not see, in fact, how a gentleman could.

At nine o'clock Constance pleaded the immediate necessity of beginning her long drive out to Lake Forest and said good night to him. "I want to see Hannah before I go," she added as she left him.

She found the old woman up in the housekeeper's room, and asked, without pretext, for information about Hugh.

Old Hannah was very tight-lipped and tried to convey, without asserting the fact, the impression that she knew nothing whatever about him. Under pressure, however, she admitted that he had come in half an hour before and gone to his room, having declined dinner or even a tray.

"I wouldn't have told you that, if it wasn't that he looked sick. But don't you go bothering him," she admonished Constance. "I reckon he's had enough of that lately to last him quite a spell."

She did not knock at his door; merely said, "It's Constance. May I come in?" as she was in the act of opening it. She heard some sort of muffled reply, that was not at any rate a peremptory order to get out, so after a momentary hesitation, she stepped inside and shut the door behind her. Then, since her knees went wabbly all of a sudden, she leaned back against it and hung on to the door-knob for support.

A HAND-BAG and a suit-case stood open in the middle of his bed, amid a litter of clothes and toilet things, and Hugh, with his back to her, collarless and in his shirt-sleeves, was trying to pack them. She could only suppose, of course, that he was making ready to run off with that girl.

"Going away?" she managed to ask, and he answered curtly, but still in that oddly muffled tone, "Yes."

That was all between them for quite a little while. She cast about desperately for something reasonable to say, but could not find a word. Presently, though, he turned around—there was something on the table between them that he wanted in his packing—and she saw his face. At the sight of it she fairly cried out. It was pale, haggard—absolutely the face of a man in torment.

He said savagely in answer to her cry, "Shut up!" But this was a mere reflex thrown back by his overstrung nerves. Then he laboriously pulled himself together. "Sorry, Connie," he said. "Only, I can't stand a fire-alarm to-night. If you will just go away and let me alone——"

Her eyes filled up and she said over a break in her voice, "Oh, you poor dear boy!"

At that he turned away and dropped into a chair. And she, coming around behind him, bent down over his head and pressed her hands against his face.

"If it was making you happy," she said after a while, "I wouldn't care. But, Hugh dear, if it makes you feel like this. . . . Is it too late now to stop? Do you have to go away with her? Oh, not to-night, anyway!"

"I'm not going away with her," he said. "I don't know where I'm going. I'm just going to get out of—this."

Constance was fortunate in having escaped the family irritability. There were no jerks or starts about any of the things she did. The chief of her charms, indeed, was a lovely legato of thought and movement. She was not a wit nor a beauty—she was a fine, wholesome, good-looking young woman, inclined to freckle—but her social success was indisputable. It was recognized that she had accomplished an extraordinary feat in having managed to live on terms of unbroken amity with her mother-in-law; for old Mrs. Crawford, who had been in her day both a beauty and a wit, was, to put it bluntly, a tartar, and when Constance had married her only remaining son, there had been a lively expectation of squalls. But the simple fact was you couldn't quarrel with Constance.

That beautiful poise of hers stood her in good stead now as, bending over her tormented brother, she learned the unhoped-for and electrifying fact that something serious, perhaps conclusive, had happened to his affair with "that girl". In his state of acute hyperesthesia, the faintest manifestation of surprise, let alone exultation, would have taken him like a blow. But the soothing movement of his sister's hands over his face remained just what it had been before he spoke.

After a little while, unhurriedly, she left him and went over to the bed.

"I'll finish packing for you," she said. "It must be hard to do with only one good hand."

She felt all the time like a burglar breaking into a house. She had a plan—no less than to steal her brother away and carry him home with her. But she knew that if she alarmed him by a single false move, stumbled over any of his inflamed sensibilities, the plan would come to naught.

"Frank's going away, too," she said presently, in the absent-minded meaningless way possible only to persons who are busy with something else at the same time. "It breaks his heart to leave the convention. He's down there now. But the *Lusitania* gets in on Friday with Mother Crawford on it—she's been visiting Christine, you know—and he has to be there. He'll have to go up with her to Bar Harbor, too, I suppose. And the two boys are out at the farm with Mademoiselle, so that leaves me only the baby, and Jean."

She finished packing, he putting on a soft collar and a coat, meanwhile, without another word; then, "I guess that's everything you'll want—for a week or so," she said.

"Much obliged, Connie." From his tone she guessed he was thanking her for what she had not done, rather than for what she had. She was safe so far. But did she dare risk the sudden irrelevance of the invitation she wanted to give him?

"I must be going on," she said. "I'm driving out home to-night."

"I wish you lived here," he told her, and thus gave her the one cue she had been praying for.

"Come and live with me for a while. That'll be easier than going anywhere else. And we won't bother you, Jean and I."

There was a long silence. Constance held her breath.

"She hasn't caught any more burglars, I suppose," he said at last. "She must be quite a young lady by now."

"She never will be," his sister answered confidently. "She's a darling. Wait till you see her."

With that, she picked up the lighter of his two bags and started to the door with it, deliberately misreading his gesture of protest. "Oh, I can manage this easily. Come along."

He took up the other bag and followed.

Constance fell asleep that night under the comforting conviction that she had done well. It might be premature to say that Hugh was already saved from the clutches of his beautiful anarchist, but at all events the tide had turned that way.

They had talked very little in the car, and not at all to the point. She could only guess at the nature of the thunderbolt which had fallen on him that afternoon; some disillusioning, sickening revelation, most likely, of Helena's real character and her designs upon him. But Constance had been aware that with every mile of the ride, he had been collecting himself; that the terrible tension that had racked him was relaxed, and that her own presence comforted him. By the time she got him home, he was sufficiently his natural self to pass her husband's inspection—the only thing she had dreaded. But Frank, as it turned out, was not there.

"AS FOR BOB, HE'S SO PLEASED AT SEEING US WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE BESIDE HIM."

Jean came out into the hall when she heard them come in. She flushed brightly at the sight of Hugh, and there was no mistaking the pleasure that kindled in her eyes. But she was, it appeared, struck speechless, so that Constance, with a laugh, asked what had become of her voice. Then, with that little squaring of the shoulders which he had not forgotten, she recovered it.

"I had meant to ask Aunt Constance," she said, "whether I should call you Uncle Hugh. But I didn't, and——"

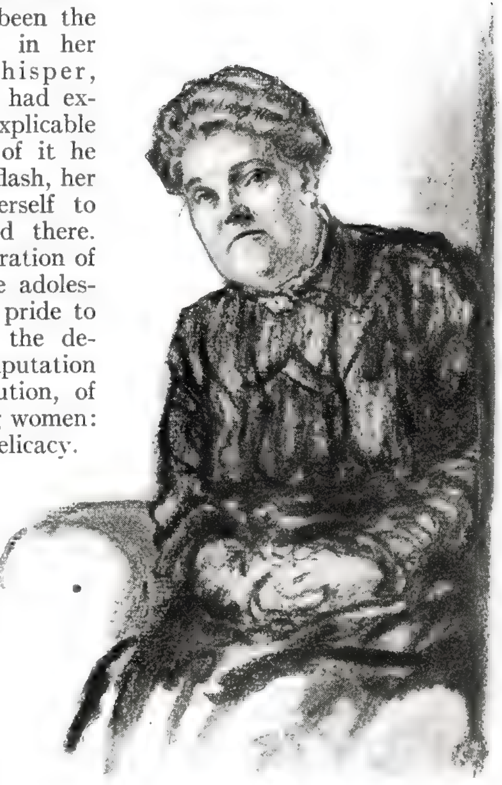
It brought a lump into Constance's throat to see how the haggard look left his face at the sight of the girl and the sound of her fresh young voice. Sweet, clean, unspoiled, she did not even suggest by contrast that other one who had been tormenting him. He almost laughed when he said that if she tried to call him uncle he would tell her how she'd grown, and forced her, by a direct question, into calling him Hugh. There was a sort of contented gravity about her smile when she did it, and it lingered as she turned to her aunt and explained her genuine uncle's absence. He had stayed in town for a very exciting political conference at the Congress Hotel—it might last all night, he said, and had sent her home in the care of that *pretty* Mrs. Williamson.

Everything was coming out, Constance felt, exactly right; even Frank's absence helped. With him there, they wouldn't have raided the pantry for crackers and milk, in the Arcadian way they did, nor parted for the night on quite the same note.

A week of that would do the business, she believed. She'd get her mother on the phone to-morrow and arrange for the establishment of an absolute quarantine; no mail to be forwarded, no messages, nothing. The girl probably wouldn't let him go any easier than she could help, but she simply shouldn't be allowed to get at him.

It was a good plan, founded on a close guess at the nature of Hugh's trouble. He was suffering, when she found him, from a spiritual shock, just as she supposed. But in guessing about the revelation which caused the shock she went wrong.

Hugh would have supported, I believe, the sort of discovery Constance had in mind much better than the one he made. Had Helena said, out of the depths of shame and grief, "I'm not fit to marry you. I'm not—good!" If she had forced the fact upon him with a detailed confession; a story of the early violation of her innocence—even a draggled recital of subsequent affairs—and concluded it by telling him that she knew what true love meant now and with that knowledge realized she was not worthy of it—if she had told him that, she would have dealt him a blow, indeed, but one that his spiritual forces were, unconsciously, braced to bear. His emotional reactions would have been comprehensible to himself; indignation—pity. He had already dug the channel for that flood, though he did not know it.



"I'M IN HERE, HUGH," SHE SAID.

But what Helena had said—boasted, indeed—had been the contrary thing. And in her fiercely exultant whisper, "You're the first!" he had experienced a stab of inexplicable horror. In the light of it he read, as in a lightning flash, her intention of giving herself to him, utterly, then and there. He saw the sudden liberation of the beast, which, since adolescence, it had been his pride to conquer and control; the defacement, under the imputation of mere cowardly caution, of all his ideals regarding women: chivalrous respect, delicacy.

The action that all this translated itself into, had been a violent wrenching away from her embrace, that left them staring at each other; he, bewildered, crimson, utterly inarticulate; she, darkly incredulous, with anger smoldering in her eyes. To his miserable attempts to explain the thing that had happened to him, she got no clue at all, until his stammering out of something about "marriage" enlightened her.

At that, however, the smoldering spark in her eyes leaped into a flame.

"Marriage!" she cried. "Did you think I was going to marry you? Would marry anybody?" It was the beginning of a torrent.

Hugh had never seen any human being in an unbridled transport of anger before. It was simply, of course, her frustrated passion for him finding another vent for itself. Her words were molten incandescent metal that clung and seared wherever they struck. The burden of them was the contemptible, cowardly hypocrisy and the equally cowardly tyranny of marriage. True love was degraded by all association with it. It was an infamous slavery, which a base greed for possessions had imposed upon the world. And this was what Hugh had dared suggest to her!

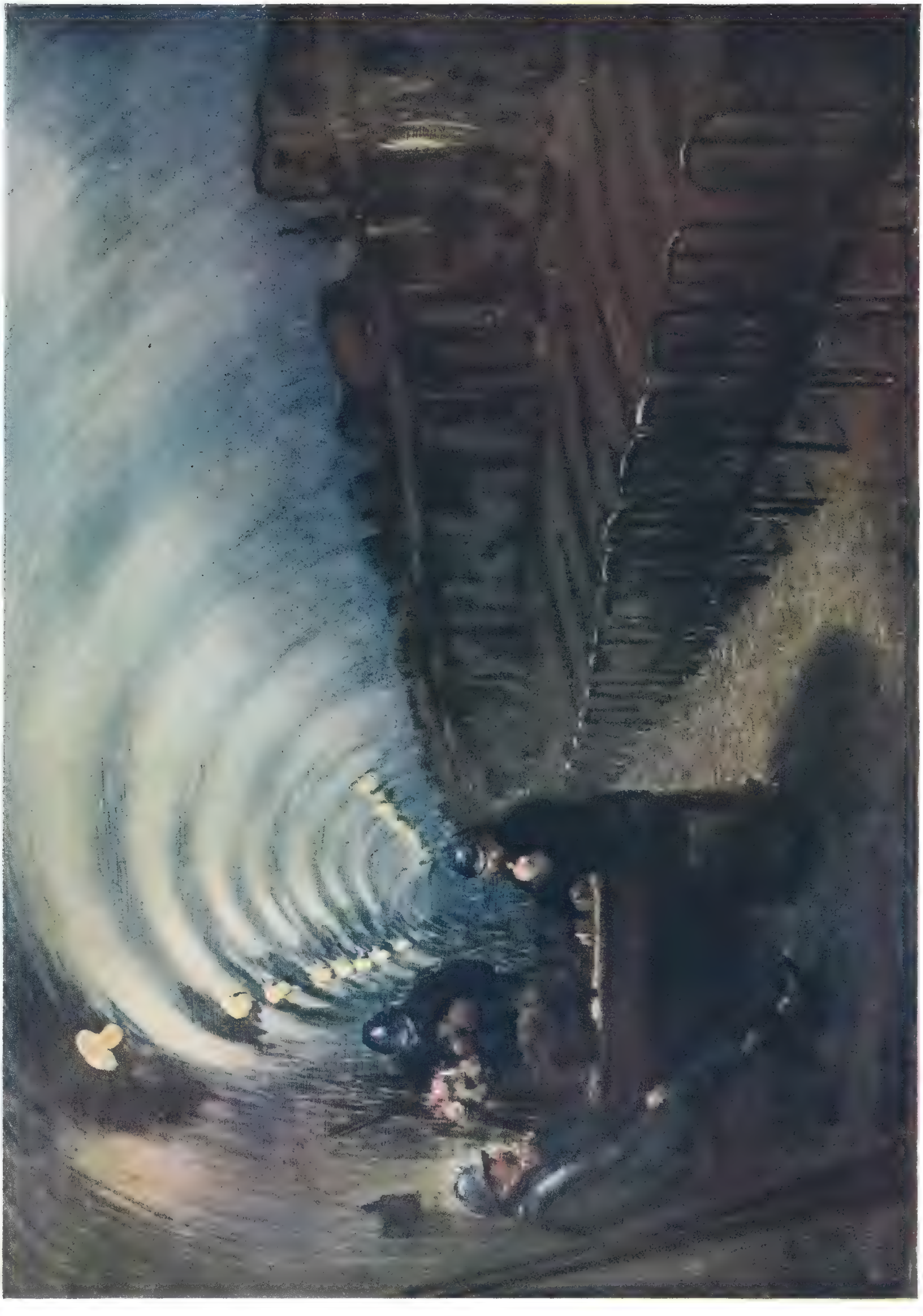
She fascinated while she horrified him. He was not able to terminate the scene by the simple expedient of going away and leaving her. He had no volitional activities left. But at last, her fury having exhausted itself, she curtly ordered him to go. And he, blankly, and without a word, obeyed.

How much later it was when he encountered old Hannah in the upstairs corridor in his father's house, or where he had been in the meantime, he did not know. His soul, during that time, had been on the rack.

Any form of mental anguish escapes, I believe, the ultimate intolerable turn of the screw, if only the emotion be appropriate to the circumstances which have produced it. No matter how terrible may be the lacerations of grief one suffers from the loss, for example, of wife or child, there is a measure of comfort and support in the sense that one's grief is something he is recognizably entitled to—something that will instantly be understood by all acquainted with the fact upon which it is based. The support remains in a case where no exterior sympathy is possible, as when one is under the unjust imputation of crime, but knows that the facts, could they be brought to light, would clear him. Even the veritable criminal, I believe, out of the depths of remorse, derives a certain support from the sense that remorse is what he ought to feel.

Hugh, under however a staggering revelation of the unworthiness of the woman he loved, would have felt that support. The shock of discovering to be vile what he had believed, without misgiving, to be pure and beautiful, would of course have staggered and stunned him. But this grief would at least have been the normal thing—explicable, anyhow, to himself, and probably, to a good friend like Constance. And even if, on that terrible afternoon, his part and Helena's had been reversed; if he, carried by passion beyond all decent bounds, had met an outraged fury of resistance, his guilty shame would have been the normal thing to feel.

(Continued on page 114)



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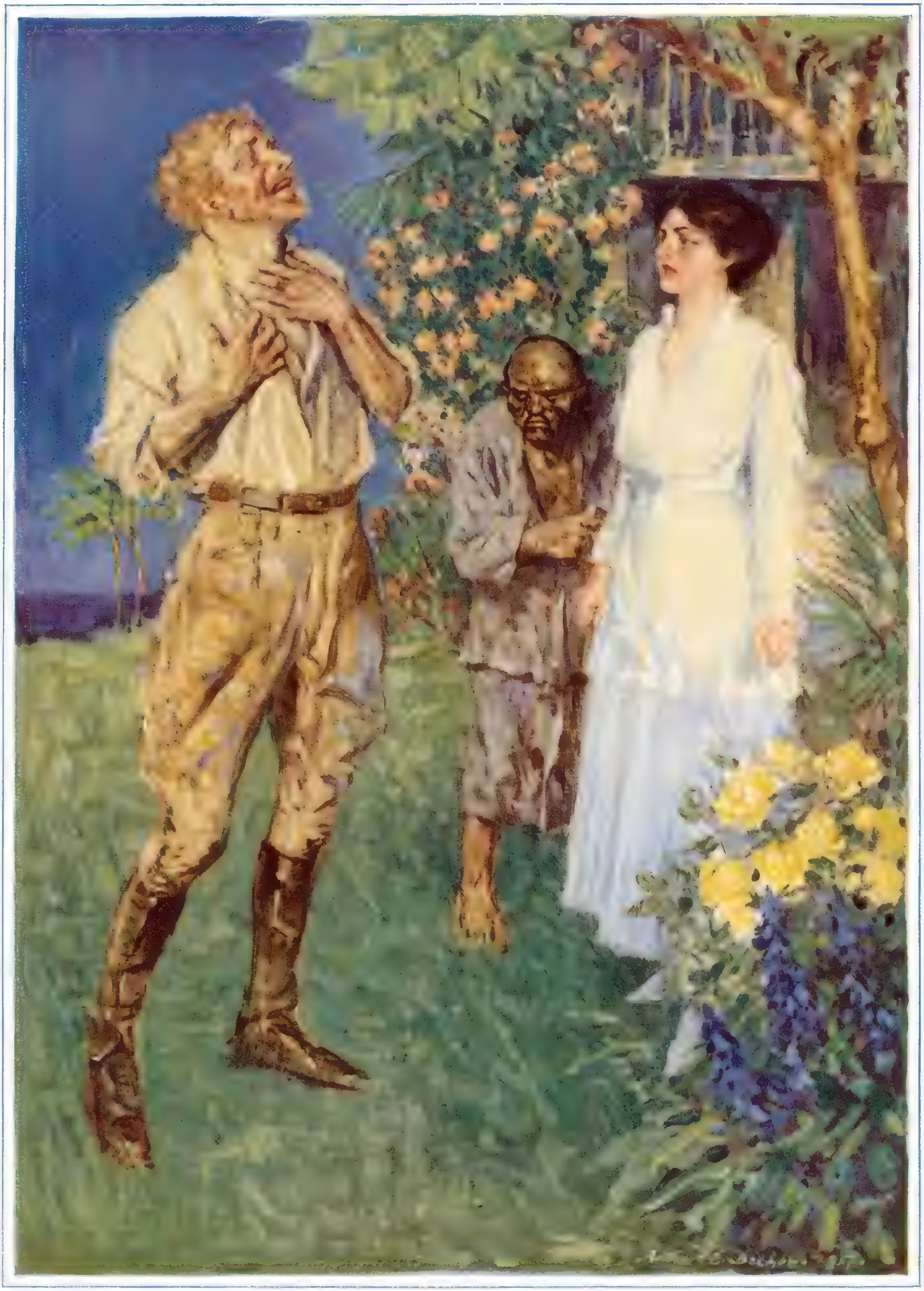
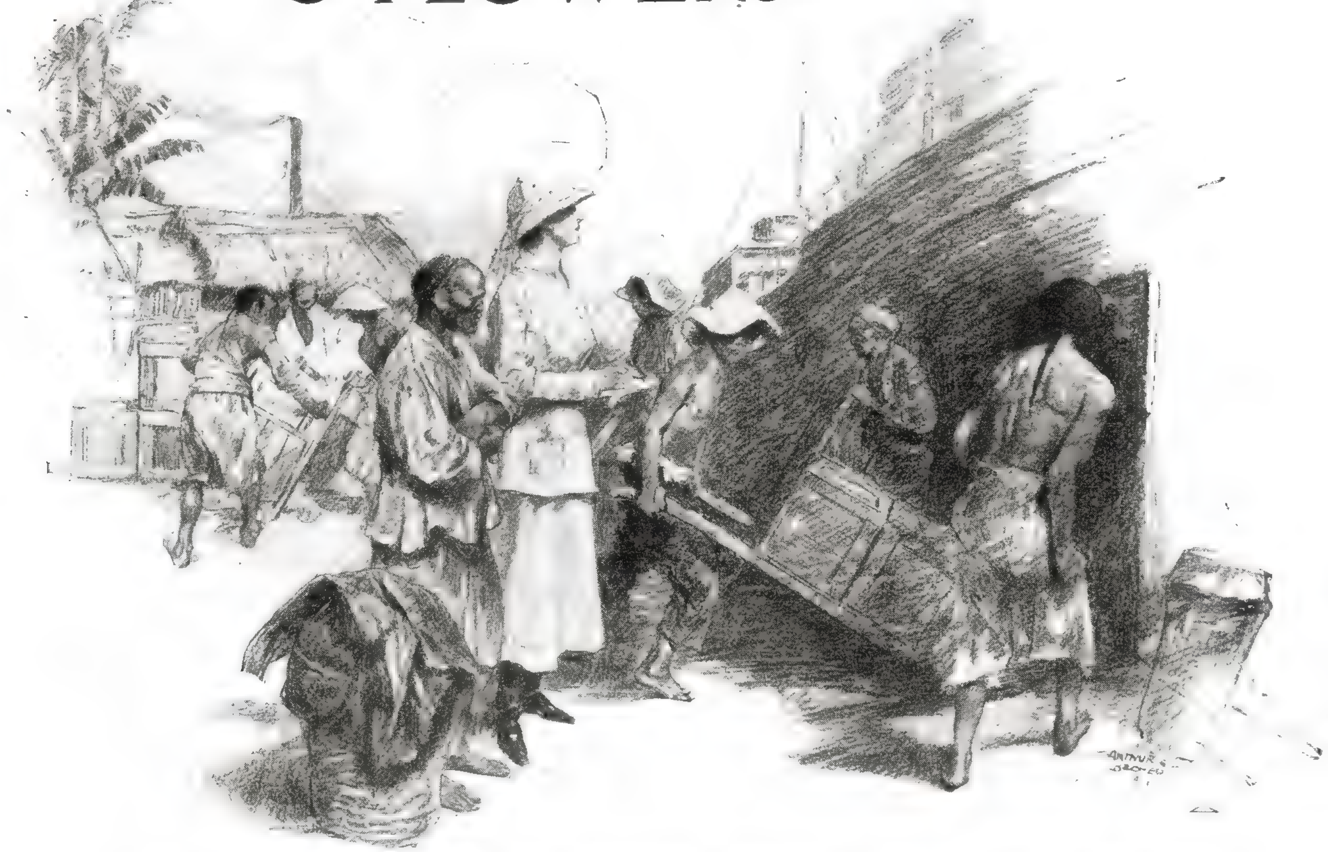
INDOMITABLE VERDUN—ARTILLERYMEN QUARTERED IN THE CITADEL



"'I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING,'" SAID KING.
"DYING OF LOVE—AND TROPICAL FEVER."

THE LOVE WINDS OF PORT O'FLOWERS



SHE WAS BOSSING THOSE CHINKS WITH A FEW WORDS OF PIDGIN AND KEEPING AN EYE ON OUR DECKS.

By Henry Oyen

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

THEY called the place Port o' Flowers. It was a salmon island in the North Pacific, but as we followed the tide up the inlet we knew the name was deserved. Roses, lilacs, wood violets, honeysuckles, mandrakes, ferns—a tropical riot of flora—all blooming together to make the most of the short, mad summer. The composite odor of them hung over the inlet like a drugged cloud, and I took a look out of a port-hole as we rubbed the wharf, expecting to see the usual gang of Chink loaders bossed by a dirty white man, and there I was staring at the Queen of Sheba in starchy white duck, with a wolf-eyed Korean at her side watching our decks, his hands hidden up his loose sleeves.

Under the circumstances, would you have allowed a little thing like a temporary purser's berth to keep you from going ashore? I didn't. I owed something to the old *Luzon*, too, because she'd taken me away from Manila, via Honolulu, and I hadn't got all of the captain's story of what became of the *Galena's* crew; but there She was, bossing those Chinks with a few words of pidgin, keeping an eye on our decks, her black hair and tropical helmet five feet ten above the soles of her patent-leather riding-boots, if an inch, and that Korean bad man with his wolf eyes watching for some one, and his hands up his sleeves.

Was the Queen of Sheba nearly six feet tall and built like the Winged Victory? I forget. *She* was. She was a dark woman, and her neck was round and white like lathe-turned marble, only living. She was like a woman who had stepped over from some other world or age where they grow larger and more beautiful and free and fierce than they do here. Yes, more free. No conquering man ever had carried her off in his chariot of triumph; she would have held the reins. Fierce? Not on the surface, of course. But that Korean bad man was just a sheep following her, just a sheep. Well, it takes a very bad man to be quite as bad as a Korean who's gone wicked.

I don't know but what it was the guard who made up my mind for me. Why no white men in sight? Why a guard with guns up his loose sleeves on the lookout for somebody who might be coming ashore? And they called the place Port o' Flowers!

I was interested in that guard for himself, too. I'd been in Korea with O'Reilly in the old Emperor's Guard and I knew how thoroughly impossible they are. And he was a specimen, this one, and I was as eager to study him as I'd been for the camel-humped Manchu dwarfs I tried to find in the Gobi Desert. His face was as big as a small moon, and flat, and dead as a piece of carved stone, with black rat whiskers dropping down on each side of his flat chin. So when his wolf eyes found my port-hole and he gave me the look of suspicion, I looked back at him hard, for he was something to hate, even while you studied him. He growled a little without moving his lips, and she looked at him quick and excited, and his eyes pointed me out at my port-hole. Then she looked at me sudden, sharp, and she smiled and looked away and forgot I was living; and the Korean did the same.

All right. It was a bigger mystery than the *Galena*, and I was Harper Lea; so when the *Luzon* sailed for Frisco with a pile of Port o' Flowers brand salmon in her hold, I was lying up under the firs on the hill above the cannery, chewing wood violets and glad I was alive. I'd left my violin on board, for I'd seen her boss the Chinks when the loading was done, and I knew she was one of those that it wouldn't do to try that on. Nor play the superior man. She was that, she was the superior being, and she wouldn't have stood for another on the island. Business, all business, and efficiency. The minute the last case had gone into the hold she started her coolie boys back to the cannery. Island pidgin she talked to them, and her helmet was from the tropics, the kind planters' ladies wear when they go out before sundown, and I wondered. A strange place for her. Yes. But I can mention places that would have been stranger for her, and that's cities, drawing-rooms, under roof anywhere. For up there on that island she was free.

AND not a white skin save hers on the dock when the *Luzon* had sailed, and the yellow boys trotted away at her command. Even the Korean. She held out her long white hands and he placed the black Colts in them and went to the canning-sheds with the rest. Business, all business; but it wasn't business that had made her watch the *Luzon's* deck.

I could hear the link-belt machinery working down in the cannery. Click, click, click, it would run for a while, smooth and fast, and then, clang, clack-etty-clack, rattle, stop. And after a while it would pick up and go on again. Pretty soon my ears sorted out the note of the engine in that little industrial symphony, and its throb was all wrong, and a loose pulley or belt was slipping somewhere; so I threw my left arm into a truly piteous knot that I'd learned from a contortionist in Shanghai and went down to where she was counting out Port o' Flowers labels in her office. A whole, big white man she wouldn't stand on the island, but a cripple she might. And, oh! she was too grand for a man to look at and be easy in his soul.

"Hello," she says, looking up and going on with her counting. "How did you get through the port-hole? The *Tanana* will take you away next week."

"The wasteful rattle of your power plant distressed me, so, I had to come ashore to fix it," said I. "You need an engineer. I'll wager you're running twenty-five per cent. under your proper capacity."

That was the kind of talk to make an impression on her. She left off counting and looked at me, and I took particular care she should see my arm.

"Don't do that," she says, very cross, after she' looked from my eyes to the arm and back again. "It's childish. That's a yellow man's trick. Where are you from, Honolulu?"

"That was my last port o' call," I said, and I untwisted the arm with never a blush. She was the Queen of Sheba, boys, and Port o' Flowers was her realm, but I was Harper Lea and unashamed.

"Do you know King Gray?"

I didn't.

"Ever hear of him?"

"No."

She looked at me hard then, but I was telling the truth, and honesty no man can hide.

"Then you weren't ashore much on the islands, were you?" she says. "Now what was it you said about my power plant?"

It was sacrilege, it was romance slain by a cash register. It hurt, but I told her what my ears had informed me about her machinery.

"Come," she says, and went down to the canning-sheds, and who was there in charge of the plant's ruination but that stone-faced Korean guard.

"F'Nung dotes on his engine job," says she when I'd pointed out a few leaky valves, loose transmission, and such. "He won't feel kindly toward the man who supersedes him. Perhaps we had better let the matter stand as it is."

So I reached over and shut off the steam, and I could feel the blood beating in F'Nung behind me, but he went forward to the cleaning tables when she spoke to him.

"F'Nung is a great hunter," she went on, "and white men are his quarry."

"He is an interesting specimen," said I. "I am going to study him. I'm going to bore through that stone face and watch the wheels go around in that primordial mind. Or do you think it is a mind, as we know it, that controls F'Nung?"

"Yes," she said, and smiled, "a very fair sort of mind, my own. Look at F'Nung's forehead; do you think there is intelligence enough back of that to run an engine? Not enough to build a fire. I think for him. I trained him up to the engine job, as one might a clever collie. No, there's nothing of the collie about F'Nung. As one might a cave-tiger, then. That's it. No mind, but a cave-tiger. F'Nung is my trained cave-tiger and I keep him a slave because I've appealed to the hunter in him and promised him the greatest quarry in the world."

I went to work at the engine. What could any one say to talk like that? Boys, I was Harper Lea; I could have told her why she was not like the Victory; and Fenella was eating his soul out in Frisco waiting for three notes I'd picked up one night with a caravan in the Gobi Desert; but I made my impression on her because I could make an old steam engine do its proper amount of work. An engineer, a greasy, sweaty, oil-squirting, gage-watcher, that was all, that was all I was to her and I was strumming like a harp, quivering with the music of her nearness. It could never bring anything good to me, for by the second day I saw, by the way she looked beyond me, that her heart was not hers to give, but, ah! it was living. There was she, with her love-motif about her, and there was F'Nung who had no brains, but was a hunter of white men, and the island was on a line where the winds seemed to come blowing over the Pacific's great bosom, way down from the South Seas.

F'Nung I studied, reaching for his soul with strange insults, and letting him see that I hated him and wished him gone. Why? Because he was not interesting, because she had spoken truth when she said there was nothing behind that stone face, because he had nothing but the bump of blood-thirst where his brain should have been. Yet she'd trained him to run an engine. Why? Why did she have him around?

So one lazy afternoon, when the south wind was loafing over the island and the sea was like glass, I crossed the river and went up to her bungalow. There she was, lying in a long wicker chair, in a soft creamy gown with frills, and a half-white Hawaiian maid moving about inside the house. She looked at me in a way that told me no man was allowed up there, so I sat down on the lowest step and said:

"YOU were right about F'Nung: he isn't human. I am a student of life, and the world should be told by what means you managed to train him to be even half an engineer. It might develop into a new system of education. How did you touch what passes for a brain in him?"

She was the queen there, and I was her engineer, but we were the only white people on the island, and she smiled and said:

"My system would never become popular; it would be too expensive."

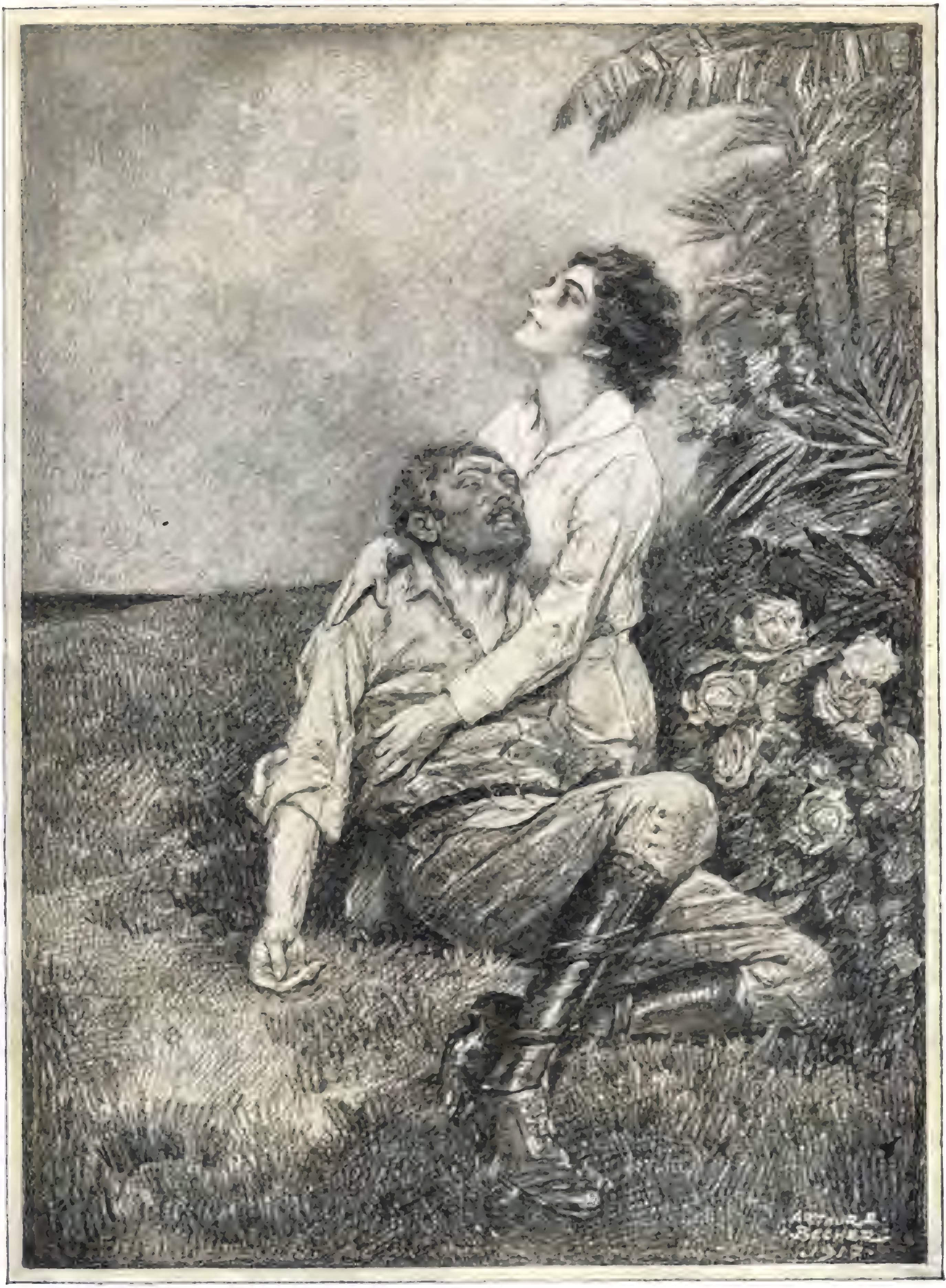
I thought a while and said. "You were looking for a man to come ashore from the *Luzon*."

She nodded. "From the *Luzon*, from every ship that calls, I watch them all."

"You had F'Nung there with guns up his sleeves to welcome him."

"There! You've touched the secret of my educational system," said she. "I have promised this man to F'Nung."

"Just, if he comes ashore?"

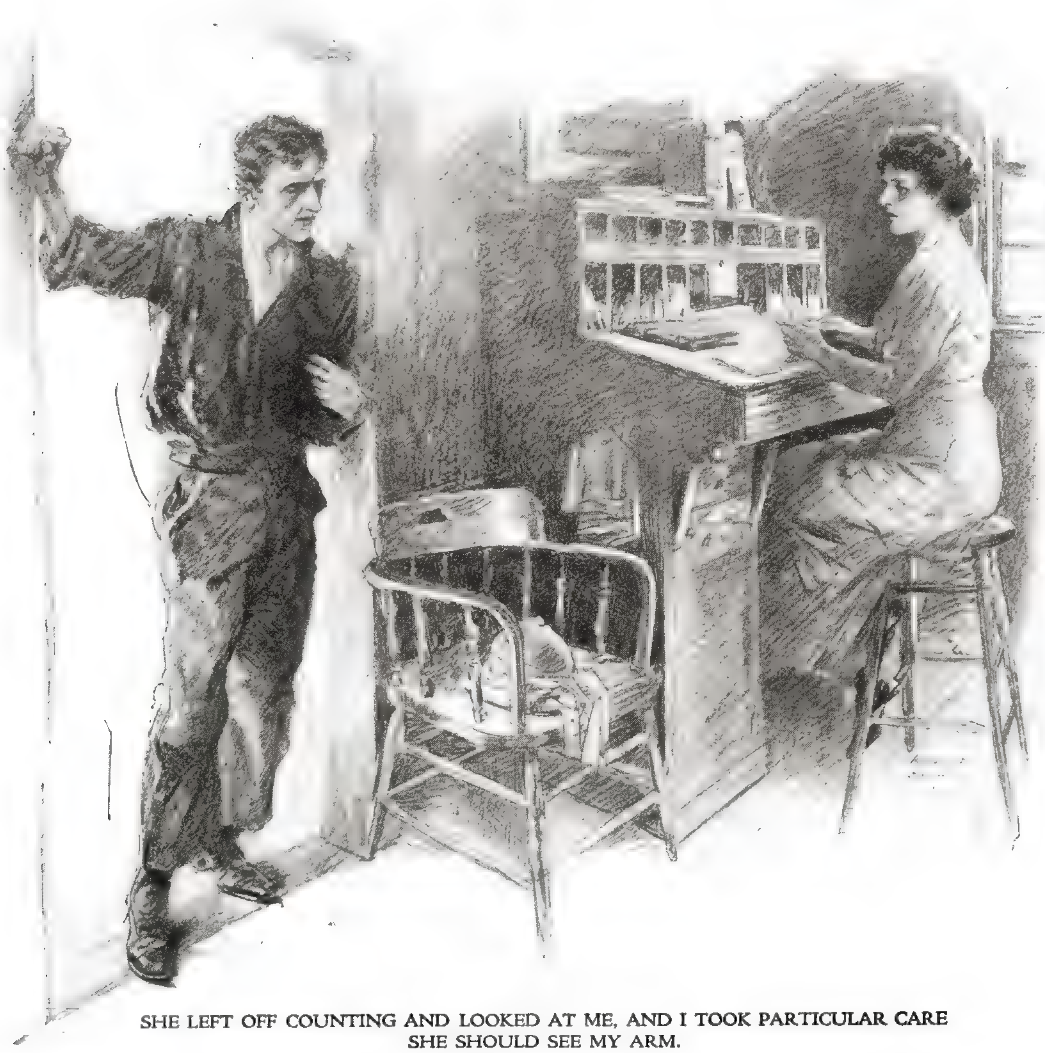

ARTHUR E. BECHER

HIS GREAT HEAD WAS ON HER BREAST, AND HE WAS BREATHING, BREATHING EASY.

Her mouth tightened then, but we were two whites on an island full of Chinks and even she had to talk under those circumstances.

"If he comes ashore and so much as dares to touch me—yes, if he lays one finger on me, F'Nung shoots. What is it, Mahtia?" she calls over her shoulder, though I hadn't heard a thing.

Then the half-white Hawaiian girl began to play her ukelele. All minors, with no syrupy notes between them.



SHE LEFT OFF COUNTING AND LOOKED AT ME, AND I TOOK PARTICULAR CARE SHE SHOULD SEE MY ARM.

Minors that cut you like gossip of a woman who's stopped writing. I looked up at her face when the thing was over, and I said in all awe:

"How you love him! And how you fear yourself in love!"

Then I went back to my engine, knowing it was no good going up the hill. But it's hard to see nothing but yellow faces about you and to feel nothing but yellow thoughts walling in your thoughts, and though I'm no good as second fiddle, I was soon up there again, sitting on the bottom step, she in the long chair looking out to the south. And even she was glad to have a white face to rest her eyes on.

"Suppose," said I, "he comes, but doesn't offer to touch you?"

"He will." She looked down. "He's King Gray."

That meant nothing to me.

"King Gray," she said, "is a man—no, he isn't; he's a brute, a great blond brute rising up from the sea and stretching out his great arms with a laugh to take what he wants. He has blue eyes that hypnotize you. They hypnotized me. I married him before I knew they could turn green."

"Jealousy?"

She laughed. "He never needed to know what the word meant, and he lets the whole world know it by his bearing. No. They turn green with arrogance, with pride unspeakable, with cruelty—if he isn't completely master. Yes. The whole world must trail behind his triumphant chariot when he pleases. He must be a master, a woman his slave." She laughed hard and short. "Mr. Lea, can you fancy me in the rôle of a docile slave girl? Me!"

I refused to follow her. "I can't see an intelligent man trying that," I said. "He must be intelligent; you married him."

"Intelligent! All the cruel knowledge of the world is in his mind. He plays with the minds of others; it's sport for him to control them, think for them. He tried to do by me what I've done to F'Nung, to make my mind his, to own and manage my very soul."

"Body and soul," said I, foolishly, "are the price of love."

"Where have you learned so much of life—from books?" Her scorn was quiet, but colossal. "And the worst of it is, he came near to doing it. But I woke up and shook off the spell. Then you should have seen his blue-sea eyes turn sea-green! And he looked down at me, and—and he will never so much as touch me with a finger again and live to laugh and gloat over it."

"So long as you have F'Nung."

"There will always be an F'Nung."

"Why not a white man? Why that 'Impossible Thing'?"

"A white man would not do. No; I doubt if I could find a white man willing to destroy King Gray. White men cluster around him, and warm themselves under his great laugh, and follow him. F'Nung is—F'Nung."

And a strange thing happened to me then, boys, for though she was there above me, and I'd no notion of what King Gray was like, from that moment I began to take his side. Strong personalities we were on that island; she was what she was, F'Nung was F'Nung, and I was Harper Lea; but the strongest one of all then was that King Gray, the man who was not there. He was the master; he controlled our thoughts; they were all of him. He directed our scheme of life; we were living only, waiting only, for him to come. I warmed to him, and to me he was nothing but a name. But even so, it was hands off for me, said I to myself; for they were two very adult people.

"Maybe he won't come," I said, and I said it hopefully.

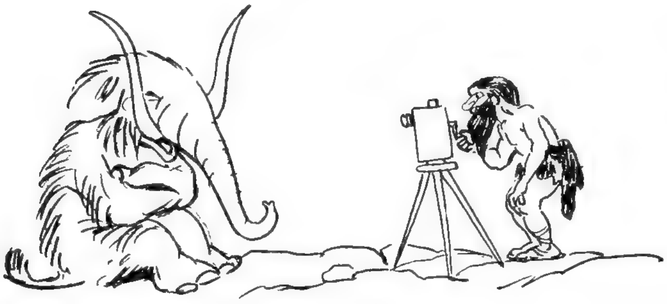
She didn't reply. She didn't need to. She just looked down upon me with the tiny smile that was my answer.

(Continued on page 108)

PEN AND INKLINGS

By Oliver Herford

The Writing on the Screen



IF ADAM'S first taste of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge had been, instead of a taste for Dress, the knowledge of Motion-picture Photography, it is quite possible that the Art of Writing might never have been invented. Prehistoric Man would have scorned to scratch laborious Mammoths on Neolithic stationery, and with the "birth control" of Picture-writing, the Hieroglyph and the Alphabet, which sprang from it, would have been, so to speak, nipped in the bud.

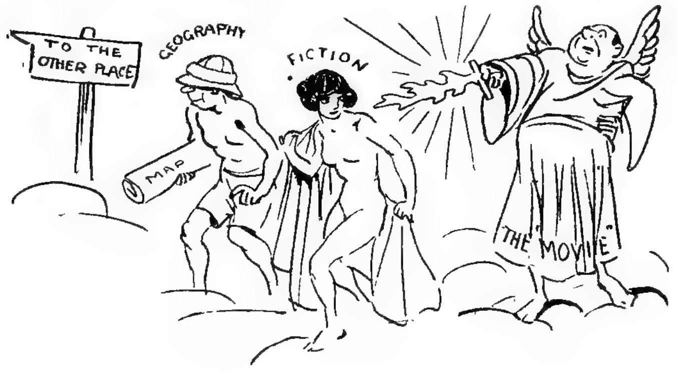
And "The Making of Many Books" would have had an end, even before it had a beginning.

Nor, is this so silly an hypothesis as it sounds; for, granting that the Motion-picture, if it had existed, would have removed the necessity for and (Necessity being the Mother of Invention) the invention of Writing, may it not, now it really does exist, terminate the demand for, and with it the existence of, the printed page? Even the school-books see their finish; they tremble on their shelves.

The Geography, with its picture of the Steppes of Russia and the Mango Tree, once the most stuck-up of all the school-books, already sees the Writing—the Picture-writing—on the wall; soon it will be writhing in the grip of the Burton Holmes Travelogues—with the thumbs of the Teachers turned down. The dull, bewildering text-books of Chemistry and Physics will give place to actual experiments on the Screen—no more confusing diagrams! And the Natural History books will turn into Noah's Arks full of living beasts.

And how about Fiction? Elinor Glynn, Hall Caine, Arnold Bennett? Purged of their tiresome vices, and still more tiresome virtues, all that is flesh and bone of them will have bodily resurrection in the happy hereafter of the Screen.

Already I have beheld an Elinor Glynn "penny dreadful" thus made perfect, and I eagerly await the "Movie" translation of her next story.



The Hobgoblin

THERE is a Hobgoblin that stalks in the path of the athletic young magazine writers of the day and frightens them almost out of their wits.

The Hobgoblin is the third person singular, past tense, of the verb "Say," and his name is SAID.

The Hobgoblin SAID does not stalk alone; with him stalk his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, among whom may be mentioned, REPLIED, ANSWERED, REMARKED, and OBSERVED; indeed, all the SAID family except old Gran'ma QUOTH. Old Gran'ma QUOTH, who is much too old to stalk, stays at home and dreams of the good old days when she was a verb of fashion, honored and courted by all the greatest writers of the day.

And when her grandchildren come home in the evening and tell how they frightened the athletic young writers almsot out of their wits, she nearly bursts her old-fashioned stays, laughing at the drollery of it. "Egad!" she cries. "An' I were an hundred years younger, I'd like nought better than to take a hand myself, and lay my stick about their backs, the young whippersnappers!"

And I for one, would like to see her do it.

How the SAID family ever became professional Hobgoblins, I can not say. All I know is that, once a hard-working and highly respected family, suddenly they found themselves shunned. There was nothing left for them but to become HOBGOBLINS. Now their only pleasure in life is to see what funny antics they can make the athletic young writers perform in trying to escape from them.

And funny they certainly are.

Here are a few specimens from the *Saturday Evening Post* (the capitals are mine):

"To think I have fallen to that!" GRATED Gilstar with clenched teeth.

"I get rather a good price," Gilstar DARED.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars," he OFFERED wildly.

"What are your terms?" he CLUCKED.

But why bother the *S. E. Post*, when you can make almost as funny ones at home? Here is a home-made one:

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the Doctor's, to ask his aid.
I caught a cold when I slept in the loft,
Sir," she coughed.
"Sir," she coughed.
"I'm going to the Doctor's, sir," she coughed.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, yes, indeed, if you're not afraid
Of catching my cold, I shall be pleased,
Sir," she sneezed.
"Sir," she sneezed.
"Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir," she sneezed.

"Of catching your cold, I have no fear,
For I'll take no chances, my pretty dear!"
At this the maiden was sorely ruffled.
"Sir?" she snuffled,
"Sir?" she snuffled.
"What do you mean, kind sir?" she snuffled.

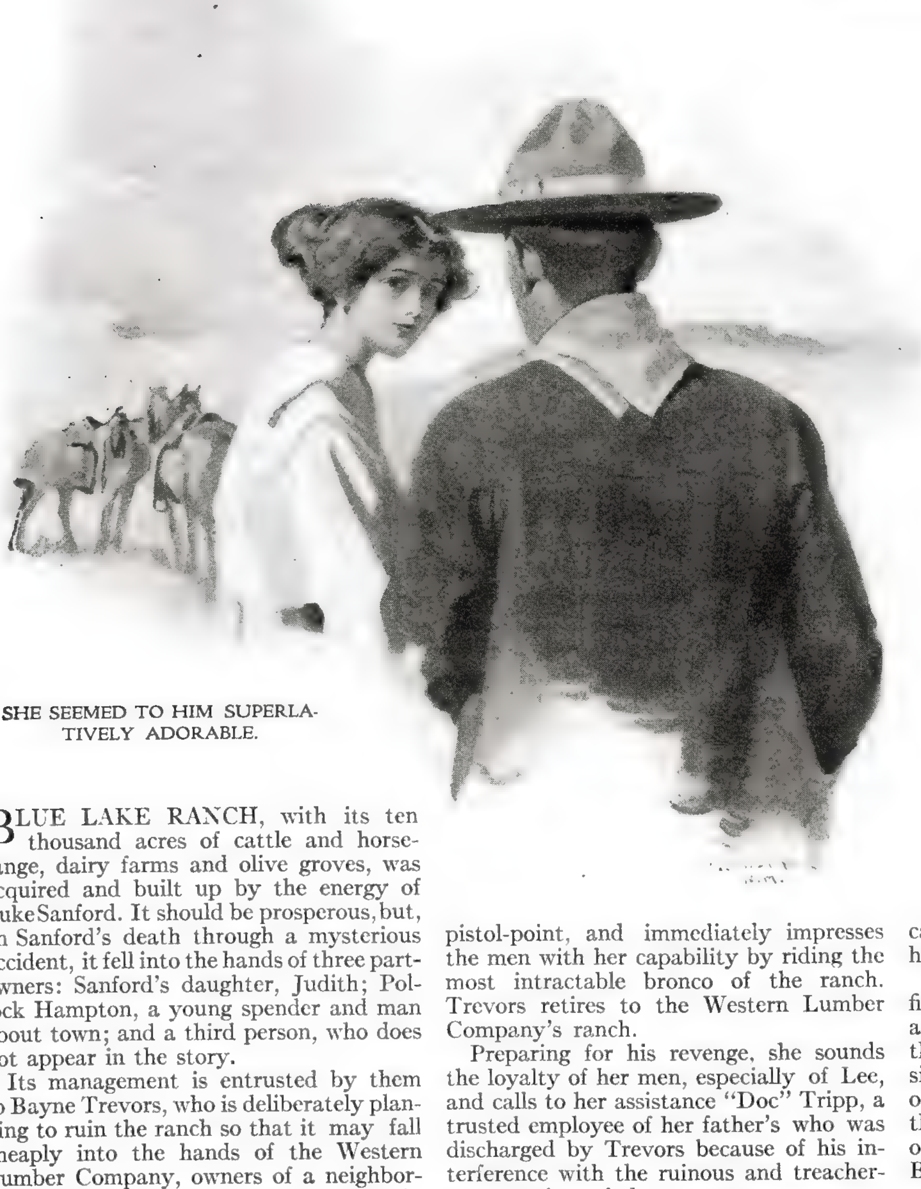
"I mean I won't kiss you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, my smart young Blade!"
In her pocket-handkerchief, large and new,
"Sir!" she blew,
"Sir!" she blew.
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she blew.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP," "THE OUTLAW," ETC,

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON



SHE SEEMED TO HIM SUPERLATIVELY ADORABLE.

BLUE LAKE RANCH, with its ten thousand acres of cattle and horse-range, dairy farms and olive groves, was acquired and built up by the energy of Luke Sanford. It should be prosperous, but, on Sanford's death through a mysterious accident, it fell into the hands of three part-owners: Sanford's daughter, Judith; Pollock Hampton, a young spender and man about town; and a third person, who does not appear in the story.

Its management is entrusted by them to Bayne Trevors, who is deliberately planning to ruin the ranch so that it may fall cheaply into the hands of the Western Lumber Company, owners of a neighboring estate, for whom Trevors is secretly working. Judith Sanford, who has been educating herself to fill her father's place, acquires the second share of ownership in the ranch, and unexpectedly appears on the scene to take charge.

She finds Trevors about to sell a number of horses to the Western Lumber Company at a ridiculously low price, using as an excuse a peremptory demand for money from Hampton. Bud Lee, the young horse-foreman of the ranch, one of Sanford's employees whom Trevors has been compelled to retain on account of his eminent abilities and the affection of the men for him, has his suspicions of Trevors's crookedness brought to a head by this, and he refuses to have any share in the sale, and proposes to quit the ranch. There is growing uneasiness also among the few remaining old employees of Sanford's.

Judith dismisses the enraged Trevors at pistol-point, and immediately impresses the men with her capability by riding the most intractable bronco of the ranch. Trevors retires to the Western Lumber Company's ranch.

Preparing for his revenge, she sounds the loyalty of her men, especially of Lee, and calls to her assistance "Doc" Tripp, a trusted employee of her father's who was discharged by Trevors because of his interference with the ruinous and treacherous practises of the manager.

Judith, inspecting the ranch, finds these methods everywhere being carried out by the men, most of whom are Trevors's henchmen. She discharges some, and many others leave under encouragement from the Western Lumber Company, threatening thereby to cripple the ranch.

Rumors that the ranch is insolvent are spread among the men and a messenger returning from Rocky Bend on pay-day with the ranch salaries is waylaid and robbed in a lonely pass. Bud Lee, using fast horses in relays, makes a second trip to Rocky Bend for the gold. On the return his horse is killed under him by a silent shot from some covert in the cliffs; but he arrives in time to save the good faith of the men in Judith and the ranch.

Meanwhile, Pollock Hampton, embarrassed by his excessively tangled city ties, comes to the ranch to live, bringing with him several guests: Farris and Rogers, artists; Mrs. and Major Langworthy, and their daughter Marcia, for whom young Hampton is destined by her parents. Hampton is disposed to believe in Trevors's ability and honesty even after evidence is discovered of an attempt to introduce cholera into the ranch pigs. Judith, on a tour of inspection, encounters Bud Lee at the scene of the hold-up and robbery. While attempting to get clues as to the number and identity of the bandits, they come upon a picturesque cabin in the hills which Bud Lee, around whom there is something of a mystery, has built for himself as a retreat. Its books and furnishings indicate a taste and a temperament which are strange in such a place, and they greatly excite Judith's curiosity.

Later, they are ambushed and attacked in the dusk by unseen foes. They fight their way to and take refuge in the cabin, bringing in with them one of their assailants, wounded and dying. He proves to be Bill Crowdy, one of Trevors's men, whom Judith had discharged; and he carries the pay money stolen from the messenger.

During the siege Lee recognizes the voice of one of the besiegers of the cabin as that of a rascal called Quinnion, who Judith believes is her father's murderer.

Meantime, Hampton, despite the confidence of the men at the ranch in Judith's and Lee's safety, has ridden out to seek them. By sheer bravado he puts the besiegers to rout, capturing bare-handed one of them called "Shorty," who is taken to the ranch and locked up, but is mysteriously released, and escapes in the night. Bill Crowdy dies of his wound without revealing the identity of his companions or their instigators.

During the siege Judith discovers the cabin to be Lee's, and through it glimpses a new side of his nature. Harassed by the growing difficulties which the ranch faces she finds herself turning to Lee for support. He recognizes the gravity of the situation, reconsiders his prejudice against working under a woman manager, and decides to stay and see the fight with Trevors through. He has hitherto been somewhat scornful of Judith's masculine capabilities. But he has seen her composure in danger, and has new respect for her.

Judith gives a party to Marcia and Hampton's guests, who are leaving, and she invites Lee. Dragging out long-stowed-away evening clothes—and old memories—in his cabin retreat, he decides to go.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Bud Lee Finds His Dream Woman

AS BUD LEE came through the lilacs into the courtyard, he heard the tinkle of a distant piano and the tremolo of a violin, so faint as hardly to be distinguished above the plash and gurgle of the fountains. The court, bathed in soft light, seemed a corner of fairyland, the music vanishing elfin strains of some mischievous troop putting sighs and love dreams into a sleeping maid's breast. The night was rich with stars, warm with summer, serene with the peace of the mountains. He was late. They were already dancing within.

He stood a moment, looking in at the outer edge of the flood of light which gushed through the wide doors. Behind him Japanese lanterns hanging from a vine-covered trellis, before him flowers, bright chandeliers, girls' dresses like fluttering, many-colored, diaphanous butterfly wings. He had been saying to himself: "I must hurry if I want to dance with Marcia." And something stirring restlessly within him shoved aside the thought of Marcia and put in its stead the old wonder: "What sort of a Judith would he see to-night?"

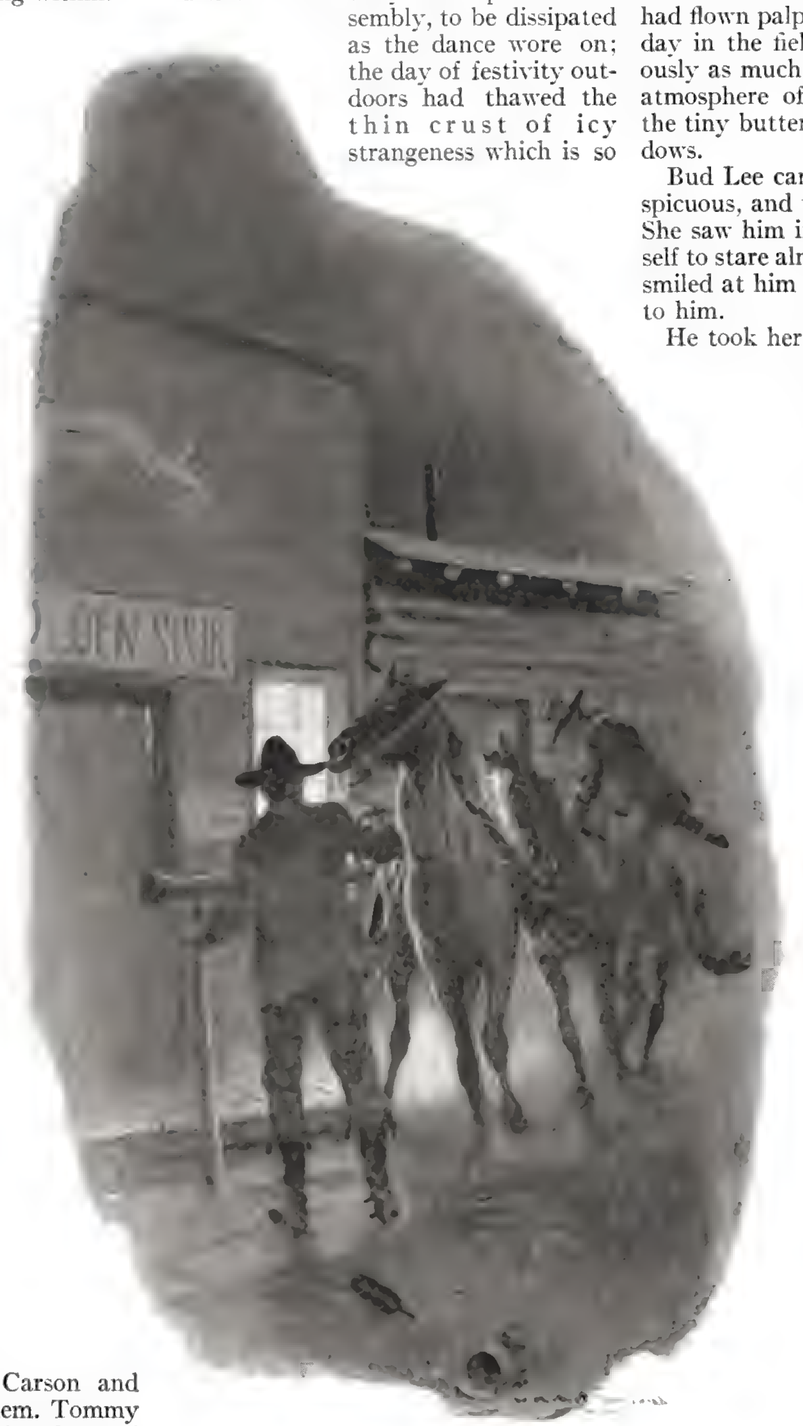
He found it difficult to form any picture of her here, among these gay, inconsequent merrymakers. Judith to him spelled a girl upon a horse, booted, spurred, with a scarf about her neck fluttering wildly behind her as she rode, the superb, splendid figure of a girl of the out-of-doors, alive with the hot pioneer blood which had been her rich inheritance, a sort of wonderful boy-girl. Remove her flapping hat, her boots and spurs and riding-suit, and what was left of Judith?

Outside were half a dozen of the boys who had not mastered courage to set foot on the polished floors, Carson and Tommy Burkitt among them. Tommy stared at Bud Lee and his jaw dropped in amazement. Carson took swift stock of such clothes as he had never suspected a good horse foreman owned, and gasped faintly—

"The damn . . . lady-killer!"

But Lee had neither eyes nor thoughts for them, nor remembrance of his own change from working garb to that of polite society. The dance came to a lingering end, the couples throughout the big rooms strolled up and down, clapping their hands softly or vehemently as their natures or degree of enthusiasm dictated, and Lee forgot Marcia and sought eagerly for a glimpse of Judith.

Refused a second encore, the couples stood about chatting, the hum of lively voices bespeaking eager enjoyment. There was no early chill upon the assembly, to be dissipated as the dance wore on; the day of festivity outdoors had thawed the thin crust of icy strangeness which is so natural a part of such a function as this. Already it seemed that everybody was on the most cheerful terms with everybody else.



HERE THEY DISMOUNTED, TIED THEIR HORSES AND WENT IN.

Suddenly Lee's eyes, still seeking Judith, found Marcia. Surrounded by a little knot of men, each of them plainly seeking to become her happy partner for the next dance, adorably helpless as usual, Miss Langworthy was allowing the men to fight it out among themselves. Lee moved a little nearer to see her better. In a pale blue gown, fluffy as a summer cloud, her cheeks delicately flushed, a white rose like a snowdrop in the gold of her hair, she was flutteringly happy, reminding him of those little meadow blues that had flown palpitatingly about him that day in the fields. And she was obviously as much at her ease here, in an atmosphere of music and flattery, as the tiny butterflies in their own meadows.

Bud Lee came in, his tall form conspicuous, and went straight to Marcia. She saw him immediately; forgot herself to stare almost as Carson had done; smiled at him brightly; waved her fan to him.

He took her hand and told her with his eyes how pretty she was. The delicate tint in Marcia's cheeks deepened and warmed, her eyes grew even brighter.

"Flatterer!" she chided him. "Are we to talk of the moth and the star again, Mr. Lee?"

The knot of men about her melted away. Lee stood looking down into her upturned eyes, measuring her gentle beauty. He had thought of her as a little blue butterfly—she was more like a wee white moth, fluttering, fluttering.

The music, again from a hidden distance, set feet to tapping. Marcia plainly hesitated, flashed a quick look from Lee to the others about them, then said hurriedly:

"It's terrible of me but——"

And she slipped her hand into his arm, cast another searching glance over her shoulder for a partner who had been too tardy in finding her, and yielded to the temptation to have this first dance with "the most terribly fascinating man there!"

Lee slipped his arm about her, felt her sway with him, and lightly they caught the beat of the dance and lost themselves in it. And still, again and again turning away from Marcia, he sought Judith.

The dance over, their talk was interrupted by an excited and rather over-dignified youth with a hurt look in his young worshiping eyes, who stiffly reminded Miss Langworthy that she had cut his dance. She was so contrite and helpless about it that the youth's heart was touched; she blamed herself for her terribly stupid way of always getting things tangled up, gave him the promise of the next dance, which she had already given to some one else, disposed of him with charming skill, and sighed as she again turned to Lee.

"I haven't paid my respects to our hostess," he said quietly. "Where is Miss Sanford?"

"She sent her excuses," Marcia told him. "Aren't we in a draft, Mr. Lee?"

He moved with her away from the soft current of air, a distinct disappointment moving him to the verge of sudden anger. What business had Judith to stay away?

"You mean she isn't coming at all?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, no," she told him, busy with the rose in her hair, her eyes bright on his. "Just as the dance was beginning she had to go to the telephone. Some ranch business, I don't know what. But she sent word she would be here immediately — I believe," and Marcia made her remark teasingly, though she did want to know, "that a certain mysterious gentleman who masquerades as a horse-breaker is very much interested in Judith."

"What makes you say a thing like that?" he asked, startled a little.

Marcia laughed.

"A woman's intuition, Sir Mystery!" she informed him gaily.

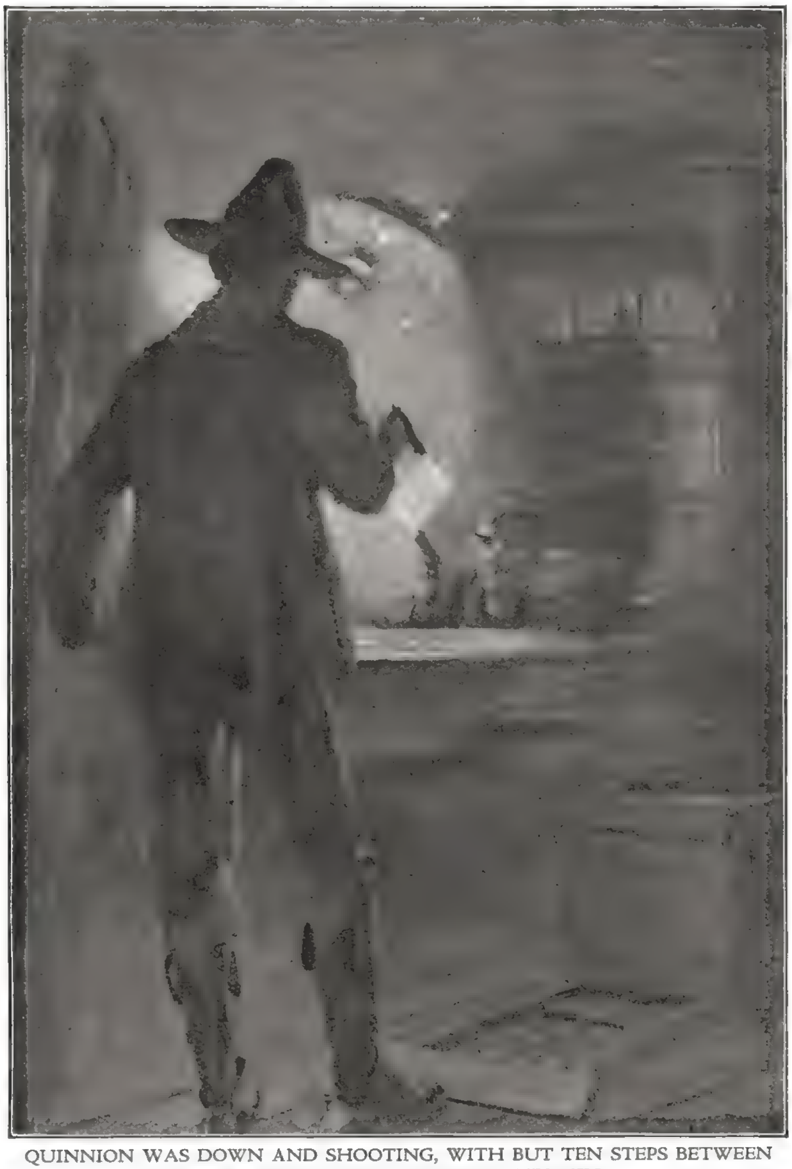
"What does the woman's intuition find to be the mysterious gentleman's interest in a certain Miss Langworthy?" he asked lightly.

"It tells her that he likes her; that it would be fun for him to come and play with her; that he would be kind and courteous; but that he considers her very much as he would a foolish little butterfly!"

Again she startled him. He looked at her wonderingly. But before he could frame a bantering reply, Marcia had involuntarily gripped at his arm with a look upon her face that first was sheer bewildered astonishment and was crying for him to look yonder. Judith had come.

Across the floor, now nearly deserted, Bud Lee and Marcia stared at her. She was coming toward them, dainty little slippers seeming to kiss their own reflections in the gleaming floor. It was Judith and not Judith. It was some strange, unknown Judith. A wonderfully gowned, transcendently lovely Judith. A Judith who had long hidden herself, masquerading, and who now stepped forth smiling and bright and vividly beautiful; a Judith of bare white arms, round and soft and rich in their tender curves; a Judith whose filmy gown floated about her like a sun-shot mist; a Judith whose skin above the low-cut corsage was like a baby's, whose tender mouth was a red flower, whose hair was a shimmering mass of bronze-brown, whose eyes were Aphrodite's own glorious dawn-gray; a Judith of rare maidenly charm; a glorious, palpitant, triumphant Judith.

It might have been just because it was fitting that they should greet their hostess so; it might have been because the men and women who saw this new Judith were caught suddenly in a compelling current of admiration, that above the hum of voices came from everywhere a quick clapping of hands as she came through the room. The color of her cheeks deepened, her eyes flashed a joyous acknowledgment of the greeting, and bright and cool and self-possessed she came on to Marcia.



QUINNION WAS DOWN AND SHOOTING, WITH BUT TEN STEPS BETWEEN HIM AND THE MAN HE SOUGHT TO KILL.

"Marcia, dear," she said, taking Marcia's two hands—and Bud Lee found that even Judith's voice had taken on a new note, deeper, richer, gladder, fraught with the quality of low music—"forgive me for being late, I wanted to be here every little second to see you enjoy yourself." She put her lips closer to Marcia's ear, whispering: "You are the prettiest thing to-night I ever saw!"

Marcia shook her head, her eyes filled with frank wonder.

"Don't fib, Judith, dear," she answered. And, for Marcia, she was very grave. "I know you have a glass in your room. You wonderful, wonderful Judith!"

Their voices were indistinct to Bud Lee. Now at the moment when she was so rich in the splendor of her own sweet femininity he filled his heart with her. Judith had come in the only way Judith could come, surrendering herself utterly to the hour.

She turned to him, no surprise at his own costume in her happy eyes, and gave him her cool hand. A swift tremor ran through him at the contact, a tremor which was like that of the night in the cabin, which he could not conceal, which Judith must notice. She said something, but he let the words go, holding only the vibrant music of the voice.

She had stirred him, and now he did not seek a theory for a buckler; the

"Why invest in Ideal heating?"

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

sight of her, the brushing of her fingers against his, made riotous tumult in his blood.

The first strains of a waltz joined the lure of Judith's warm loveliness, whispering, counseling, commanding: "Take her." Marcia gasped and stepped back, startled by the look she saw in the eyes of this man who, having spoken no word since Judith came, put out his arms and took her into them. Judith flashed at him a look of quick wonder. His face was almost stern; no hint of a smile had come into his eyes. He merely caught her to him as though she were his, and swung her out into the whirl of dancers.

"YOU are rather—abrupt, aren't you?" said Judith coolly.

"Am I?" he asked gravely. "I don't know. It seems to me that I have been loitering, just loitering while——"

He didn't attempt to finish. He held Judith in his arms and for him nothing existed but them. Thus he had held Marcia Langworthy while over her blond head his eyes sought Judith. For him the room was emptied of its gay throng, the music no longer pulsed; its beat was in the rhythm of their bodies, swaying as one.

The dance over, she was lost to him in the crowd of men who came eagerly to her. His eyes followed her wherever she went. A slow anger kindled in his heart that she should let other men talk with her, that she should suffer another man to take her in his arms.

A number of country dances followed. He sought no partner but stood by the door waiting a little before he went again to Judith. He saw Marcia across the room beckoning to him with her fan. There was nothing to do but go to her.

Marcia wanted him to meet some of her friends. He shook hands with Hampton, was introduced to Rogers. Marcia explained that Mr. Lee was the gentleman who achieved perfect wonders in the education of his horses. She turned to introduce Farris, the artist. But Farris broke into Marcia's words with a sudden exclamation.

"Dave Lee!" he cried, as if he could not believe his eyes. "You! Here!"

"Hello, Dick," Lee answered quietly. "Yes, I'm here. I didn't know that you were the artist fellow Hampton had brought up with him."

Farris's hand went out swiftly to be gripped in Lee's. Marcia, mystified, looked from one to the other.

"You two know each other? Why, isn't that——"

She didn't know just what it was, so stopped, looking frankly as though she'd like to have one of them finish her sentence for her.

"But," muttered Farris, "I thought that you——"

"Never mind, Dick," said Lee quickly. And to Marcia's mystified expression: "You'll pardon us a moment, Miss Langworthy? I want to talk a little with Mr. Farris."

His hand on the artist's elbow, Bud Lee forced him gently away. The two disappeared into the little room off the library where José was placing a great bowl of punch on the table.

"*Que hay*, Bud," grinned José. "Your ol' nose smell the booze damn' queek, no?"

He set down his bowl and went out. Farris stared wonderingly at Lee.

"Bud, is it?" he grunted. "Breaker of horses, hired man at a dollar a day——?"

"Ninety dollars a month, Dick," Lee corrected him, with a short laugh. "Give a fellow his true worth, old-timer."

Farris frowned.

"What devil's game is this?" he demanded sharply. "Isn't it enough that you should drop out of the world with never a word, but that you must shut up now and go around breaking horses and letting such chaps as Mrs. Simpson's Black Spanish chum with you? Not a cursed word in five years, and I've lain awake nights wondering. When you went to smash——"

"When a Lee goes to smash," said Bud bitterly, "he goes to smash. That's all there is to it."

"But there was no sense, no use in your dropping out of sight that way——"

"There was," said Lee curtly, "or I shouldn't have done it. It wasn't just that I went broke; that was a result of my own incompetence in a bit of speculation and didn't worry me a great deal. But other things did. There were a couple of the fellows that I thought were friends of mine. I found out that they had knifed me; had helped pluck me to feather their own nests. It hurt, Dick; hurt like hell. Losing the big ranch in the South was a jolt, I'll admit; seeing those fellows take it over and split it two ways between them, sort of knocked the props out from under me. I believed in them, you see. After that I just wanted to get away and sort of think things over."

"You went to Europe?"

"I did not. I don't know how that report got out, but if people chose to think I had gone to take a hand in the fighting over there, I saw no need to contradict a harmless rumor. I took a horse and beat it up into the coast mountains. I tell you, Dick, I wanted to think! And I found out before I was through thinking that I was sick of the old life, that I was sick of people, the sort of people you and I knew, that there was nothing in the world but horses that I cared the snap of my finger about, that the only life worth living—for me—was a life in the open. I drifted up this way. I've been living my own life in my own way for five years. I am happier at it than I used to be. That's all of the flat little story, Dick."

"You might have let me know, it seems to me," said Farris a bit stiffly.

"So I might," answered Lee thoughtfully. "I was going to in the first place. But you'll remember that you were off somewhere traveling when the bubble broke. When Dick Farris travels," and his grave smile came back to him, "let no mad letter think that it can track him down. Then I hit my stride in this sort of life; I grew away from the old news; the years passed as years do after a man is twenty-five; and I just didn't write. But I didn't forget, Dickie, old man," he said warmly, and his hand rested on Farris's shoulder. "You can put it in that old black pipe of yours and smoke it that I didn't forget. Some day I planned to hit town again, heeled you know, and remind you of auld lang syne."

"You are a fool, David Burril Lee," said Farris with conviction. "Look here: You can take a new start, pull yourself together, come back—where you belong."

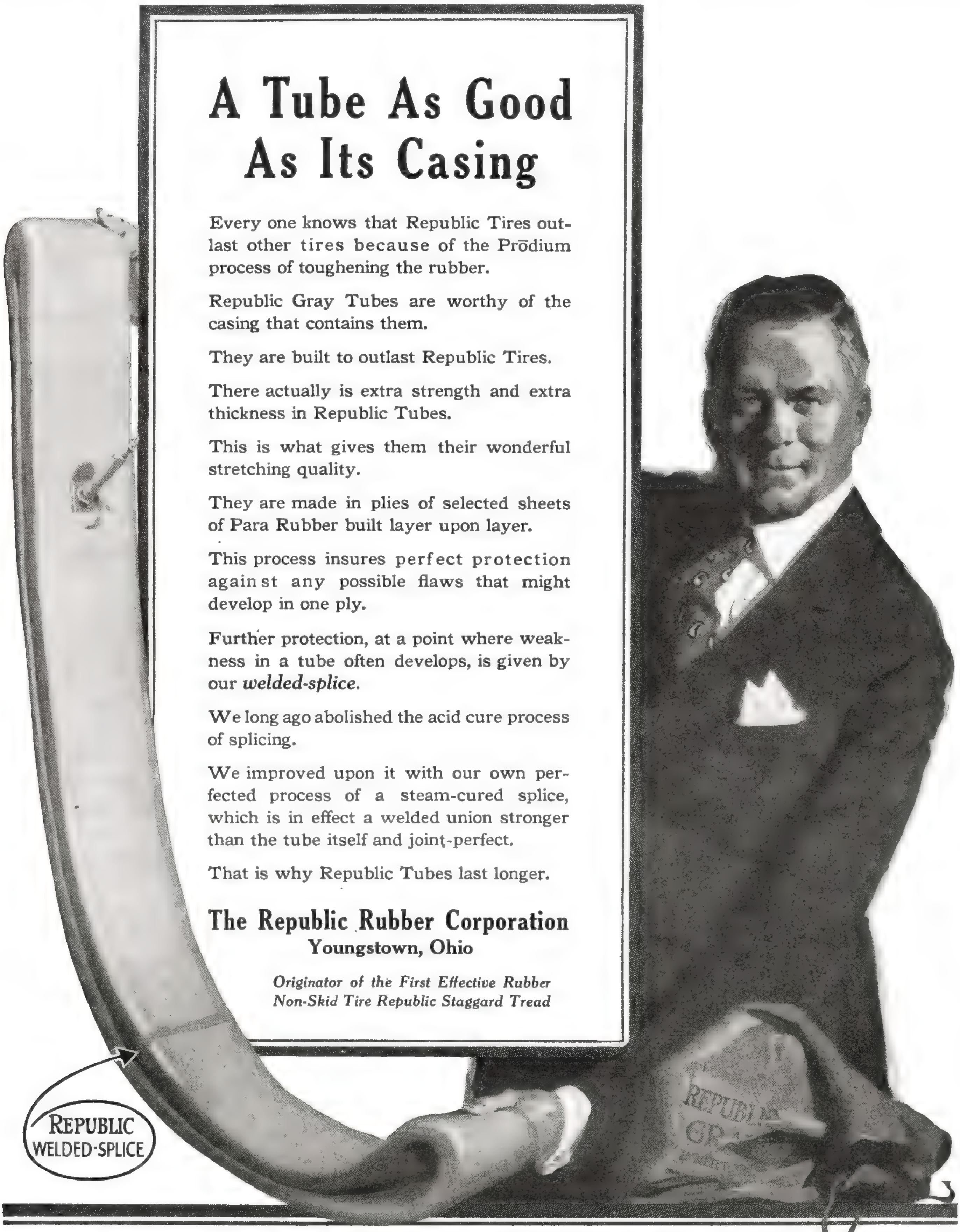
But Lee shook his head.

"That's like the old Dick Farris I used to know," he said gently. "But this is where I belong, Dick. I don't want to start over, I don't want to come back to the sort of thing we knew. The only thing in the world I do want is right here. And I don't see that it would do any good for you to go stirring up any memories about the old Lee that was shot 'somewhere in France.'"

WHEN Farris had to go and claim a dance, Lee watched him with eyes soft with affection. Then he, too, left the room and went back to the outer door, to his old spot, looking for Judith.

"The only thing I want is right here," he repeated softly.

He watched Farris join Marcia and Judith. He noted the eager excitement in Marcia's eyes, saw her turn impulsively to Farris. The artist shook his head and left them, ostensibly going in search of his partner. Marcia was speaking excitedly to Judith. Lee frowned.



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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

Once more that night he held Judith in his arms. He meant to make amends for his brusk way with her before. But again the magic of her presence was like a glorious mist, shutting them in together, shutting all of the world out. They spoke little and the music had its will with them. Judith did not know that she sighed as the dance ended. She seemed moving in a dream as Lee led her through the door. They were out in the courtyard, the stars shining softly down on them. In the subdued light here he stood still, looking down into her pleasure-flushed face. Again the insistent tremor shot down his blood.

Here in this tender light she looked to him the masterpiece of God striving for the perfect in a woman's form. Her gown, gently stirred by the warm breeze, seemed a part of her, elusive, alive, feminine. The milk-white of bare throat and shoulder and rounded arm, the rise and fall of her breast, the soft lure of her eyes, the tender smile upon her lips, drew him slowly closer, closer to her. She lifted her face a little, raising her eyes until they shone straight into his.

"Judith," he said very quietly, very gravely, making her wonder at the tone and the words to follow: "you have had your way with me to-night. Do you understand all that means? And now—I am going to have my way with you!"

He caught her in his arms, crushed her to him, kissed her. Then he let her go and stood, stern-faced, watching her.

For a moment he thought that the hand at her side was rising to strike him full in the face. But he did not move.

Had such been Judith's intention, suddenly it changed.

"So," she cried softly, "this is the sort of fine gentleman into which a dress-suit has made Bud Lee, horse-foreman! For so great an honor surely any woman would thank him."

She made him a slow, graceful courtesy, and laughed at him. And so she left him, her laughter floating back, taunting him.

Lee watched her until she had gone from his sight. Then he turned and went down the knoll, into the night.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Lee Plays a Winning Game Against Odds

GOING down the knoll to the bunk-house, Bud Lee cursed himself at every stride. He cursed Carson when the cattle foreman, turning to follow him, addressed a merry remark to him concerning his "lady-killin' clothes." The words reminded him of Judith's and he didn't cherish the remembrance. In the bunk-house Carson watched him curiously over his old pipe as Lee began ripping off his dress-suit.

"A feller called you up a while ago," said Carson, still bright-eyed with interest but pretending that that interest had to do with the new wall telephone recently installed. "Sandy Weaver, it was. Said——"

"What did he want?" demanded Lee swinging suddenly on Carson, his coat balled up in his hand and hurled viciously under a bunk.

"Wasn't I tellin' you?" Carson grunted. "What's eatin' you, Bud? You ac' mighty suspicious, like a man that had swallered poison or else was comin' down with the yeller jaundice or else was took sudden an' powerful bad with love. They all treats a man similar——"

"Damn it," growled Lee irritably, "can't you tell me what Weaver said?"

"Said, call him up, real pronto," replied Carson cheerfully. "Say, Bud, where in heck *did* you get that outfit? By cripes, if I had a regalia like that I'd be ridin' herd in 'em ev'ry Sunday! On the square now——"

But Lee wasn't listening to him and Carson knew it. He had gone quickly to the telephone, had rung the two bells for "Central," and a moment later was speaking with Sandy Weaver of the Golden Spur saloon. Carson sucked at his pipe and kept his eyes on Lee's face.

The ensuing conversation, only one side of which came to Carson, was brief. Most of the talking was done by Sandy Weaver. Lee asked three questions; the third a simple—

"Sure of it, Sandy?"

Then he jammed the receiver back upon its hook, and with no remark continued his hurried dressing. When he had come in, his face had been flushed; now it was suddenly red, the hot red of rage. His eyes, when they met Carson's once, were stern, bright with the same quick anger. When he had drawn on his working garb, had stuffed his trousers into his boots and had even donned a heavy coat, he went to his bunk and tossed back the blankets. From the straw mattress he took a heavy, old style Colt revolver. Carson, still watching him, saw him spin the cylinder, slip a box of fresh cartridges into his pocket and turn to the door.

"Ridin', Bud?" He got to his feet, stuffed his pipe into his pocket and reached for his hat. "Care if I mosey along?"

"What for?" asked Lee curtly.

"Oh, hell, what's the use bein' a hawg," Carson grumbled deep down in his brown throat. "If you're on your way to little ol' Rocky huntin' trouble, if they's goin' to be shootin' fun, why can't you let me in on it?"

Lee stood a moment framed in the doorway, frowning down at Carson. Then he turned on his heel and went out, saying coolly over his shoulder:

"Come on if you want to. Quinnion's in town."

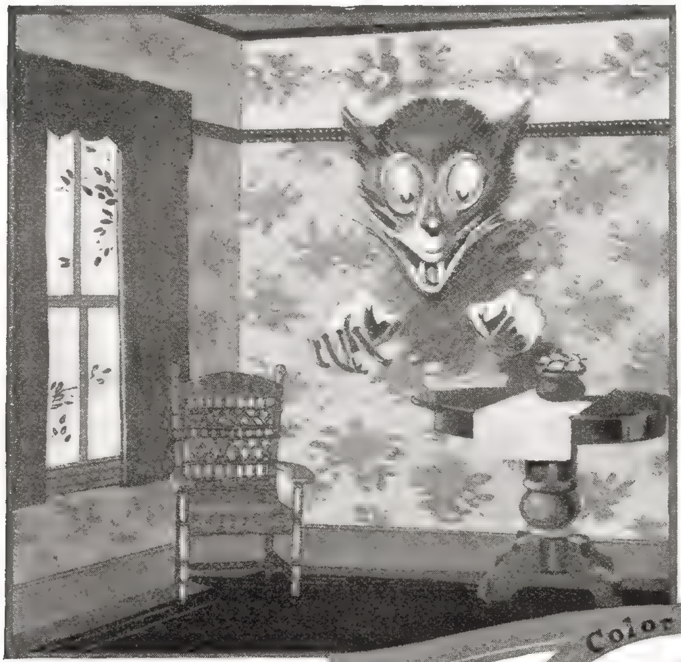
AS THEIR horses' hoofs hammered the winding road for the forty miles into Rocky Bend the two riders were for the most part silent. All of the explanation which Lee had to give, or cared to give, was summed up in the brief words: "Quinnion's in town."

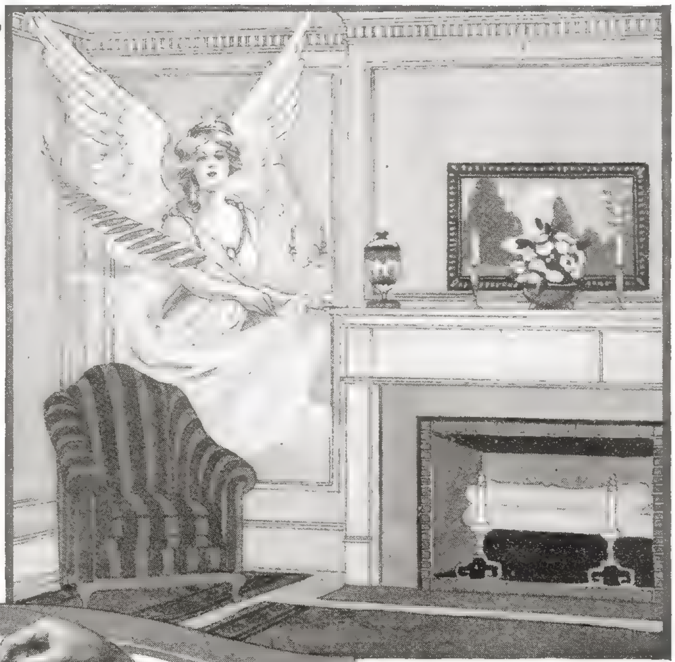
To Judith, Lee had said that night they fought together at the Upper End that he had recognized Quinnion's voice; "I played poker with that voice not four months ago." That he had had ample reason to remember the man as well, he had not gone on to mention. But Carson knew.

Carson had sat at Lee's left hand that night, across the table from Chris Quinnion, and had seen the look of naked hatred in two pairs of eyes when Lee had risen to his feet and coolly branded Quinnion as a crook and a card sharp. For a little the two men had glared at each other, their muscles corded and ready, their eyes alert and suspicious, their hands close to their pockets. Then Quinnion had sneered in that evil voice of his, "You got the drop on me this time. Look out for the next." He too had risen and with Lee's eyes hard upon him had gone out of the room. And Carson had been disappointed in a fight.

But now—now that Bud Lee in this mood was going straight to Rocky Bend and Quinnion, Carson filled his deep lungs with a sigh of satisfaction. Life had grown dull here of late; there wasn't a fresh scar on his battered body.

Though the railroad had at last slipped through it, Rocky Bend was still a bad little town and proud of its badness. To the northeast lay the big timber tracts into which the Western Lumber Company was tearing its destructive way; only nine miles due west were the Rock Creek mines, running full blast; on the other sides it was surrounded by cattle ranges where a lusty brood of young untamed devils were constrained to give themselves soberly to their work during the long, dusty days. But at night, always on a Saturday evening, there came into Rocky Bend from lumber camps, mines and cow outfits a crowd of men whose





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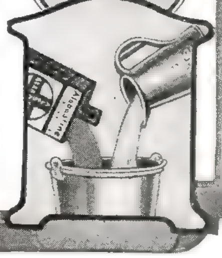

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

blood ran red and turbulent, seeking a game of cards, a "whirl at the wheel," a night of drinking or any other amusement which fate might vouchsafe them. Good men and bad, they were all hard men and quick. Otherwise they would not have come into Rocky Bend at all.

Lee and Carson riding out of the darkness into the dim light of the first of the straggling street lamps, passed swiftly between the rows of weather-boarded shacks and headed toward the Golden Spur saloon.

Though the hour was late there were many saddle-ponies standing with drooping heads here and there along the board sidewalks, from more than one bar-room came the gay ragtime of an automatic piano or the scrape and scream of a fiddle. Men lounged up and down the street, smoking, calling to one another, turning in here or there to have a drink or watch a game.

THE two newcomers watching each man or group of men, rode on slowly until they came to the building on whose false front was a gigantic spur in yellow paint. Here they dismounted, tied their horses and went in. Carson with a quick eye toward preparedness for what might lie on the cards, looked for Lee's gun. It wasn't in his pocket; it wasn't in his waistband, ready to hand. It wasn't anywhere that Carson could see. At the door he whispered warningly:

"Better be ready, Bud. Ain't lost your gun, have you?"

Lee shook his head and stepped into the room. At the long bar were three or four men, drinking. Quinnion was not among them. There were other men at the round tables, playing poker, solo, stud horse. One glance showed that Quinnion was not in the room. But there were other rooms at the rear for those desiring privacy. Lee, nodding this way and that to friends who accosted him made his way straight to the bar.

"Hello, Sandy," he said quietly.

Sandy Weaver, the bartender, looked at him curiously. A short, heavy, blond man was Sandy Weaver, who ran a fair house and gave his attention strictly to his own business. Save when asked by a friend to do him a favor, such a favor as to keep an eye on another man.

"Hello, Bud," returned Sandy, putting out a red hand. All expression of interest had fled from his placid face. "Come in right away, eh? Hello, Carson. Have somethin' on me, you know."

Lee shook his head.

"Not to-night, Sandy," he said. "Thanks just the same."

"Me," grinned Carson, "I'll go you, Sandy. Same thing—you know."

Sandy shoved out whisky-bottle and glass. Then he turned grave eyes to Lee.

"One of these fellers can tend bar while we talk if you want, Bud," he offered.

"You say Quinnion has been talking?" asked Lee.

"Yes. Considerable. All afternoon an' evening, I guess. I didn't hear him until I called you up."

"Then," continued the man from Blue Lake Ranch, "I don't see any call for you and me to whisper, Sandy. What did he say?"

"Said you was a liar, Bud. An' a skeerd-of-your-life damn bluff."

A faint shadowy smile touched Lee's eyes.

"Just joshing, Sandy. But that wasn't all, was it?"

"No," said Sandy, wiping his bar carefully. "There was the other word, Bud. An'—say, Billy, tell him what Quinnion had to say down to the Jailbird."

Lee turned his eyes to Billy Young. Young, a cattle man from the Up and Down range, shifted his belt and looked uncomfortable.

"Damn if I do!" he blurted out. "It ain't none of my funeral. An' if you ask me, I don't like the soun' of that kind of talk in my mouth. Maybe I can't find my way to church of a Sunday for staggerin' with red-eye, but I ain't ever drug a nice girl's name into a barroom."

"So," said Lee very quietly, "that's it, is it?"

"Yes," said Sandy Weaver slowly, "that's it, Bud. Us boys knowed ol' Luke Sanford an' liked him. Some of us even knowed his girl. All of us know the sort she is. When Quinnion started his talk—Oh, it's a song an' dance about you an' her all alone in some damn cabin, trying to crawl out'n the looks of things by accusin' Quinnion of tryin' to shoot you up!—well, folks jus' laughed at him. More recent, somebody must have took him serious an' smashed him in the mouth. He looks like it. But," and Sandy shrugged his thick shoulders elaborately, "if it's up to anybody it's up to you."

For a moment Bud Lee, standing very straight, his hat far back, his eyes hard and cold, looked from one to another of the men about him. In every face he saw the same thing; their contempt for a man like Quinnion, their sympathy with him in any quarrel which might grow out of Quinnion's talk, their wordless agreement with Sandy that it "was up to Bud Lee." Lee's face told them nothing.

"Where is he?" he asked presently.

"Mos' likely down to the Jailbird," said Billy Young. "That's where he hangs out lately."

Lee turned and went out, Carson at his heels, all eyes following him. In his heart was a blazing, searing rage. And that rage was not for Quinnion alone. He thought of Judith as he had seen her that very night, a graceful, gray-eyed slip of a girl, the sweetest little maid in all of the world known to him—and of how he, brutal in the surge of love for her, had swept her into his arms, crushed her to him, forced upon her laughing lips the kiss of his own. Now he went out seeking a man who had spoken ill of her, he who himself had insulted her but a few hours ago——

"My God," he said within himself, "I was mad. It would be a good thing if I got Quinnion to-night—and he got me. Two of a kind," he told himself sneeringly.

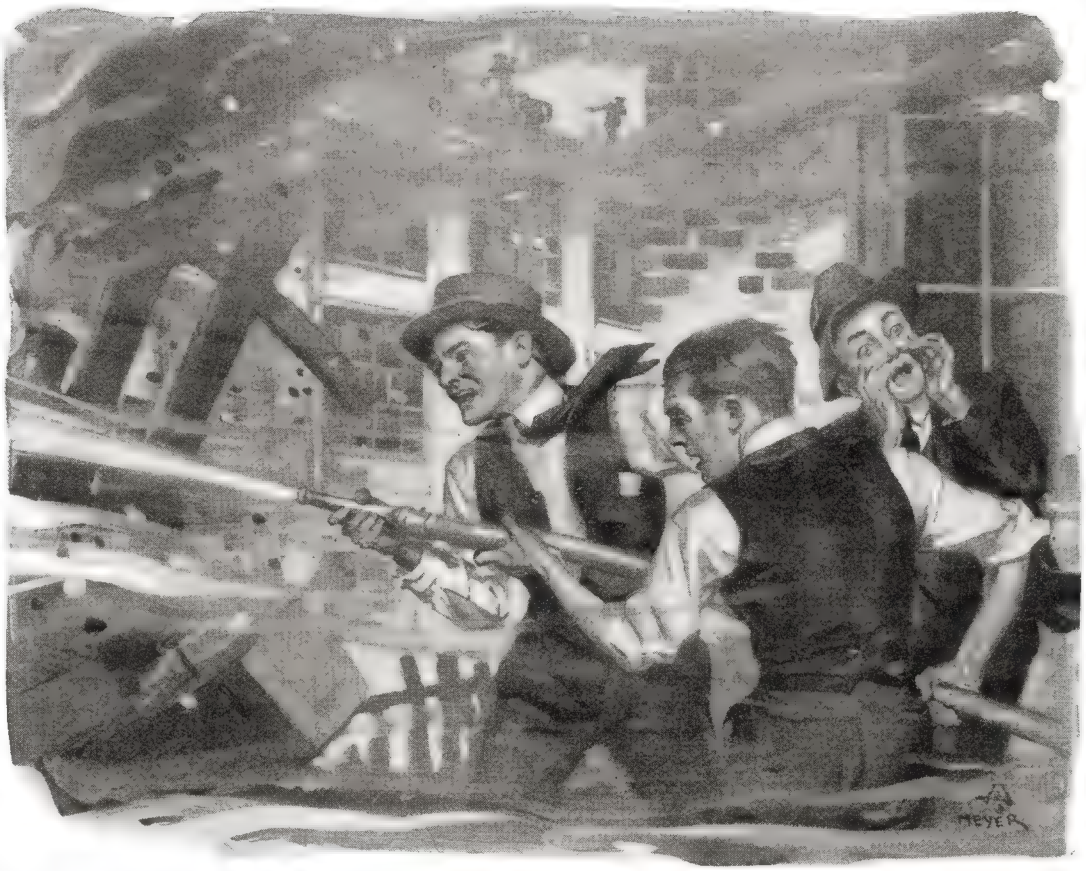
AS HE made his way down the ill-lighted street, his hat drawn over his eyes now, Bud Lee for a moment lost sight of the rows of rude shanties, the drowsing saddle-ponies, the street lamps, and saw only the vision of a girl. A girl clean and pure, a girl for a man to kneel down to in worship, a girl who, as he had seen her last, was a fairy-like creature born of music and soft laughter and starlight, a maid indescribably sweet.

In the harshness of the mood which gripped him, she seemed to him superlatively adorable; the softness of her eyes at the moment before he had kissed her haunted him. As he strode on seeking Quinnion who had spoken evil of her, he carried her with him in his heart.

The horrible thing was that her name had already been bandied about from a ruffian's lips. Lee winced at that even as he had winced at the remembrance of having been brutally rough with her himself. But what was passed was passed; Quinnion had talked and must talk no more.

"He'll start somethin' the minute he sees you," cautioned Carson, his own revolver loose in the belt under his coat, his hard fingers like talons gripped about the butt. "Keep your eye peeled, Bud. Better cool off a speck before you tie into him. You're too mad, I tell you, for straight, quick shootin'."

Lee made no answer. Side by side the two men went on down the street. They had left the sidewalk and walked



In the teeth of a sixty-mile gale

IT HAPPENED in Long Island City. The plant of the Oakes Manufacturing Company, consisting of fourteen great buildings used for extracting dyes from logwood, caught fire about noon.

The blaze spread with terrific rapidity. One building collapsed in fifteen minutes. In trying to save the office records, several lives were lost.

A year before, one of the officers of the Company told our representative that they were too rushed with business to think of putting in Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers. The poor man was one of those who perished in the office.

A few yards from the Oakes Company's property stood the plant of the Astoria Veneer Mills, toward which a sixty-mile gale carried the smoke, flames and embers from the conflagration. The veneer-plant had a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System. The high wind flung blazing brands on this building for hours. Sparks entered a dust-conveyor, probably through a tiny space around an engine exhaust-pipe. Three sprinklers opened and extinguished the fire, at the same time giving the alarm.

Other sparks and brands, flying over the top of this building, swirled into a window where they set fire to a clothes locker. Three sprinklers opened and extinguished that fire. In the intense heat fires were starting everywhere, and were no sooner squelched than others would bob up. When the fire was finally under control and danger passed, the Astoria Veneer Mills took stock of the damage. There was practically no damage besides what was done by the operation of the hose and the sprinklers.

Thousands of business men in this country believe in sprinklers with all the conviction in the world, yet they do not protect *their own properties* with sprinklers. They, too, are postponing complete fire-protection and depending upon fire insurance for some reason that seems sufficient to them.

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

down the middle of the rusty, rut-gouged road. Every man they met, every figure standing in the shadows, received quick, measuring looks.

"Mos' likely," suggested the cattle foreman, "by now he's got drunk an' gone to sleep it off."

But Lee knew better than that. Quinnion wasn't the sort that got drunk. He'd drink until the alcohol stirred up all of the evil in his ugly heart; then he'd stop, always sure of his eye and his hand. It was far more likely that with a crowd of his own sort he was gambling in the card-room of the Last Chance saloon, the Jailbird saloon as "white men" called it.

FOR there was an ill-famed hangout at the far end of the straggling town, just at the edge of the Italian settlement, that of late had come to be frequented by such as Quinnion; men who were none too well loved by the greater part of the community, men who like Quinnion, had served time in jail or penitentiary. Black Steve, who was both proprietor and bartender, and who looked like a low-class Italian, though he spoke the vernacular of the country, was the god of the "dago" quarter, the friend of those who had gotten entangled with the law. Only last year he had killed his man in his own saloon, then gone clear, through the combined perjury of his crowd.

The street grew steadily gloomier, filled with shadows. The only light came from within and made scant war on the lurking darkness without. Lee's ears were greeted with the crazy whine of an old accordion, and with men's voices lifted in laughter. He shoved the swing door open with his shoulder, Carson pushed the other half back, and the two stood on the threshold, their eyes swiftly seeking Quinnion.

As though their presence had been a command for silence a sudden hush fell over the Jailbird. The accordion man drew out a last gasping note and turned round black eyes upon them. Black Steve, oily and perspiring behind his bar, caressed a heavy black mustache and looked at them out of cold, expressionless eyes.

The first glance had shown Lee that Quinnion was not there. At least not in the main room. But there were the card-rooms at the rear. He gave no sign of having felt the hostility of the many eyes turned upon him, but went quickly down through the room, turning neither to right nor left.

"Hol' on there," came the big booming voice of Steve. "What you fellers want, huh?"

Lee gave him no answer but strode on. Carson, at Lee's heels like a grim old dog, showed his teeth a little. Steve, striking the bar with a heavy hand, shouted in menacing tones:

"Hol' on, I say! Nobody's goin' to break in on a play that's running in my card-rooms. If you fellers want anything, you ask me."

"Go ahead, Bud," said Carson jocosely. "It's only the ol' black calf bawlin' same as usual."

But Lee needed no urging. He had heard voices beyond the closed door in front of him, among them a certain high-pitched, snarling, indescribably evil voice which he knew. A hand on the knob told him that the door was locked. With no waste of time, he drew back a step, lifted his foot and drove his heel smashing into the lock. Then, throwing himself forward, driving his shoulder into the door, he burst it off its hinges.

At last he had found Quinnion.

There were half a dozen men, not playing cards, but interrupted in a quiet talk. Standing on the far side of the table was a man whose face was as evil a thing to see as was his voice to hear, a face twisted, drawn to the left side, the left eye a mere slit of malevolence, the uneven teeth showing in an eternal, mirthless grin, a man whose hands, when his arms were lax as now, hung almost to his knees, a man twisted morally, mentally and physically.

Bud Lee had eyes only for this man. But suddenly Carson had seen another man, seeking to screen himself behind the great, misshapen bulk of Quinnion, and with new eagerness was crying:

"It's Shorty, Bud! He's mine!"

But Shorty was no man's yet. At his back was a window; it was closed and the shade was drawn, but to Shorty it spelled safety. Head first he went through it, tearing the green shade down, crashing through the glass, leaving discussion behind him. With a bellow of rage Carson went after him, forgetful in the instant that there was another matter on hand to-night. Shorty, consigned to Carson's care and the grain house, had slipped away and had laughed at him. Ever since, Carson had been yearning for the chance to get his two hands on Shorty's fat throat. Before the smash and tinkle of falling glass had died away Carson, plunging as Shorty had plunged, was lost to the bulging eyes which sought to follow him, gone head first into the darkness without.

Lee kept his eyes hard on Quinnion's. He moved a little, so that the solid wall was at his back. His coat was unbuttoned; his left hand was in his pocket, his arm holding back his coat a little on that side. The right hand was lax at his side, like Quinnion's.

He had seen the other men, though his eyes had seemed to see only one man. One of them he knew; three others he had seen. They were the sort to be found in Quinnion's company. They were the nucleus of what was spoken of as Quinnion's crowd.

"Quinnion," said Lee quietly, "you are a damned dirty-mouthed liar."

The words came like little slaps in the face. Of the four men still in the room with Quinnion three of them moved swiftly to one side, their eyes on their leader's face, which showed nothing of what might lie in his mind.

"I have taken the trouble," went on Lee coolly, when Quinnion, leering back at him, made no reply, "to ride forty miles to-night for a little talk with you. You are a crook and a card cheat. I told you that once before. You have been telling men that I am a coward and a four-flusher. For that I am going to run you out of town to-night. Or kill you."

Then Quinnion laughed at him.

"Jus' for that?" he jeered. "Or because I've been tellin' a true story about you an'——"

He didn't get her name out. Perhaps he hadn't expected to. His eyes had been watchful. Now, as he threw himself to one side, he whipped out his gun, dropping to one knee, his body partly concealed by the table. At the same second Bud Lee's right hand, no longer lax, sped to the revolver gripped under the coat at his left armpit.

IT WAS a situation by no means new to the four walls of the Jailbird nor to the men concerned. It was a two-man fight, with as yet no call for the four friends of Quinnion to interfere. It would take the spit and snarl of a revolver, the flash of flame, the acrid smell of burning-powder to switch their sympathetic watching into actual participation. No new situation certainly for Chris Quinnion who took quick stock of the table with its heavy top and screened his body with it; no new situation for Steve, the big bartender who was at the shattered door almost as Bud Lee sent it rocking drunkenly.

Since a fight like this in a small room may end in three seconds and yet remain a fight for men to talk of at street corners for many a day thereafter, it is surely a struggle baffling adequate description. For while you speak of it, it is done; while a clock ticks, two guns may carry hot lead and cut in two, two threads of life.

Quinnion was down and shooting, with but ten steps or less between him

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and the man whom he sought to kill; Bud Lee was standing, tall and straight, back to wall, his first bullet ripping into the boards of the table, sending a flying splinter to stick in Quinnion's face, close to a squinting, slitted eye; and as the two guns spoke like one, a third from the open barroom shattered the lamp swinging from the ceiling between Lee and Quinnion. Steve, the bartender, had taken a hand.

The card-room was plunged in darkness so thick that Lee's frowning eyes could no longer make out Quinnion's head above the table, so black that to Quinnion's eyes the tall form of Lee against the wall was lost in shadow.

AS STEVE fired his shot into the lamp, Bud Lee understood just what would be Steve's next play; the bartender had given his friends brief respite from the deadly fire of the Blue Lake man, and now would turn his second shot through the flimsy wall itself on the man standing there. Lee did not hesitate now, but with one leap was across the room, avoiding the table, seeking to come to close quarters with Quinnion and have the thing over and done with. In the bitterness still gnawing at his heart he told himself again that it would be no calamity to the world if the two men who had insulted Judith Sanford went down together.

Again Steve fired. His bullet ripped into the wall, tearing a hole through the partition where a brief instant ago Lee had stood. The light out in the barroom was extinguished. In the card-room it was utterly, impenetrably dark now, only a vague square of lesser darkness telling where was the window through which Shorty had fled.

A red flare of flame from where Quinnion crouched, and Lee stood very still, refusing the temptation to fire back. For Quinnion's bullet had sped wide of the mark, ripping into the wall a full yard to Lee's left. Quinnion's eyes had not found him, would not find him soon if he stood quite motionless. The fight was still to be made, Quinnion's friends would be taking a hand now, Steve had already joined issue. There were six of them against him and with one shot fired from his heavy Colt there were but five left. No shot could be wasted.

A little creaking of a floor board, a vague, misty blur almost at his side, and still Lee saved his fire. Quickly he lifted the big revolver, held welded to a grip of steel, throwing it high above his head and striking downward. There was almost no sound; just the thudding blow as the thick barrel struck a heavy mat of hair, and with no outcry a man went down to lie still. At the same moment the dim square of the window showed a form slipping through; one man was seeking safety from a quarrel not his own. And as he went, there came again a soft thudding blow and Carson's dry voice outside, saying calmly:

"Shorty got away but you don't, pardner. Give 'em hell, Bud. I'm in the play again."

"Two men down," grunted Lee to himself with grim satisfaction. "And old Carson back on the job. Only two to our one now."

The form in the window crumpled, and under Carson's quick hands was jerked out. Suddenly it was very still in the little room. Steve did not fire a third shot; Quinnion held his fire. For Lee had made no answer and they were taking heavy chances with every shot now, chances of shooting the wrong man. Each of the four watchful men in the narrow apartment breathed softly.

Once more Lee lifted his gun above his head. As he held it thus, he put out his left hand gently, inch by inch, gropingly. Extended full length it touched nothing. Slowly he moved it in a semicircle, the gun in his right hand always ready to come crashing down. His fingers touched the wall; then moving back assured him that no one was within reach. Lifting a foot slowly he took one cautious step forward, toward the spot where he had last seen Quinnion. Again his arm, circling through the darkness, sought to locate for him one of the men who must be very near him now. Suddenly it brushed a man's shoulder.

There was a sharp, muttered exclamation, and again a flare of red flame as this man fired. But he had misjudged Bud Lee's position by a few inches, the bullet cut through Lee's coat, and Lee's clubbed revolver fell unerringly, smashing into the man's forehead. He heard a low moan, heard a revolver clatter to the floor, heard the sound of a body falling heavily.

"A new situation," thought Lee. Three men down before a clock could tick off as many minutes and not a single man shot. It was a place for a man like Charlie Miller with his old pick-handle.

There were left in the room to be accounted for only Quinnion and one other. Or even one of the men who had sought to slip through the window to safety? That would be like the craft of Quinnion, who was no coward and yet a fox to deal with.

"Bud," called Carson's voice sharply, "are you all right?"

"Yes," answered Lee briefly, and as he answered moved sharply to one side so that his voice might not draw a shot from Quinnion or the other men. There came two spurts of flame, one from each of the corners of the room opposite him, the reports of the two shots reverberating loudly. But this was mere guesswork—shooting at no more definite thing than a man's voice, and Lee having moved swiftly had little fear. And he knew pretty well where those two men were now.

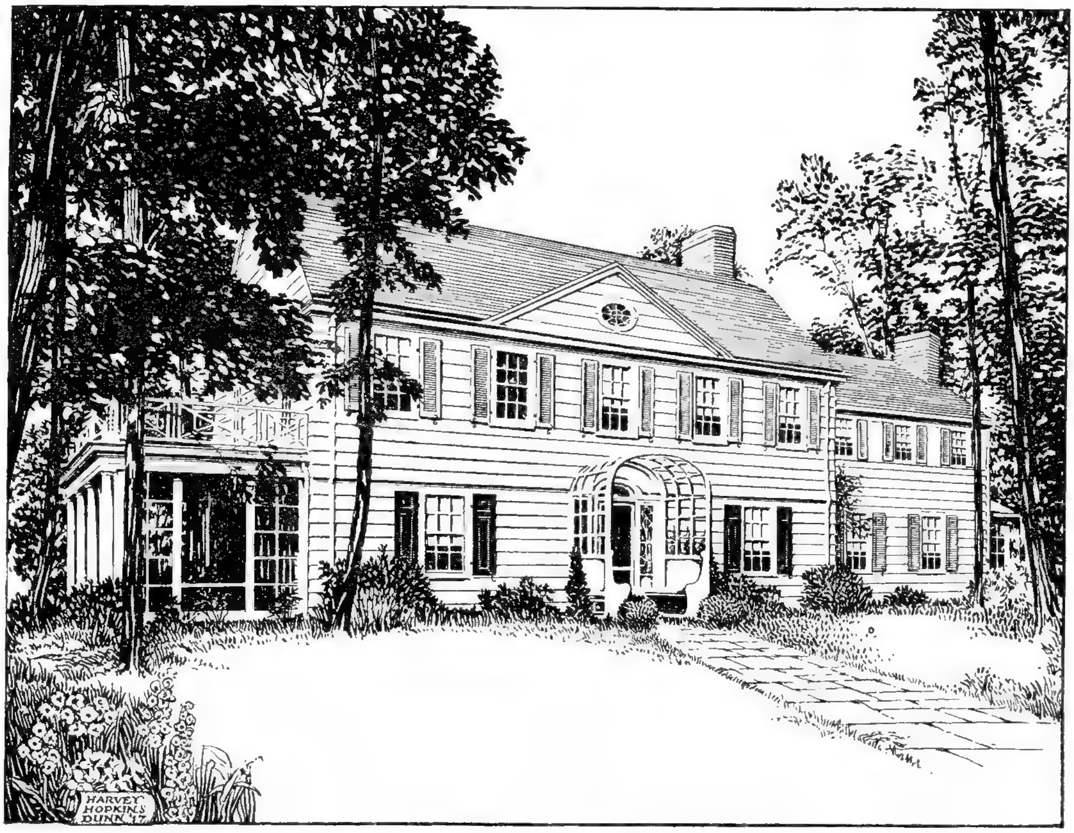
So did Carson, who from without fired in twice through the window. Then again it grew so silent that a clock ticking somewhere out in the barroom was to be heard distinctly, so that again the men guarded their breathing.

Lee thought that he knew where Quinnion was; in the corner at his right, close to the rear wall. Not square in the corner of course, for having fired he was fox enough to shift his position a little. True, no sound had told of such a movement. But Quinnion could be trusted to make no sound at a time like this. Lee, equally silent, again set a slow foot out, moving cautiously toward the spot where his eyes sought Quinnion in the dark.

He was calculating swiftly now: Quinnion had fired twice from the screen of the table just as Steve shot out the light; he had fired again just now, it was a fair bet that at least one of the other shots had been his. That meant that he had fired four times. If Quinnion still carried his old six-shooter he had but two shots at most left to him, for there had been no time which he would risk in reloading.

LEE swept off his hat and tossed it out before him to the spot where he believed Quinnion was, dropping swiftly to his knee as he did so. There was a snarl, Quinnion's evil snarl, and a shot, that sped high above his head. His hat had struck Quinnion full in the face. Then Lee again sprang forward, again struck out with his clubbed revolver. The blow missed Quinnion's head but struck him heavily on the shoulder and sent him staggering back against the wall. Lee could hear the bulk of his body crashing against the boards. And again leaping, seeing nothing but the thick blackness, he struck the second time at Quinnion. This time there was no snarl, but a falling weight and stillness.

The next instalment of ***"Judith of Blue Lake Ranch"*** *will appear in the March number.*



AN INVITING EXTERIOR

should mean an hospitable interior. No one factor is more necessary to a warm, home-like inside-the-house atmosphere than perfect woodwork. Above all, beware of dead-looking trim which will neutralize every attempt to carry out your chosen decorative scheme.

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“A STOKER TO THE U. S. A.”

BY MARIE DE MONTALVO

Photograph by Bachrach

MEYER BLOOMFIELD

“THE measure of this country's victory is the number of rivets that our shipyards drive—and I am just one of the stokers who keep the fires going on the job.”

This is Meyer Bloomfield's description of the patriotic service he sacrificed two college professorships and a lucrative profession to perform. In Washington, however, he is called the head of the Industrial Service Department of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. This means that his is the guiding hand in the shipyard employment situation; that at an hour's notice he must prepare to visit any yard that needs him, to advise its owners, confer with its employees, and be ready in an instant to suggest a plan whereby the work that is essential to our winning the war shall go on efficiently.

The production of ships depends upon labor, and Meyer Bloomfield's job is to direct a stream of labor to this industry. It is his job, too, when laborers have been obtained, to find a place for them to live—by canvassing communities for unoccupied houses, and listing and grading them according to rents; and, if that is not enough, by finding families in the vicinity who are willing to have employees billeted on them. It is his business to act as mediator in case of a strike. It is up to him, where an ill-organized employment service is a handicap, to establish a modern system of engaging labor. He must also outline courses of training for beginners to learn the work, and for those already employed to attain greater skill. And if the important matter of what a man can do with his spare time has been neglected, he calls in social and civic organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., to provide rest, recreation, outdoor activities, and social life for the employees.

Through it all Mr. Bloomfield keeps preaching to employers, and the burden of his sermon is not system and efficiency, but a doctrine so old that it has been forgotten and become new again: the doctrine of simple kindness and understanding. He warns them that what counts far more than system is the spirit of the worker, and that they must enlist and mobilize good-will.

He gives an impression of quiet force, of ceaseless energy, backed by exuberant vitality. He can draw constantly on his strength and still have enough enthusiasm left to run down a flight of steps and welcome a friend with a shout, and he greets as rather a lark the prospect of spending five nights in the week on a sleeping-car.

In short, he is a man who works like a machine and plays like a child, and his power loses none of its effectiveness by seeming to exist only in the background of a boyish, friendly personality, kindly, and unassuming.

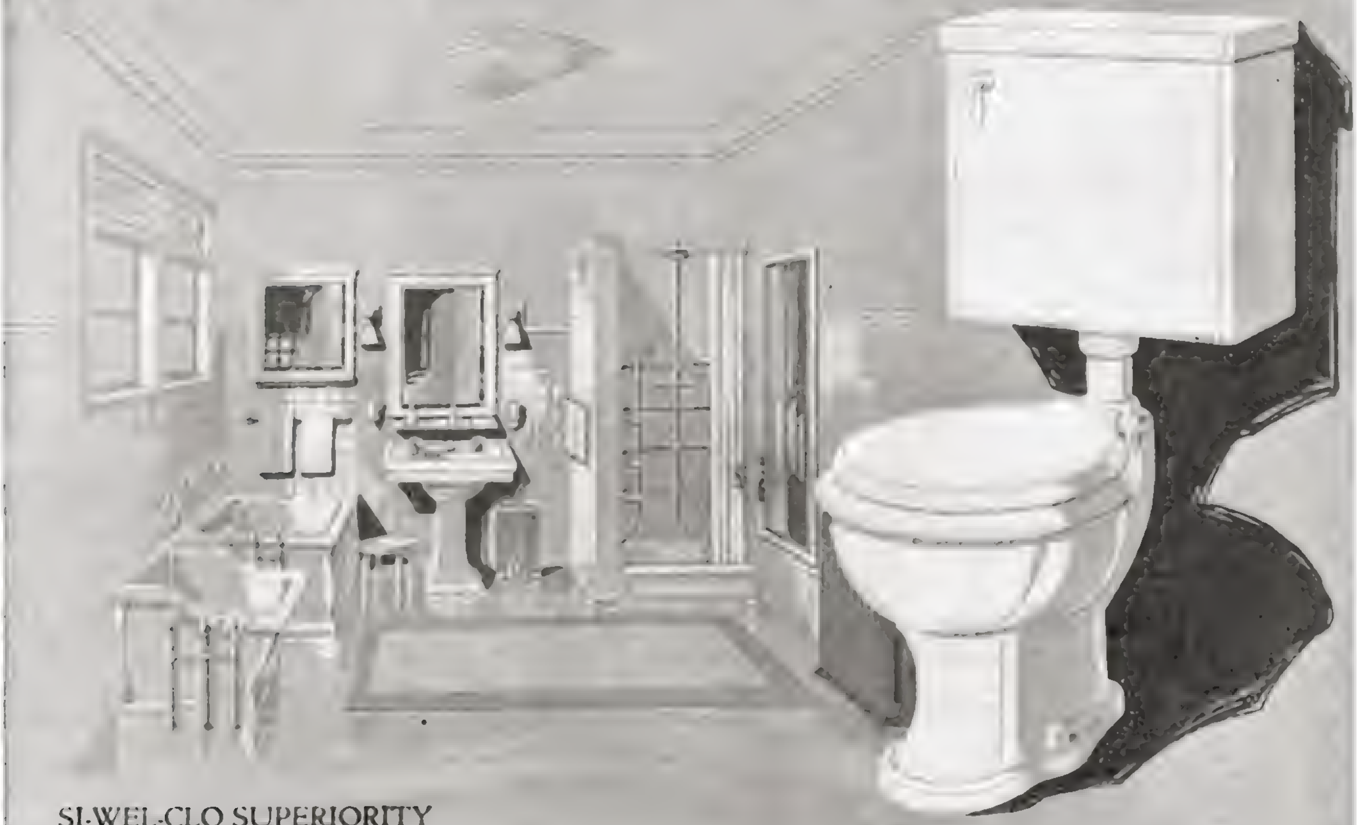
Born in Rumania, he came to this country at an early age and passed his boyhood in New York City. Here his early associations centered in the University and Henry Street settlements which have given a start to so many men who are well known in the service of their country. He was, in fact, brought up with a number of those same men whose names, now familiar throughout the country, once were set down as charter members of a club of boys called the “S. E. I.” They still are friends, by the way, and often meet to recall the days when they sold papers on the city streets, or witnessed, economically, thrilling performances at Miners' Theatre on the Bowery through a hole in the roof! And not even their wives know what the letters “S. E. I.” stand for.

After an education in the public schools, Mr. Bloomfield took three university degrees and was admitted to the practise of law. In 1901 he founded the Civic House in Boston, which has been for sixteen years an active center for immigrants and for the study of their industrial situation. He inaugurated the Employment Managers' Association and gained the reputation of being the first man to make a profession of employment. Perhaps his most important work was in starting the Vocation Bureau, which was taken over by Harvard University when its director went to Washington. It has become the center of a nation-wide movement.

In addition, this energetic but never-hurried man has given lecture courses in several colleges, written seven books, mediated in countless labor disputes, served as consultant to some twenty leading industrial corporations, and found time for a happy family life besides—all before the age of thirty-eight.

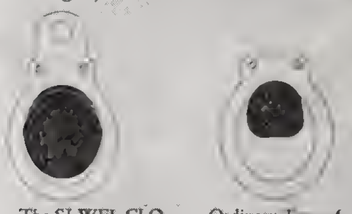
Only a little stoker on a big job is Meyer Bloomfield, to quote his own words—but then, in his own words again: “It isn't what kind of a job you have that counts, but what you make of it after you get it. If you aren't creative in your work, whatever it is, you are a vegetable and not a human being.” Meyer Bloomfield is—decidedly—a human being.

Silent SI-WEL-CLO



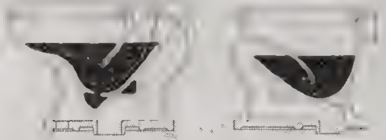
SI-WEL-CLO SUPERIORITY

One feature of the SI-WEL-CLO is the care taken to furnish only the finest quality seat—no exposed metal parts. Either white or mahogany.



Water Surface
(Represented by solid black)

The fouling surface in a water closet is but one difference between a scientifically constructed bowl (the Si-wel-clo) and the ordinary type. The bowl of the Si-wel-clo is always clean and free from soil.



Seal and Water Trapway.
(Represented by solid black)

The Silent Si-wel-clo has other advantages besides its quiet operation. It has a much deeper water-seal—guard against sewer gas; a much larger trapway, preventing stoppage; and a syphon auxiliary, which causes the closet to flush more rapidly and positively.

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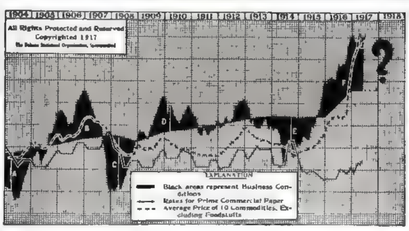

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INVADED AMERICA—*Continued from page 32*

kindly. "Sit down and let's talk it over."

In carefully simple terms he presented America's reasons for entering the war. His caller listened with growing astonishment. It was all new to him, as new as if he had been a resident of central Prussia. Though he had lived in this country for thirty years, this was the first time that American propaganda had ever come to his ears.

"Where have you been getting your ideas about the war?" asked Mr. Swenson as his visitor rose to go.

It was difficult for the visitor to answer. In the early stages of the world war, inspired German publications had formed his opinions, Lutheran weeklies had confirmed them, and the Wisconsin German-language press, the only newspaper-reading he did, helped to maintain his conviction of the unrighteousness of the war after this country entered the lists. Would he read some documents explaining this Government's attitude and purposes, if they were sent to him? He would, gladly. He took them with him. Two weeks later, with an American flag draped over his pulpit, the pastor preached a sermon, alien in language, but otherwise of one hundred per cent. patriotism.

Soap-Boxing the Soap-Boxers

FOUR miles from Sheboygan is a little hamlet composed of: saloon (German), store (German), church (German), school (German), blacksmith shop (German). Seventy or eighty German Socialists lived and argued there and went out into the neighboring country still arguing. Now, that is a small center and might be deemed unimportant. The state council didn't think it so. Six speakers, of whom five were Germans, were sent there. They rounded up fifty Socialists in the saloon, and talked to them. At first the audience was sullen and scared. But when it dawned upon them that this was an open meeting, they began to "come back" with questions and arguments. The meeting became a free-for-all debate—which is just what the shrewd invaders designed.

They had inspired those convinced pro-Germans with a spirit of inquiry and investigation. Convictions as to the unquestioned righteousness of the German cause began to waver. The scientific spirit of thought was asserting itself. Six weeks later the debate on the war was still in progress in the German saloon, with the villagers themselves as the only participants, and a third of them were arguing for America! The state council had "started something" in that hamlet.

In the way of prevention the council practises a very simple method. A meeting of Pacifists or Socialists or protestants against the war is arranged by some one of the many troublesome groups in the state, and announcements forecasting lively proceedings are sent out. Nothing is done to interfere with the arrangements. The police don't evince any interest. No secret-service men are in evidence. The chairman rises, looks over his galaxy of inflammatory-intentioned orators, picks up his gavel to call the meeting to order, when——

Enter a businesslike young man with a note-book. He advances to the platform and in a low tone addresses the chairman. He says:

"I am a stenographer from the State Council of Defense. Will you kindly provide me with table and chair?"

That is all, but an instant change pervades the spirit of that assemblage. It becomes mysteriously mild and neutral, not to say flavorless. Many a gathering whose announcements rose like a fiery and untamed rocket, has subsided, a bald and unconvincing stick, for no more potent reason than a stenographer's request for a place to take notes!

From the outset in the Illinois campaign, the idea of patriotic education has been paramount. The State Council of Defense has a "Neighborhood Committee" especially commissioned for this work. The Liberty Loan Committee for the Federal district has consistently and insistently impressed upon its workers the principle that their duty was not to raise money alone, but to inspire enthusiasm for the country and for the war. If, in pursuance of this plan, Chairman Charles W. Folds has occasionally extended the scope of the committee's energies rather beyond the original intent of the Treasury Department, I have yet to learn of any objections on this score, official or otherwise. It was Mr. Folds's notion, not elsewhere tried out, I believe, that exemption boards, at the close of the draft period, could be made continuingly useful. So he invited the members of the various boards to a dinner. Between four and five hundred of them attended and listened to an explanation by Mr. Folds of why they were there.

Rooters for the U. S. A.

"EXEMPTED men have a special duty toward the country," he told them. "Now I want you gentlemen to take your lists and summon all the exempted men in each of your districts, to meet. I'll have some of the boys in uniform from Camp Grant to talk to each meeting. That will wake them up, and when they're waked up, start them out as bond salesmen, food conservation spokesmen and general rooters for the war."

The meetings were called. Not only

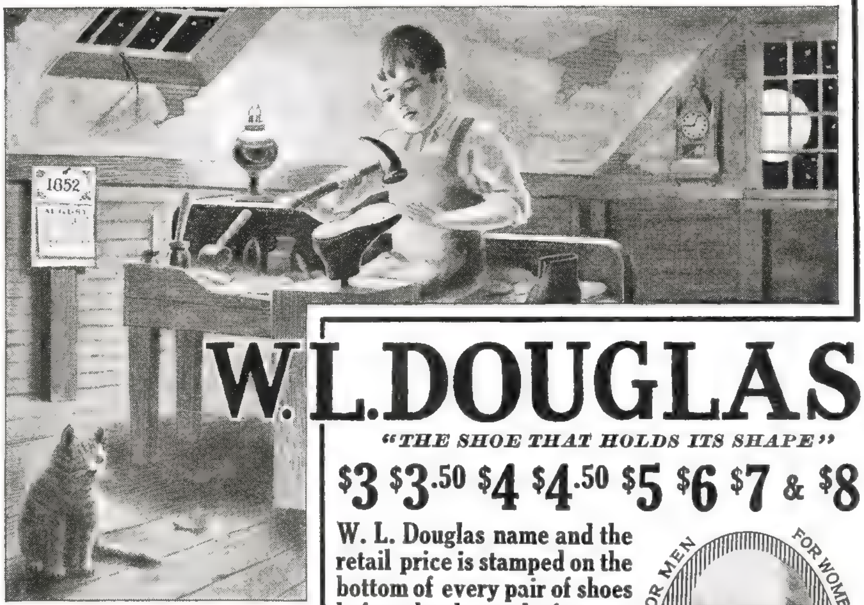
was a small army of volunteer workers thus secured, but the exempt men themselves went down into their pockets and subscribed many thousands to the bond issue. The next step was the organization of a public-school movement to instruct the children in the broad principles for which this country is fighting. When the youngster had thoroughly absorbed the nationalizing idea, he was told to go home and talk to his parents about it. Easily comprehended documents were also furnished him for home consumption. Thus households in which a hearing could not have been secured by any other method, were reached with strong effect.

Salesmen of Solidarity

LATE in the second-loan campaign the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which had volunteered for work among the foreign population, was called in. This concern is said to have about half a million policyholders on weekly payment life policies in the Chicago district. Its district superintendents were called together to organize for bond selling. They represented ten different nationalities and languages. Through them the company's large force of agents was instructed to make each weekly visit to a policy-holder the occasion of a few friendly words about the war, the necessity for patriotism and the bond issue. Toward the close of the campaign these men were bringing in about a thousand subscriptions per day. The extent of their influence for loyalty and patriotism among the very elements least in touch with Americanism can hardly be estimated.

Any locality where the spirit of the people is shown to be inert, by lack of response to the call of patriotism, receives instant and special attention from the Loan Committee. Such a place was Kewanee. It started slowly and gathered little momentum. Chairman Folds went there himself, organized a meeting, at which there were twenty-two hundred people, and so animated the town that the mayor has since been able to establish a regular weekly patriotic "love feast." It is worthy of note and of emulation by other committees, that the Liberty Loan Central Committee of the Seventh District did not pass out of existence or even lapse into quietude at the close of the second loan. It has been made a permanent organization, with headquarters, an official staff, and a plan of procedure for the next loan upon which it began work immediately upon the close of the last. Mr. Folds and his staff have "enlisted for the duration of the war."

Prophets of disaster had their inning in Illinois when the State Council of Defense personnel was announced. Samuel Insull, a corporation head, of a



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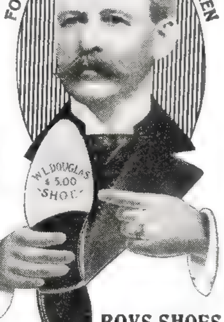

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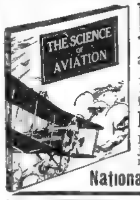

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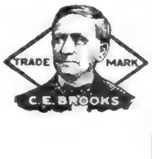

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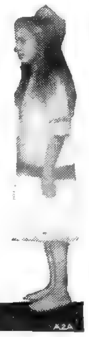

Infantile Paralysis

left 8-year-old Evlyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture. Her mother has this to say:

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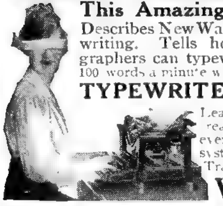

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type that has been severely criticised locally, was appointed chairman, and with him on the board were such exponents of the moneyed interests as J. Ogden Armour, Fred W. Upham and John A. Spoor; with John P. Hopkins and David E. Shanahan representing politics of a shade generally credited with a leaning toward capitalism. On top of this a Progressive, B. F. Harris, was chosen vice-chairman, and another Progressive, Harold M. Ickes, chairman of the important "Neighborhood Committee." But what gave the croakers their best excuse for vocal exercise, was the presence of Victor Olander and John H. Walker, two radical labor representatives, in the council.

When these two got together with Insull and Armour, the critics surmised, the referee would better be backed up by a strong showing of police! That was some six months ago. Since that time many difficult and delicate questions have come up for decision; yet, up to the present writing, there has never been a divided vote in the council. And in the discussions and debates preceding votes, the line of cleavage has never yet been between the capitalistic and the labor element. Before the organization had been in existence six weeks, one of the corporation men told a friend that his association with the two labor men on close terms and with a common purpose, had given him a clearer insight into the big problems of the time than any other experience of his busy life.

Cultivating Confidence

ONE of the concerns of the council is to learn of sentiment in the various localities in the state, and, where it is wrong, take measures to set it right. If there is "bad talk" in some town, a local representative of the council is advised to seek out the sources and point out to the trouble-makers the inadvisability of unbridled conversation. Does the rumor spread in a district, as it did on the strongly German north side of Chicago, that the signing of food-conservation cards would be followed by conscription of the signers' preserves, agents of the council follow with a house-to-house canvass, reassuring the housewives.

Where dissension-mongers foment reports that the Red Cross is selling its goods at auction, or that the soldiers in the cantonments are underfed, or that the Government is planning to abrogate exemption of men whose wives sign service cards stating that they can work—and all these fabrications have been scattered on the winds through the Middle West—representatives of the council are quietly but busily tracing the lies, not to their source, indeed, for that is invariably undiscoverable, but along their course, and opposing to them the actual facts. There is a deal of drudgery about this missionary work; but it is, in the aggregate, as effective as it is essential.

Dwight, Illinois, the center of a farming community in which Germans predominate, was an "area of low pressure" until a local man, himself of German parentage, did a bit of missionary work which leavened the whole lump.

Frank L. Smith is a banker, a farm owner, and a politician, whose one dominant article of political faith now is that every American ought to be behind America in the present crisis. Others of his fellow citizens didn't think so. There was much carping, growling, disloyal, if not actually seditious and pro-German talk in the place, and as the war progressed, it grew more rather than less virulent. Mr. Smith, who is connected both with the neighborhood committee of the state council and with the Liberty Loan Committee, bided his time, picked his man, and presently sent for him.

A Catechism for Pro-Germans

HE WAS a German by birth and a leading member of the Lutheran Church. The "Shorter Catechism for pro-Germans," through which he was put by Mr. Smith, has been so effective in various instances (and of course in varying forms) that it is worth reporting in full.

"Jake," said Mr. Smith, "how much did you have when you landed in this country?"

This is a detail which no prosperous German immigrant ever forgets; it is a matter of pride. "Eight dollars and sixty cents," was the prompt reply.

"What have you got now?"

"The best five-hundred-acre farm in the state."

"Make a good living off it?"

"Oh, I can't kick."

"Could you have done as well if you had stayed in Germany?"

"No! I don't guess so."

"Then why are you going around kicking about war taxes?"

"We-ell, I don't see why this country had to get into the war and fight Germany."

"Leave that out. It's past history. The country is in. We're all in. You're in. Your farm is in. What are you going to do: stick to Germany or stand by the United States?"

"Well, if the President hadn't——"

"The President has. Now it's up to you. German or American? Which? Would you rather take back your eight dollars and sixty cents and go back to Germany, or stay here and be a straight American citizen?"

The man gulped. "If I got to make a choice, I'm for the United States," he said slowly, but with conviction.

"That's O. K. then. Now, what is your minister saying about this war?"

"Nothing."

"That isn't good enough. I want to see him."

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"Kodak" is our registered and common-law trade-mark and cannot be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 15 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
204B Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

Rider Agents Wanted

Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new **Ranger "Motorbike"** completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. **Choice of 44 other styles,** colors and sizes in the famous **"Ranger"** line of bicycles.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of our *Factory-direct-to-Rider* marvelous offers and terms.

TIRES Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. S-43 CHICAGO

Learn HIGHER ACCOUNTING

Become an Auditor, Systematizer, Cost Accountant, Credit Man. Big-paying positions now open.

We Train You By Mail—at home—in your spare time. Previous experience unnecessary. New Tanner-Gilman Elective Course in Higher Accounting is short, concise, yet complete. Conducted by practical experts. Special coaching for C. P. A. examination. Low tuition rate—easy payment plan. Write NOW for FREE book and full particulars.

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY
(TANNER-GILMAN SCHOOLS, Inc.)
Department 254, 624 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Practical Electrical Education

under wage-earning conditions. ½-day lectures and laboratory work, ½-day employment in leading concerns. Positions secured. Graduates earn $1500 yearly in first position. Enter any time. *Write for free illustrated catalog.*

School of Engineering of Milwaukee, 21-373 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Old Town Canoes"

CAST your cares far behind. Get out on the water, court vibrant health and enjoy the unending beauties of nature. And your Old Town, what a wonderful canoe it is. How buoyant and masterly built, how, like a flash, it responds to each paddle's stroke. Old Town Canoes are *positively safe.* They can't sink. Send for the Old Town View Book.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
762 Fourth St. Old Town, Maine

The Lutheran minister arrived in due time. Mr. Smith talked patriotism to him. "I believe," he remarked in conclusion, "there's no stronger influence for patriotism than the church. And, as I hear you're building a new church, I'd like to contribute something to it."

The clergyman went out with a token of good-will in his pocket. The spirit of Mr. Smith's gift impressed him profoundly. Since then Dwight has ceased to be a sounding-board for hole-and-corner pro-German propaganda, and is swinging around, day by day and man by man, to Americanism, largely because Mr. Smith said the right thing at the right time to the right person.

Iowa Responds

WITH a population estimated as eighty per cent. native-born, Iowa has its proportion of war problems. A familiar complaint is that the farmers and the village dwellers are not yet waked up to a full realization of the war. To make the situation more difficult, the banks are either indifferent or fearful of provoking the resentment of the pro-Germans and Pacifists, as was shown in the recent Liberty Bond campaign. A well-known state official was widely quoted as declaring that Iowans could not afford to subscribe liberally; too much money would be taken out of the state.

A bank in Dunkerton, whose cashier had headed the local Liberty Loan Committee successfully in the first campaign, lost so many pro-German customers that its president forbade the cashier taking any part in the second loan. The forfeited accounts had all gone to two banks in near-by towns which had refused to take any part in the movement. By way of reaping its profit from the needs of the nation, one flourishing institution put forth the following advertisement:

THE GOVERNMENT PAYS 3 1-2 PER CENT
ON DEPOSITS
THE LIBERTY BONDS PAY 4 PER CENT.
WE PAY 5 PER CENT.

This triumph of ingenuity over patriotism did not long endure; its deviser was well advised to withdraw it. In contrast to this the financial institutions of a central county which had been paying five per cent. on deposits got together and reduced the rate to four per cent., so that they might not compete with the Government on uneven terms.

In the course of a general committee meeting of bond workers at Davenport, numbering some three hundred, a member mentioned incidentally that one bank in the city had declined to take so much as a single bond. Up rose a county member:

"Men, do we get that bank?"

"We do!" responded the meeting with practical unanimity.

The gathering adjourned, resolved itself into a parade with a brass band, marched to the rejecting bank, and serenaded it with patriotic airs until its officials came forth and attested their willingness—even their yearning fervor—to subscribe liberally. This was one of the influences which helped Davenport, seventy-five per cent. German though it is, to "go over the top" in the second loan, i.e., to subscribe more than its maximum quota. It was the mayor of this city, by the way, who so perfectly illustrated a certain kind of anemic patriotism that (apart from its literary merit, which is considerable) I am impelled to reproduce his communication to the local paper, explaining his abstinence from Liberty Bond endeavor:

> Misunderstanding will happen to the best. The week of the council meeting I have various committee meetings, signing of warrants, resolutions and certificates; aside of this, the callers and other affairs to attend to, which ties me down very strongly. This is why I am unable to attend to anything special that week, which is the present one. It strikes me that there are quite a number of people that consider that the mayor must devote his entire time and salary (some even still more) for public affairs. Personally I am running behind financially and have been obliged to make a loan, and prospects are for more. This is one of the reasons why I have not decided to date, if to run again in 1918.
>
> JOHN BERWALD,
> Mayor.

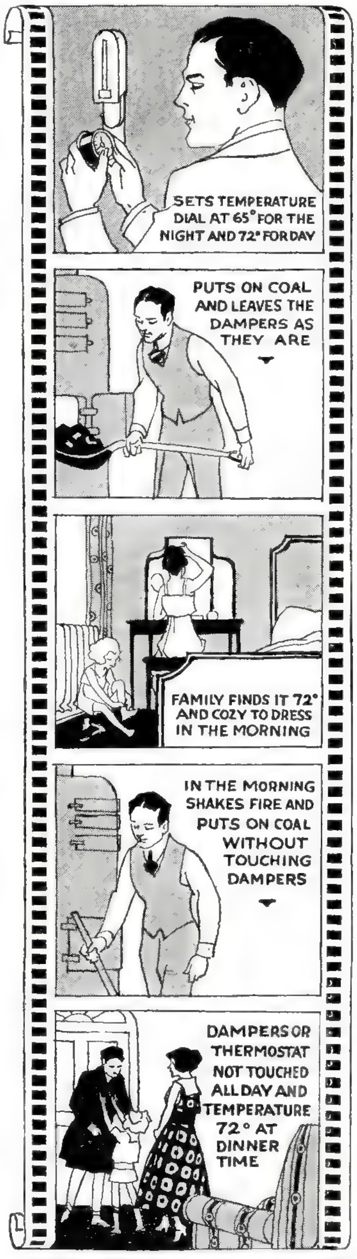
The Iowa Plan

ON THE principle that Iowa is a rural state, the work of patriotic propaganda is decentralized. There is a State Council of Defense with ex-Senator Lafayette Young as chairman; but it is working without proper equipment or adequate central organization, and while the chairman, through his wide knowledge of men and affairs in the state, is able to exercise strong moral influence where it is most needed, the task is far too great for any man, however efficient, without a strong working force at command.

The Iowa scheme is to hold each sub-committee responsible for the conduct of its own locality. The Government has organized a special department of seventy-five traveling salesmen who, between them, penetrate to every nook and corner of the state. Where patriotism is notably lax, as was the case in several small towns along the Mississippi River, a special campaign of education is undertaken. In the instance of certain of the river towns, United States Marshal Moore, with a companion, made an automobile tour of the district, rounding up the avowed pro-Germans in the public squares and addressing to them a series of brief sermons of exhortation to loyalty.

Movie Of A Day's Doings with THE MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR

The Heart Of The Heating Plant


SETS TEMPERATURE DIAL AT 65° FOR THE NIGHT AND 72° FOR DAY
PUTS ON COAL AND LEAVES THE DAMPERS AS THEY ARE
FAMILY FINDS IT 72° AND COZY TO DRESS IN THE MORNING
IN THE MORNING SHAKES FIRE AND PUTS ON COAL WITHOUT TOUCHING DAMPERS
DAMPERS OR THERMOSTAT NOT TOUCHED ALL DAY AND TEMPERATURE 72° AT DINNER TIME

REPEATED DAILY FOR 8 DAYS AT ONE WINDING of MODEL 55

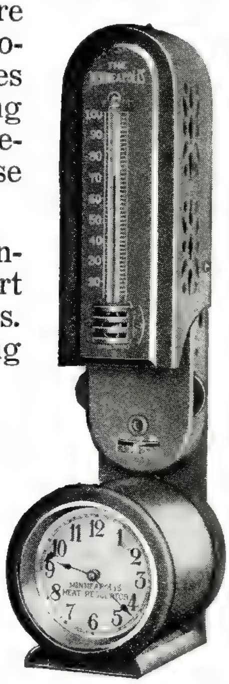
A Minneapolis Heat Regulator takes complete and accurate automatic charge, day and night, of the dampers of any style heating plant. For the housewife it eliminates the worry and drudgery of watching the room temperature and all bother of damper tending. The man of the house is especially interested in the coal it saves as well as the convenience. The cost is so satisfactory that no home owner need hesitate to install one. Renders service as long as the house stands and the up-keep cost is practically nothing.

The "Minneapolis" is made in several models. The lowest priced model is as accurate in its service as the highest priced, the difference lying in the extent of service rendered.

Our Model No. 55, requires attention only once every eight days and then only the mere winding of the clock. It affords two automatic changes of temperature daily—reduces it at bedtime and raises it before "getting up" time in the morning. For completeness of service, accuracy, simplicity and ease of adjustment our No. 55 is unequalled.

Minneapolis Heat Regulators are installed by the heating trade in every part of the country—in either new or old homes. We back the dealer in extending a binding guarantee of satisfaction.

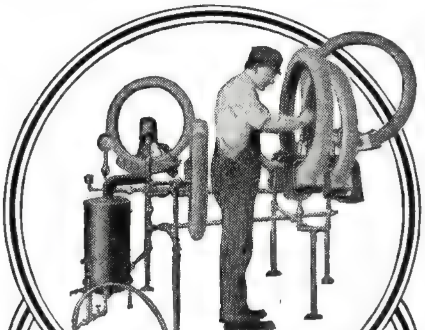
Write for our catalog describing all models. You can then easily tell your dealer which one you will have him install.


THE MINNEAPOLIS
MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR

MODEL NO. 55

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.

General Offices
2778 Fourth Av. So., MINNEAPOLIS
Branch Offices
BOSTON
77 Summer St.
SYRACUSE
218 E. Washington St.
CLEVELAND
1335 East 105th St.
ST. LOUIS
1412 Syndicate Trust
CHICAGO
231 Insurance Exchange



Make This Your Business at $3,000 per Year

Repairing and Retreading Automobile Tires. There isn't a business you could get into that offers such sure possibilities of **success and fortune.** One man and a Haywood Tire Repair Plant can make $250 a month and more. Scores already have done it and this year there is a greater demand than ever for tire repair work.

"15 Million Tires to Repair"

That's not a myth nor some man's dream. It's an actual fact. Tire factories everywhere are building new buildings—enlarging their plants for the biggest period of prosperity in the automobile business. **15 million tires will be manufactured and every one will need repairing.**

No Experience Necessary

No previous training, no apprenticeship, is required to enter this business—not even the faintest knowledge of tires. If you have a little mechanical turn of mind, you can quickly become an expert. We teach everything. You learn in a week. Handle all kinds of jobs—figure prices at big cash profits. Nothing is easier to master completely.

A Rich Opportunity

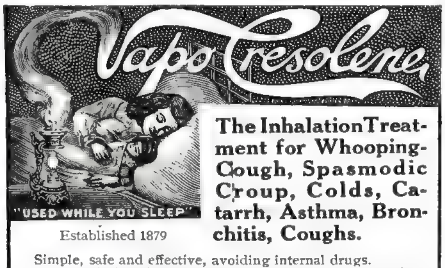
Awaits ambitious men everywhere. No city too large—no town too small—everywhere the same opportunity exists. **A Moderate Investment** starts you. Get one machine and build the business from there. Business comes easy. We show how to get it. You grow and grow. You're soon a **Real Manufacturer—A Success**—a mighty big factor in your community.

Write for the Facts

INVESTIGATE. Send the coupon below, a letter or postal. This brings full information—and a big interesting catalog. Tells all about tires and how to repair them. Shows how to make money—to become independent. Do this today—NOW—before you forget it.

Haywood Tire & Equipment Company
617 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE CATALOG COUPON
Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
617 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.
Gentlemen:—Please send me your catalog, details and plans for starting ambitious men in the Tire Repair business.
Name ....
Address ....
....



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

As a working principle, it seems to me dubious whether Iowa's plan of decentralization in patriotic work will bring the best results. Quite the opposite scheme is working admirably in Indiana, where, however, the situation is somewhat different, the population being less scattered and rural than in Iowa.

War conditions in Indiana are, perhaps, the best in the Middle West. The state's record in every department of martial and the related activities has been preeminent. It needs little Americanizing. Here and there the canard has spread in the country districts that food was to be confiscated from the signers of "Hoover cards," and in some towns this has been so effective that not over a dozen signatures could be secured. The familiar Red Cross fake, to the effect that Red Cross contributions are being sold at auction, has cropped out in some spots. Moreover, the farmers are to some extent still "ag'in' the war." But the two Liberty Bond campaigns have been powerful educational influences; Teutonism is quiescent in the country districts.

Winning Over the "Neutrals"

IN CONTRAST to any other state, Indiana's most unfavorable conditions are found in its capital and principal city. There is a very strong, in fact a dominant German element in Indianapolis. Many of the financial institutions and large stores are controlled by Germans. There are more German clubs of the first rank than American in the city. The Teutonic element feels its power, and at the time of the break with Germany a delegation of leading citizens called upon one of the newspapers and warned it to refrain from "abusing" Germany and the German conduct of the war.

The newspaper told the leading citizens (who, by the way, represented very large advertising interests) to go to the devil. Before America got into the fight the general sentiment was strongly pro-German; as much so, I should say, as in Milwaukee. To-day, I believe that the average of pro-Germanism is higher in Indianapolis than in Milwaukee. At any rate, there is less outspoken, whole-hearted Americanism among the Germans of the capital of Indiana than there is in the Wisconsin city. Consider, as evidence, this statement made to me by a prominent American resident:

"We feel here that our Germans of the leading classes are acting very well. It may be true that some of them get together and privately grin a little when news comes of a German victory. But that's natural. And I honestly believe that you'll find a majority of them neutral."

Neutral! In a war which means life or death to the foundations of a government to which they owe allegiance, the best that can be said of the Indianapolis hyphenates is that they are "neutral." And my informant's estimate is probably just. A few Germans there are who, strongly prejudiced for the Central Powers up to last spring, are now committed to the principles of this country with a loyalty that is beyond comparison. But they are too few to leaven the lump. It is not to be feared that the "neutrals" will in any manner violate the law or commit overt acts. The worst that may be looked for from them is a sullen refusal to countenance the war, and, later, it may be, political pressure should the Pacifists make a showing. Meantime the petty politicians are watching them and reckoning up a possible asset. And another thing is happening: The true Americans—and this includes many of German birth—are regarding them with an increasing dissatisfaction. Neutrality in Indianapolis is likely to become, one of these days, a feat of tight-rope balancing, extremely difficult to maintain.

Out through the state, the State Council of Defense has the situation well in hand. Its personnel is interesting, including as it does such varied representatives as Vice-President Fairbanks, Thomas Taggart, George Ade, Charles Fox, the labor leader, and Frank Wampler, a German loyalist. The chairman, Will H. Hays, is credited with being a practical politician. He has carried his practicality into the new work, and left politics behind, but he has not left behind his political ability as an organizer, an adjuster, a friction-reducer and a producer of team work. Wherever I have watched volunteer war organizations in action, I have been struck with the elimination, in fact the actual forgetting, of political considerations and advantages. That this is true in a high degree in the Indiana council, is due largely to Mr. Hays—who is himself a political manager! Further, one can not visit the council's headquarters without being impressed by the quiet, smooth, high-pressure efficiency of every department. It is an amateur organization with all the effect of professionalism.

Getting Together in Indiana

INDIANA'S system is peculiar. The county councils, which are responsible to the state council, are appointed by the circuit judges. Only one proviso the state council makes: that on each county body there shall be one representative of labor and one woman. If trouble comes anywhere in Indiana, it is more likely to be through unfair demands either by or upon labor, than from any direct German propaganda. Therefore the council is laying stress upon this point on the principle that "We can't win this war without labor." To list the full activities of the council would overtax my space; but its scope may be inferred from the following departments of endeavor, each under its special organization: Industrial survey of the state, Public Service Reserve to enlist the services of non-combatants in collateral war work, the Boys' Working Reserve, to take the places on farms and in essential industries of men called to the colors, the registration of women for special service; oversight of solicitation of war funds, the enforcement of vagrancy and health laws, the protection of stored grain, the education of the public on the issues of the war, the survey of fallen timber, the clothing and entertainment of soldiers and, of course, conservation of food, gasoline and other necessities; the whole to be carried on, as the state council points out in its official published plan, under an ordered discipline, and in the determination "that we will all work to the same end, *that America win the war.*"

The Friends of German Democracy

THERE remains to be considered the attitude of the many German residents of the nation who are unreservedly faithful. Not disloyalty, pro-Germanism or indifference, but the fear of social, political, or business reprisals from their malcontent fellows, has prevented a considerable percentage of this element from declaring the faith that is in them. Boycott, the sullen withdrawal of personal associations in church and club, the threat of vengeance at the polls have exerted a wide influence, especially in smaller cities.

To offset this, and to afford the American-Germans the moral support of a nation-wide organization, the Society of the Friends of German Democracy has been formed. Its avowed purpose is "to further democracy in Germany and the establishment of a government responsible to the people," and this it proposes to accomplish generally by propaganda organized in European neutral countries, and in particular through a newspaper published at Berne, Switzerland, by German and Swiss democrats, and circulated secretly in Germany. The more important object is to unite pro-American Germans in a solidarity as close and potent as that of the pro-German Germans. "All loyal residents of the United States of German birth or descent, who are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war until the aims of the United States Government are attained" are eligible for membership. Among the organizers are Otto C. Butz of Chicago, Professor H. C. Bierwerth of Cambridge, Massachusetts, William R. Bricker of Philadelphia, and Dr. S. A. Knopf, and Julius Koettgen of New York. In the Middle West the response to the call has been immediate and emphatic. The Chicago *Abendpost* and the Chicago

We Must "Follow-Up"

The story of the Gallipoli withdrawal is a tale of inadequate support. Like Salamanders clinging to the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, the boys of Australia and New Zealand clung to the slopes of Anzac. Desperately, heroically they clung. No troops under any circumstances ever displayed greater soldierly qualities or upheld more sacredly the best traditions of England's Army. But they had to withdraw because the "follow-up" was not there.

To some of us it has been given to march with the columns of troops that go to France. And to others it is given to wave Godspeed. But he who marches and he who stays is equally a citizen of the world's mightiest republic and equally responsible for its success in this greatest of undertakings.

Then let us at home turn from our flag waving and consider how necessary we are, how useful we must be. Those who go to fight cannot hope to win by naked bravery and we cannot hope to win unless every individual at home does *all* he can. We must have no Gallipoli.

The Bell System is only one of the myriad great and small industries which are co-operating that nothing be left undone to keep a constant, efficient stream of men, guns, ammunition, food, clothing and comforts flowing to the front.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM · LOCAL · LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE · AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Save Your Kodak Prints
Magazine and Post Card Pictures. Mount them in album, scrap book or on anything, anywhere, with
Engel
"Art Corners" (PATENTED)
No Muss
No Fuss
MILLIONS IN USE TO-DAY.
NO PASTE NEEDED
Quick
Clean, Artistic
Art Corners show pictures to best advantage. Insures them against loss. Just slip one on each corner of picture—wet 'em and stick 'em—that's all.
10¢ Buys 100 of a kind!
Made in 5 Styles—8 Colors
Including gold and silver. At all Kodak, Drug or Dept. stores or direct from us.
ENGEL MFG. CO., CHICAGO
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$2.50 a Month
The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.
21 Jewel Burlington
The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.
All sizes for both men and women
Write Today for Free Watch Book
See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts. Write today.
Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 1032, 9th & Marshall Blvd. Chicago

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

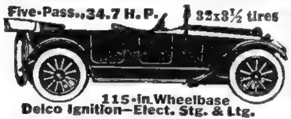
Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this **Free Book** which tells just what to do to bring back the firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
Suite 285 Garland Bldg. Chicago Illinois



Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. 1918 models ready. Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address J. H. Bush, Pres. Dept. 2-DK.

Five-Pass., 34.7 H. P. 32x3½ tires
115-in. Wheelbase
Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg.

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois

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in Virginia, North Carolina, West Virginia and Ohio at $15 per acre and up. Rich, fertile soil that responds lavishly to intelligent cultivation. Long growing season makes crop rotation profitable. Close to markets, schools, churches and congenial neighbors. Farm crops are selling double normal prices, but no advance yet in our lands. "Come South—and prosper." Write for information and illustrated literature now.

F. H. LaBAUME, Agr'l & Ind'l Agt.,
N. & W. Ry., 227 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Tam o' the Scoots

Have you met *Tam*—the brave, braggart young Scotch aviator whose air exploits at the front are running in EVERYBODY'S? There's one of the *Tam* sketches on page 25 of this number, and there is likely to be one in every issue for some months.

Edgar Wallace, a well-known English writer, tells the stories—and they are true stories, too. *Tam* is a real person and a member of the Royal Flying Corps, and his thrilling deeds of daring are real deeds.

Look for *Tam* in the

March EVERYBODY'S

Staats-Zeitung both published the initial call for members, and the former in particular, is loyally forwarding the society's aims.

Some of the letters received admirably typify the spirit of the loyal American of German descent and associations:

"Let us get the Germans here in our country to take the stand of America first," writes a prominent Wisconsin lawyer; "for the regeneration of the German as an American citizen."

"We are either one hundred per cent. American or we do not belong here," declares another correspondent.

And a German member of a college faculty asks: "What can we do to reconstitute our own good name; to restore ourselves in public opinion as American citizens?"

A Problem for Patience

TO THE bloody-bones jingo who clamors for the ostracism of every man with a German name, who demands that Goethe and Schiller be expunged from our libraries and Wagner and Beethoven from our musical programs, the new society will make no appeal.

But the thoughtful student of internal conditions will reflect that there are perhaps fifteen million people in the United States of German birth, descent, or more or less intimate connection. Teutonic propaganda has been systematically at work upon them since war loomed over this country.

Some are committed to Germany, secretly, of course, but profoundly. Others are of the immovably "neutral" type, so conspicuous in Indianapolis. Others, still, are courageous and outspoken supporters of our war. There remains a great number, possibly even a majority, who walk in fear of their own clan—and they are a determinedly clannish people—and do not manifest their allegiance to this country in a positive sense, because they dare not.

Nine-tenths of these could be won over to full loyalty. Is it not worth while, in a war which will eventually call upon every reserve which the nation possesses, to enlist the sympathy and support of this element? To me it seems one of the important internal considerations of this war; a work to which, unless in the hard days to come we are to face divided counsels, hampering doubts, and a chill and alien spirit devitalizing the militant energies of the nation, we must all set our hands.

Through it all, the true-hearted and loyal American of German birth must be the nation's constant reliance, since he most effectually can sway his doubtful fellows. As typifying the spirit of this class, I can close in no better way than by quoting from the letter of an old and honored German Lutheran

EVERYBODY'S FOR MARCH

Brand Whitlock

The second instalment of the tragedy of Belgium, by the United States Minister to Belgium, who has seen it all from the beginning. The greatest story of the war.

Lillian Erskine

Ships must win the war. Men must build the ships. There are not enough men. Why? How can we get them? Miss Erskine, well known to EVERYBODY'S readers, lays bare the shipping emergency in the March number. A tremendously important article.

Edgar Wallace

The delightfully brave and braggart *Tam o' the Scoots* is still with us—once a month.

Other Short Stories

"The Book Soldier"—a new kind of war story—about a young man who fought with figures, by Frederick Ferdinand Moore; "The Buffer"—a real, folksy, small-town business story, by R. N. Wall; and a love-story by William Almon Wolff.

On the News-stands February 23d

pastor, written to the Friends of German Democracy:

The Deeper Spirit

"I HAVE grown old and gray in the service of the German church in America. One of the most vivid recollections of my childhood is the positive declaration of the German fathers that I was not a German but an *Amerikaner*. On the other hand, the Americans were just as emphatic in their declaration that I was a German. Then the 'hyphen' came to the rescue and I blossomed out into a German-American with a *dicken Bindestrich* (thick hyphen). Later I heard that the Kaiser had given it as his opinion that there were only Germans and Americans. The true Americans of my own country endorsed this point of view. So I concluded that I would have to make a place in the sun for myself.

"And now, with the snow gathering on my hair, I am an American only: nothing more (if there be such) and surely nothing less.

"In my American heart there is and always will be a shrine dedicated to that which came into my life from the soul of my father and mother. But they have long ago gone into the land from which no traveler returns and they have left a son who can love but one flag, although he has often nailed the Star-Spangled Banner to a staff of good solid German oak.

"I am now an old man, whose work is almost done. I cherish but one more great hope—that on the stars and stripes of my country's flag there shall ultimately be written the gospel which will redeem the world—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

MINIATURE

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR all your gestures, for your gray-blue eyes
And Irish mouth, and hair that makes you child,
When shaken out at evening; for your mirth
And your quick pity, and your mother's breast;
For the great tenderness that you have given
And the rich dreams through purple-flowing night,
The holy lull of effort and the peace
Of a deep love; because of all these things,
Wherever I should be,—beyond what seas
Of an enchanted music, on what isles,
I know not, of a strange irradiance,
In dream or life or death,—dissatisfied
With splendor or white mystery, my heart
Would break—my heart would break—never to hear
Your tones again or feel your hair again
Beneath my lips, or see your lifted eyes
Brimming with all the secrets of the stars!

AN IMPORTANT announcement for high schools and high-school instructors who wish to forward the H. S. V. U. S. movement is found on page 130 of this number.

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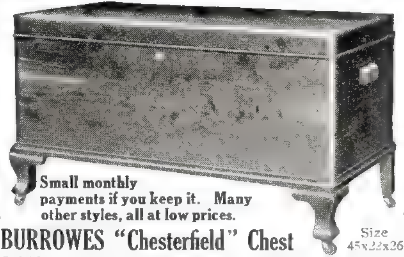

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A BOMBING EXPEDITION

BY SOUS-LIEUTENANT RAOUL LUFBERY

The "Ace" Aviator of the Lafayette Escadrille

IN JANUARY, 1916, I was pilot of a 140-h. p. Voisin aeroplane, which formed a part of the bombing escadrille No. 102.

One fine day, at about 1 P. M., we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to depart on a bombing expedition. As is usual under the circumstances, our objective was not indicated. But judging by the amount of gasoline we were told to carry, and the direction of the wind, we concluded it was to be the Metz-Sablons station. Every available aeroplane was to participate in the raid. In all there were about forty machines, half of which belonged to my group, the balance to Group 101, under the command of the intrepid Commandant Roisin.

At the extreme end of the field the machines were drawn up in line, facing the wind. The mechanics gave a last look at their motors, the gunners tested their guns and laid in their stock of bombs. There were bombs of ten kilos each which, we were told, wrought as much havoc as the ordinary 155's. I took six; some of my comrades took eight, others nine, or even ten, the number varying according to the capacity of one's machine.

We were all ready. We awaited our final orders. At length these came. Cards were distributed among us, indicating our itinerary. We regulated our watches according to that of our chief. Fifty minutes after the departure of the first aeroplane we were all to meet over Saint Nicholas du Port, at a maximum altitude of 2,000 meters. Then, according to the signals of our commandant, we were to go over the lines or return to the aviation camp. Defective grouping or bad weather might compel us to do the latter.

The throb of a motor sounded at the left end of the line. An aeroplane rose, circled around for a few seconds, then climbed into the air. This was followed by a second, then a third. I was number seven. My turn was near. I turned to Sergeant Allard, my observer, and inquired if he was ready. On his reply in the affirmative I opened up my motor, circled around like my comrades, then began my ascent.

Before we started, Allard had told me that he would try to rest as I mounted, claiming that he would thus be better able to study the map on the other side of the lines. I saw no objection to his doing this as he could not help me to rise. As I mounted I turned several times to look at him. His eyes were closed. Was he really asleep, I wondered. Anyway, he did right to rest, for shortly he would need all his energy and sangfroid.

At 2.20 P. M. I was at my rendezvous with the majority of my comrades. Suddenly, from the signal aeroplane, distinguishable by the red pennons flying from its plane, I saw several rockets shoot out as a sign for us to depart.

As we passed the lines, the swifter machines executed several spirals in order to give the slower aeroplanes time to come up. When our group was complete, we continued to advance, here and there greeted by shrapnel. No one was affected by the fire. It was a matter of luck. For a shell fragment to be dangerous it must hit the pilot or a vital part of the machine. One or even several bullets through the canvas of the planes is of no importance.

I gazed at the landscape as it unfolded itself beneath me. To the right was the Seille River, barely recognizable at this time of the year. With its curves swollen by the rains, it looked like one long link of swamps. To the left lay the Moselle, with its canal, forming two narrow silvery lines, one of which extended to the north, where it lost itself in a veil of mist. That which, at a distance, I had taken for a dense fog, I found was the smoke from the factory chimneys of Metz.

As I drew nearer, I could distinguish, through the smoke, groups of houses, churches, long buildings covered with red tiles, probably barracks, encircled by small, green, geometrically formed squares. These were the famous forts.

A few minutes later I found myself over the spacious station of Metz. This was our objective. The machine in front of me executed a semicircle in order to give the slower aeroplanes time to come up. Handicapped by my 140-h. p. I took no part in this maneuver, but flew straight to the point, where I was the first to arrive.

Our coming must have been announced, as several enemy machines came from every direction to meet us. One of them advanced toward me. Quickly, I turned my head to see if my observer was on his guard. His machine gun was pointed at the enemy, his finger on the trigger. At a distance of one hundred and fifty meters, the enemy machine made a brisk movement to get beyond our range, turning to enable its gunner to fire at us. But this maneuver was useless, for the greater number of the biplane machines have two guns, one stationary, which fires from the front, the other mounted on a turret in the rear.

I kept my eyes on my adversary. I could clearly see the black painted cross on his fuselage and helm. The fight began. We exchanged a shower of bullets. The Boche piqued, apparently having had enough. I did not think it worth my while to follow him, as there was nothing now to obstruct our way, and I had an important mission to fulfil.

Through the wind-shield I could distinguish railroad-tracks, trains, stationary and on the move, stores of goods, hangars, etc.

My observer tapped me on the shoulder and signed to me to go ahead. Another tap informed me that the bombs had been dropped. Our mission was accomplished. All that remained for us to do now was to get back to camp as soon as possible. The Boches were hurrying up in numbers. We had to keep a watch on all sides. We were surprised by a monoplane Fokker, which hurled at us a shower of bullets and departed before we had time to respond. Two or three short, sharp, familiar sounds, informed me that my machine was hit. But my motor continued its regular throb and my observer reported that the gasoline tank was untouched.

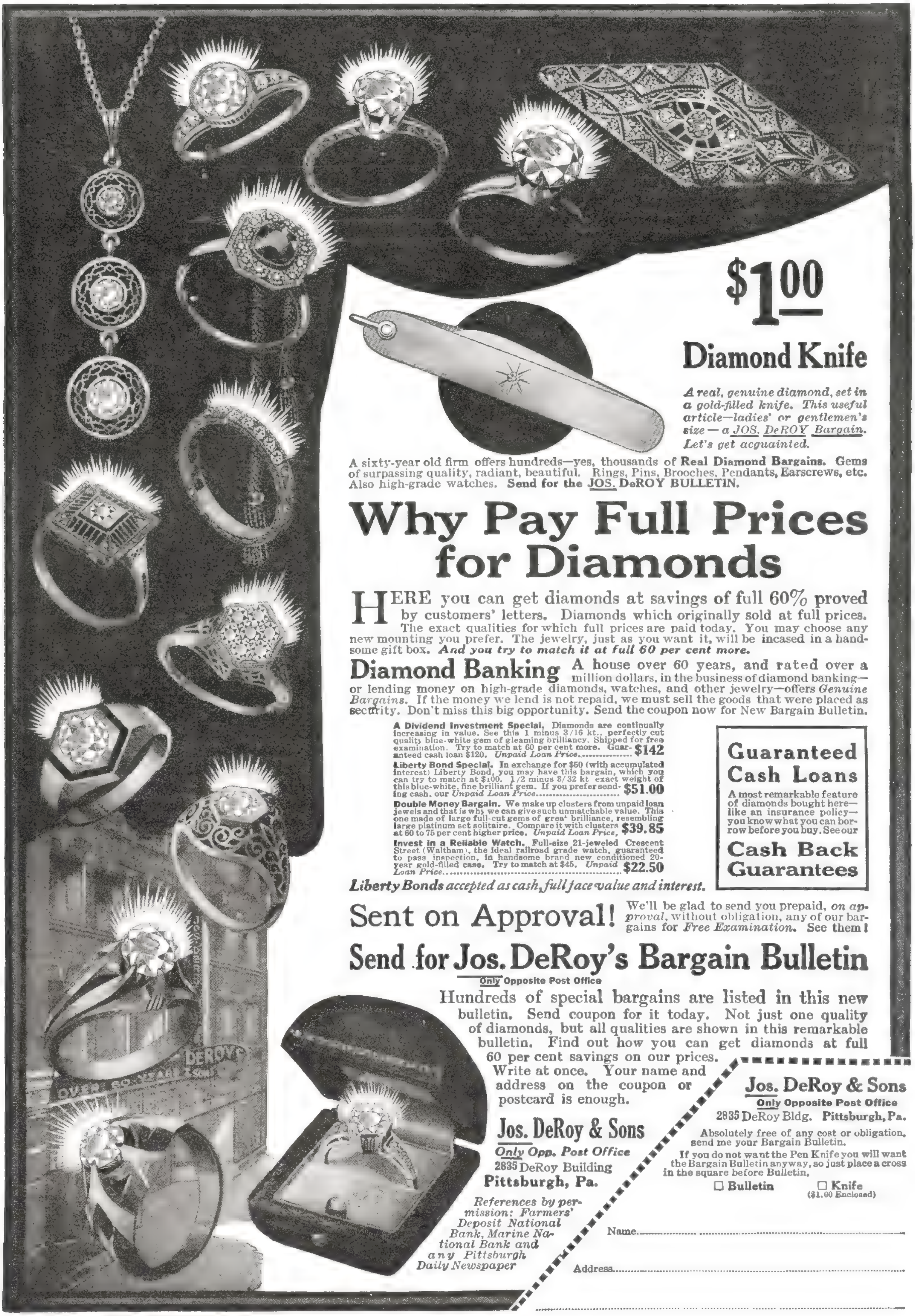
The wind blowing from the north facilitated our return. In a short time we were over our lines. Then I laughed, without knowing why. I looked at my observer, and he, too, laughed. We were both feeling good. Now that we were out of danger we wanted to compare notes, but the noise of the motor hindered all conversation.

Slowing down the motor in our descent we glided smoothly over the valley of the Meurthe, and so on home. My comrade lighted a cigaret and passed it on, for me to take a puff.

Gradually, the scene beneath us grew normal. The smooth carpet of green moss slowly developed into forests; the long and narrow black ribbons became railroads, the white ribbons, roads. That which in the distance I had taken for a large factory, partly hidden in a cloud of smoke, now assumed gigantic proportions, and I recognized it as the city of Nancy. I was at an altitude of 200 meters, over the plateau of Malzeville, which served us as an aviation field. One last spiral, and I landed near the hangars of my escadrille. My first care was to examine my machine. I found that the planes were pierced in several places by bullets.

Finally, all our men had returned and our captain expressed his satisfaction at seeing his escadrille complete.

Unfortunately, this was not the case with the other formations that participated in the raid. Though it was still too soon to make sure, we feared that some of our comrades would be the guests of the enemy that night.



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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A CHICAGO clergyman gives this account of infant resourcefulness:

His little daughter was feeling a bit under the weather one evening, and consequently was put to bed early. She had not been under the covers more than five minutes before she called out: "Mother, I want to see Father."

"Go to sleep, dear," answered the mother. "Father can't see you now."

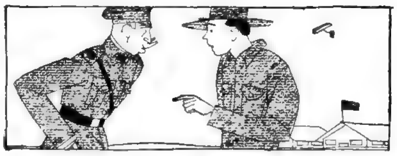
In a few minutes she called once more: "Mother, I've got to see Father."

"I can't disturb your father now. He is very busy. Go to sleep."

There was silence for nearly five minutes. Then these words floated down the stairs: "Mother, I am a very sick woman, and I must see my pastor at once."

ONE broiling August day an aged "cullud gemman," who was pushing a barrow of bricks, paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, shaking his fist at the sun, he apostrophized it thus:

"Fo' the Lawd's sake, war wuz yuh last Janooary?"



A DASHING lieutenant-colonel, ex-member of the General Staff, was approached by a recently drafted man.

"What might your name be? Do you belong to this bunch?"

"I'm the colonel in charge."

"Wal, I see the balance of 'em busy around here, and I don't see you doin' anything. How does a fellow go about gittin' yur job?"

A PLAYWRIGHT and an actor were in conversation when the former, who has been none too successful of late, exclaimed gloomily:

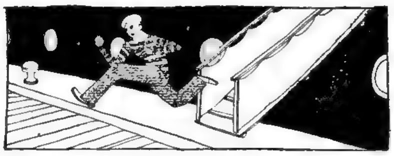
"People will praise my work after I am dead."

"Well," said the actor, in a consoling tone, "perhaps you are right, but don't you think it's a great deal of a sacrifice to make for a little praise?"

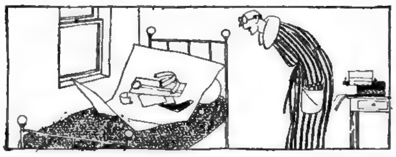
A SOUTHERN man tells of a colored mother, living in a country district of Georgia, who was induced by her ten-year-old child to take him to the circus in a town near their home.

She borrowed a wagon and a mule and set out with her offspring for the circus. The roads were bad—it had rained—and the youngster was frightfully fidgety. Finally the tired mother exclaimed:

"See heah, you Erasmus! Yo' set still! I've druv yo' ten miles to enjoy dis circus an' you shall enjy it, ef I has to pull ebery hair out er yo' haid!"



A FOREIGN-BORN citizen and his wife were not living together. A fire destroyed their home. The insurance company was resisting the payment of the policy of insurance thereon. The husband, on cross-examination, was asked by the lawyer for the insurance company if he and his wife were not separated. He replied, "Not financially."



FIRST Author—"Find it hard work to sell your stuff?"

Second Author—"You bet; the only luck I have had lately was when I wrote a poem on my cuff and the laundry didn't send it back."

AN OLD negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

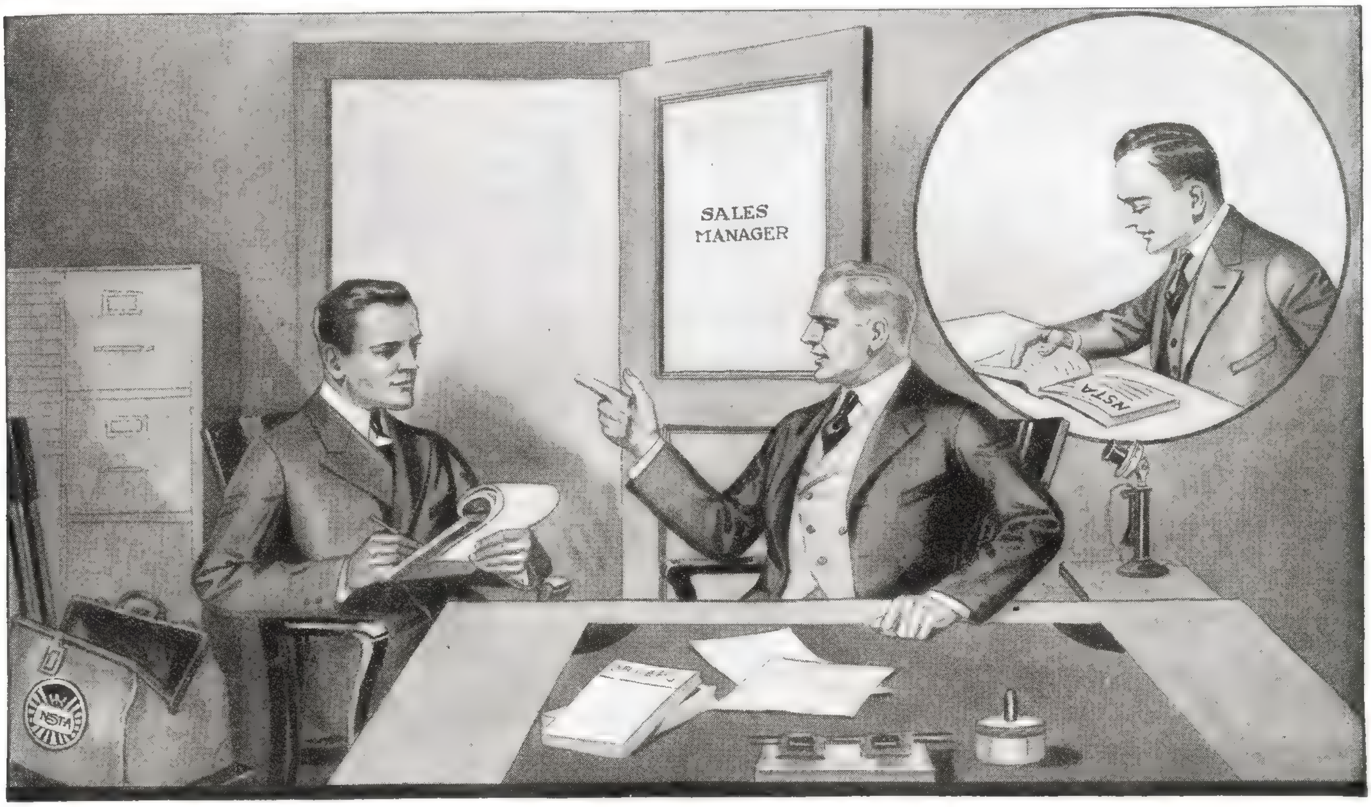
"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry-tree?"

"No, suh, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."

◆

COUNSEL—"Come, sir, do you mean to tell me you didn't see the complainant's cow on the land? How near should you be to a beast to recognize it?"

Witness—"About the distance I am from you."



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FOR BETTER ·H·S·V·U·S· CITIZENSHIP

A TROOP OF FARM BOY CAVALIERS ON PATROL.

Volunteers of the Farm

THROUGH the smoke and flame of battle a shattered world looks to the youth of America. Upon them depends in large part victory now, and, immeasurably, lasting peace thereafter. Every agency which guides the youth of America in their present service and prepares them for their future task, is of paramount importance. They are many. Each has its place, each reaches constructively a part of that young America in its own way. Between them all the spirit of most cordial cooperation must prevail. All together must serve as a rallying ground for the spirit of the New America, the America of service immediate and lasting.

The Boy Scouts have wonderfully mobilized the *younger boys* for service and training in the elements of citizenship in a thousand ways. The High-School Volunteers of the United States is trying to mobilize the *older boys* of the country through the high-school system for service and training in citizenship in more advanced ways—some of which are recorded in these pages every month.

But—here is a startling thought—both of these reach only the boys in cities or towns. The high schools, of course, are in cities; and there are few Boy Scout organizations in rural sections. Their attractions are chiefly for the city boy, and the leaders necessary are hard to find in the country. While the eight boys required for a Boy Scout patrol might be found in a city block, four miles of country territory would have to be canvassed to find the same number of eligibles. Distances are long to a rendezvous, and hiking through the country has no such attractions for a boy familiar with rural scenery as for a boy living in a city home.

And more than half of the youth of America are on farms!

The University of Minnesota, in the heart of the great farm bosom of the country, has a University farm. Its head is a great raw-boned, practical visionary who was once a farm boy himself. He has studied their problem with a mind and heart of rare sympathy and has found a solution—the simplest in the world, and one that in its working out has brought the farm boys of America into the great movement for citizenship and service of which the High-School Volunteers and the Boy Scouts are a part. It is this:

Give the country boy the use of a horse—or possibly a "flivver"—with a program of competitive activities suited to his environment, and the difficulties of getting together and of finding suitable leadership are overcome, and like a youthful Rob Roy, he may exclaim, "My foot is on my native heath; my name, Macgregor."

This is the gist of the idea behind the organization which Professor D. D. Mayne of the University of Minnesota has developed during the past year and a half—the Farm Boy Cavaliers of America. Troops of Cavaliers are organized in a half dozen Western farming states, and the movement is spreading rapidly. The organization is modeled upon the old chivalric orders—with Knights, Esquires, Pages and Yeomen. And the country girls are included too, as "Home Cavaliers" of three grades—Novices, Damoiselles and Ladies. The Cavaliers are each expected to have a plot of ground on their father's farm for crops, poultry, hog, sheep, cattle or horse raising. In all this the competitive idea is thoroughly worked out. Instead of competing as the Boy Scouts do in studies and activities natural to the city boy, or as the High-School Volunteers do, in athletic and semi-military attainments, the Cavaliers compete in cultivating crops, raising livestock, learning to do farm tasks, and doing deeds of rural public service.

The training for citizenship and the actual war service that is coming out of the work of the Cavaliers is inestimable. While the Scouts and the High-School Volunteers are competing in learning the elements of military life, signaling, telegraphy and all the things which prepare for whatever need of service may come, groups of Cavaliers are vying with each other in calf-feeding, butter-making, canning, pig-raising, patrolling roads and forests, and ridding the country of mosquitoes. Through the work of the High-School Volunteers and to an extent that of the Boy Scouts, the Youth of America are aiding or preparing to aid the country and the world in the great tasks confronting it on the military side. The Cavaliers supplement this with a service and a training equally important, and they complete the picture of Young America serving and learning to serve the world.

If you can do anything to boost the Cavaliers, write to Professor Mayne, University Farm, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Saving the Money That Slipped Through Their Fingers

How an Investment of $2.00 Grew to $7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

By Arthur H. Patterson

MR. AND Mrs. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over $400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at $3,500 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of $1,800 and $1,700 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of $1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly $750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning $2,000 a year. That was in 1907. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The $750 which I inherited went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was always a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just $400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."

I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on $1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50% and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes 17% we chopped to 5% that first year and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1907. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and $653 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of $250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to $2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

****

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is designed to keep track of the income and expenses of the average family in a systematic manner. Each book is made to contain the records of four consecutive years.

No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary to properly keep a Woolson Book. The lifetime experience of an expert accountant is in the book. He devised it for his own household and planned it so his wife could keep it.

Two minutes daily is sufficient to keep it written up to date. At the end of each week and month and year you not only know where every penny went, but you will have an analysis and comparative table of all the various expenditures, showing just what it went for. Every detail of money management is provided for by a simple, easy-system that a 12-year-old child could handle.

This book has proved truly a godsend to thousands because it has taught them a sure way to manage their finances. With it you know every minute just where you are moneywise. It automatically shows every penny of income and outgo; just how much for groceries, dress, rent, medicine, amusement, car-fare, etc.—and all this instantly and plainly. It is not complicated or tiresome. In fact, once you have started keeping a Woolson Book you will find it fascinating as a game and a miser for saving money.

The publishers are desirous, while the interest of the American public is fastened on the problem of high-cost-of-living, to distribute several hundred thousand copies of the new greatly improved edition and are doing it in this way:

Merely write to them and ask that a copy be sent you without cost for a five days' examination. If at the end of the time you decide to keep it, you send $2.00 in payment, or if you wish to return it, you can do so without further obligation. Send no cash. Merely fill in the coupon, supply business reference, mail, and the book will be sent you immediately.

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OVER HERE

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

IN LAST month's EVERYBODY'S we told how one little town in Maine, under the leadership and energy of a few of its citizens, mobilized its resources of men, land, money, time and labor to take an active part in the war. Government officials saw in this story so great an inspiration and possibility of service that we propose to follow it through with a record in these pages, from time to time, of similar instances of community response to the patriotic call of the hour—over here.

There are many other places like Norway. Their work should be equally inspiring to the towns of America. If you live in one—village, town, city, district or county—that is proud of itself for its war-work of any kind, let us know.

IT IS what places like Norway, Maine—Norway, America! and a thousand Norways, are doing that will win this war. For everywhere villages and towns are flinging themselves, as Norway did last April, into the task that America has pledged herself to perform.

The Department of Agriculture, in Washington, has seized with enthusiasm upon the plan that Mundy, Cummings, Foster and the rest, in that obscure little village, tucked away in a corner of Maine, have shown to be practicable.

"We want every town in America to do the sort of thing Norway did last summer," ***says Professor W. I. Spillman, Chief of the Bureau of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture.*** **"I shall see to it that our representatives in every county read EVERYBODY'S account of what Norway did in 1917. That is a concrete example of what can, and must, be done.**

"Norway's card-index system is splendid. With the needed local modification, it ought to be used all over the United States. Our extension representatives are trying to get men and boys, who can do an occasional day's work on the farm, listed in just that fashion. We are taking care of the large-scale labor needs here. Last year we surveyed practically the whole country. We knew just how much help the farmers would need in the great grain states, and working in cooperation with the Department of Labor we saw to it that every farmer had all the men he needed. But, after all that has been done, America won't reach its maximum production unless this Norway idea is universally applied.

"Next year, all over America, farmers can raise more crops, can add their little bit to the piling up of a record harvest, if they are assured of just such extra help—from men closing their stores for a day or two, from boys giving up their holidays, from workers getting out on the farms on Sundays, if that is their only free day. And all over America such plans are being made."

In **Charlotte, Michigan,** which has a population of about 4,000 and boasts of a motor-truck factory that gives employment to a good many men, a citizens' committee went out among the farmers of the locality last spring, very much as Mundy and Company did around Norway. They, too, listed volunteer workers, and when the time of the final drive came, a department of the truck factory was closed down for half a day at a time to release men. Also, much work was done in the fields on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays, and the great majority of the volunteer farm-laborers gave the money the farmers paid them to the Red Cross.

McMinnville, Oregon, is the center of a fine, rich agricultural country. The agricultural survey of Yamhill County revealed the need of fifteen hundred workers in the county. It was up to McMinnville to supply them. The Chamber of Commerce called a mass-meeting, at which volunteers were asked to come forward. They did! The president of a bank worked all through the critical weeks. His system was to work in the fields two days and apply arnica to portions of himself on the third.

Everywhere people have snatched hours from their regular work to help in rolling up a mighty food production. For a whole day, in November, business was suspended in **Danville, New York,** to make sure of the local potato crop. Stores were closed, and banks; factories shut down. The women put up lunches and followed the men to the fields. And a crop that might have rotted in the ground was saved.

All sorts of variations of Mundy's scheme to get people to keep pigs—just one or two pigs—are being put into practise all over the country. There is a little bit of a place in Texas called **Ysleta.** There the school children bought a pig, and called him Herbert Hoover. They are feeding him on what they can spare from the lunches their mothers give them to take to school, and when he is big enough to be turned into bacon for Pershing's army they will turn over the money to a war relief fund.

In **Hull, Massachusetts,** the committee of public safety, which looked into the Norway pig plan, bought three hundred and twenty-five little pigs and put them out to board, on shares. In **Omaha, Nebraska,** the Hotel Men's Association bought four hundred porkers, which are being fed on the scraps from the hotel and restaurant kitchens.

In Mississippi, hog raising has been put wholly on a cooperative basis. Shipments are cooperative, too, and in 1917 the state shipped 200,000 hogs—against 15,000 in 1915. In Louisiana every one who has a dog and room enough to make the change is being asked to keep a pig instead.

John Bowman, who is in charge of the work of the United States Food Administration in the matter of hotels and restaurants and dining-cars, started a mighty ball rolling when he thought of a buy-a-calf movement—first cousin to the Mundy pig plan of Norway. Bowman, in behalf of his chief, Hoover, asks people not to eat veal—and in his hotels you can't get a dish involving the use of veal. Hotel men, everywhere, are taking up the work of calf conservation with enthusiasm. So there will be a shortage of veal—but that means more beef, later.

The Treasury Department has been preparing, ever since it finished tabulating the subscriptions to the second Liberty Loan, for the one that must be floated this spring. Norway's splendid oversubscription of its quota in both loans has been gratefully noted in Washington.

"The great cities, with their showy talk of millions subscribed in a single day, and their clocks, have made a wonderful showing," ***said one official.*** **"But if it were possible to assemble all the records of places like Norway you would be astonished. Of course, there are towns that haven't come through. We're reaching many of them with the war savings stamps, and preparing the ground for the next loan. Places like Norway point the way—they show what a small place can do. More power to them!"**

No effort that has to do with the winning of this war is insignificant or unimportant. No community, no individual, has the right to say that what it, what he or she, can do is of no account.

Every extra ear of corn, every additional hog or steer, every day's work on a farm by a man or boy who would otherwise be working or playing in some way not connected with the war, counts in the mighty total of America's effort.

"THE OLDEST DOOR IN THE WORLD."

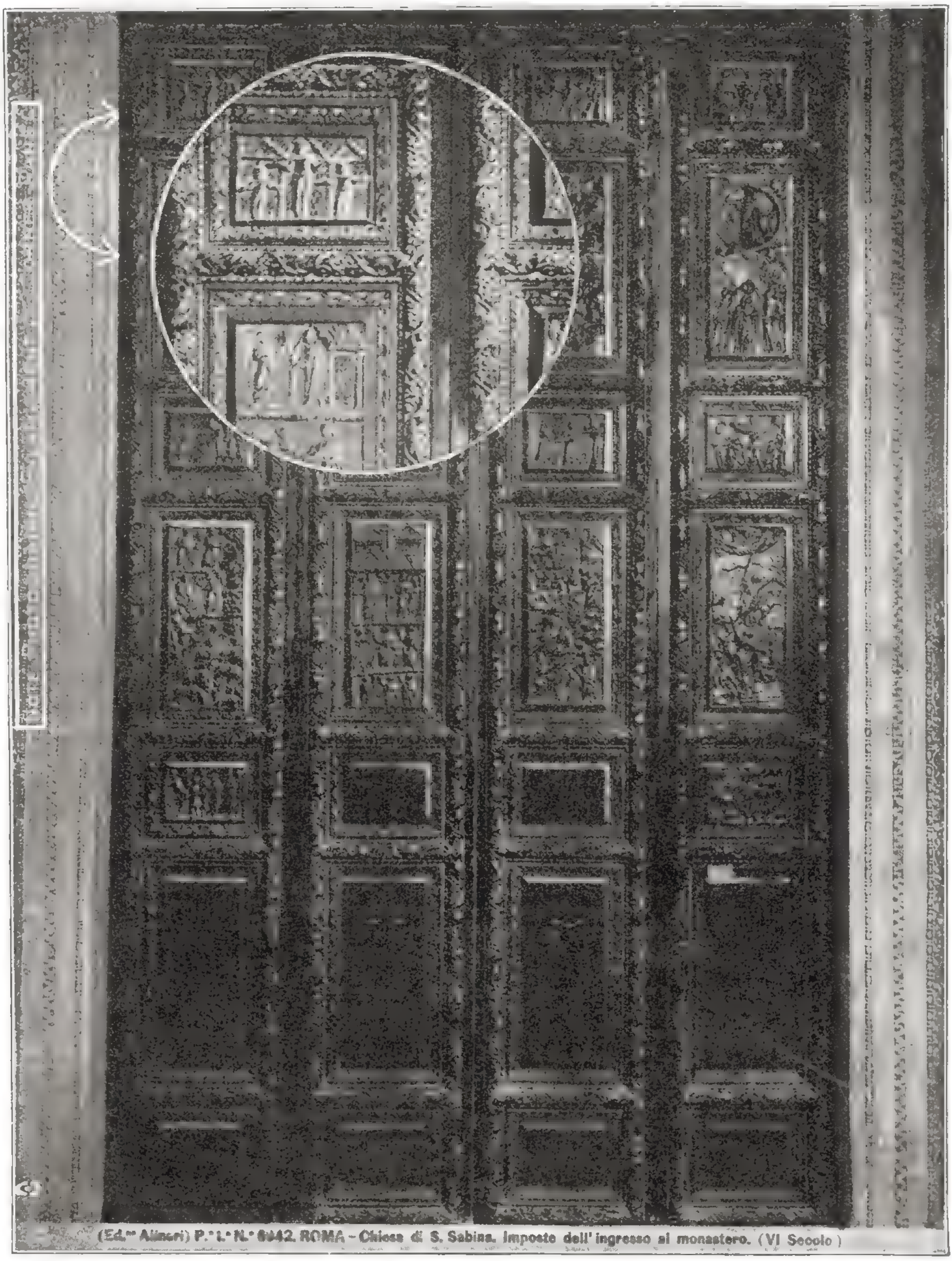
It may be seen in the Church of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine Hill in Rome. "This door is of Cypress and is adorned with carvings, mostly of the 5th Century. The upper carving at the left is said to be the oldest representation of the crucifixion."

Another archaeological authority (in Princeton, New Jersey) writes: "Opinions vary as to the dates of these doors, but the weight of opinion puts them as early as the 5th or 6th Century, A.D." (DOES CYPRESS, "The Wood Eternal," LAST? Does it *LAST?!*)

BUY YOUR CYPRESS BY THE CYPRESS ARROW

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

ALL LUMBER FOR USES WHICH INVITE DECAY SHOULD BE "ALL-HEART" WOOD. (SPECIFY THIS.) AS A GUARANTY OF "TIDE-WATER" CYPRESS, THE TRUE "WOOD ETERNAL," INSIST THAT THIS CYPRESS ARROW MUST BE ON THE END OF EVERY BOARD OR TIMBER, AND ON EVERY BUNDLE OF SHINGLES AND SMALL ITEMS.



(Ed.ne Alinari) P.e I.a N.° 6042. ROMA - Chiesa di S. Sabina. Imposte dell' ingresso al monastero. (VI Secolo)

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If a Cypress door continues in daily use for over 1400 years, and you build your new estate of Cypress, all or in part, how much will you and your posterity save in repair bills if put out at compound interest? The same logic applies to present repairs or additions on structures built by people who did not learn about "The Wood Eternal" soon enough. Mansion, Cottage, Farm Structures of all types, little back fence or ornate pergola—it's all the same. "The Greatest 'Natural-born' Farm Lumber ever."

The photograph above (much larger) on India Tint paper, is the "art supplement" to Volume 38 of the internationally famous Cypress Pocket Library. This Volume is about "home-grown" furniture and contains full sized detail plans and complete specifications for seven different furniture designs. 54 pages. 12 illustrations. 2 supplements. It is yours on request, with our compliments. The sooner the better. (Also ask for Volume 1, containing the complete U. S. Government Report on Cypress, "the Wood Eternal.")

Southern Cypress Manufacturers' Association 1200 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La., or, 1200 Heard National Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

"TIDEWATER" CYPRESS, THE WOOD ETERNAL ("ALL-HEART" GRADE), LASTS AND LASTS AND LASTS AND LASTS AND LASTS AND LASTS AND LASTS.

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

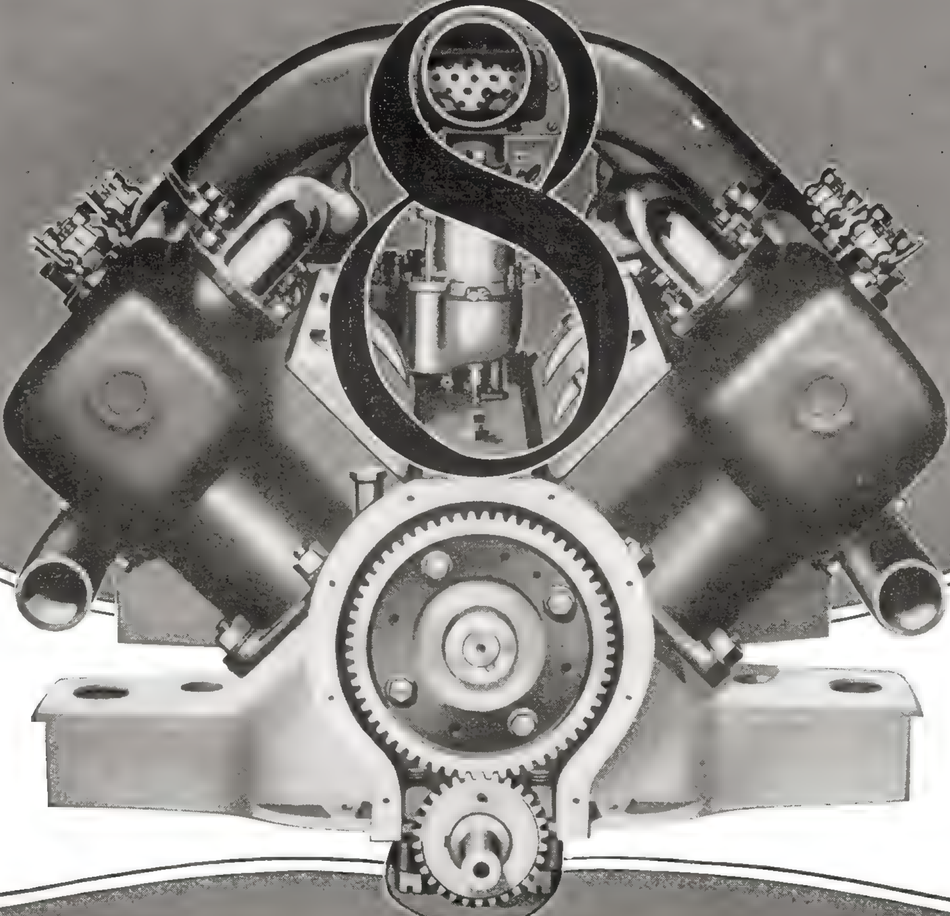
Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Pleasure Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3–4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
				3¼x4½	25.35	122	Salisbury		32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	$1295	$1295		$1295		$1920	
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	122	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	1595	1595		1595	$2150	2150	
									32x3½										
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	own	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1095	$1095			1395	
				3⅛x4½	15.63	106			30x3½										
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4–6	Al-Chal.	3x4½	21.60	114		FF	32x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal.							
AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	1465	1465	1375				
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4¼	25.25	120	Columb.	FF	33x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	1435	1435	1435	1485		2165	$2750
				3½x5	30				34x4		Rayfield			2200		2200			
APPERSON Kokomo, Ind.	2	6–8	Own	3¼x5	34	130	Own	DF	34x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Bijur		2550		2550		3400	
			Cont.	3¼x4½	23.4	120		¾F	34x4			Remy		1295	1295			1545	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	131		FF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco				1635		1935	2400
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	4950		4950	5250
			G. B. & S.	3¾x4	32	114	Adams				Zenith		945	945	995				
BELL, York, Pa.	2	4	Cont.	3¾x5	32	114	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	1145	1145	1145			1350	
									32x4										
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5⅛	22	121		¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860			4180	
				3½x5		114									845				
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4-6	Lycom.	3 x4¼	20	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto			955				
BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.35	118		¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy			1250				1600
BREWSTER, New York, City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	6700	7200	7200		8400	8400	8500
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.187x5⅛	16.25	104	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	725	725	725				
						106			31x4										
				3⅜x4¾	18.2	118		¾F	34x4				795		795				
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3⅜x4½	27.3	124	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1265	1265	1495	1695	2175	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5		116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.		Delco			875				
						125			35x5										
CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3⅛x5⅛	31.25	132	Timken	FF	34x4½	Pres.	Own	Delco	2805	2805		2805		3650	4145
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875		1875		2375	
CARTER BROS., Hyattsville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5½	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
						117			32x4										
CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	122	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1365	1475	1365	1450	1625	1850	2925
CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1595		1595	2195	2295	2895
				3.687x4	21.7	102	Own		30x3½	Grav.			620		635		1060	1060	
				3.687x5¼	21.7	108	Own		33x4	Vac.			935		935			1475	
CHEVROLET, New York City	3	4–8	Own	3⅜x4	36.45	120	Own	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		1385	1385				
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				106	Hyatt	SF	30x3½	Grav.			695		695				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	127	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	2395	2395		2395	2495	2795	
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Ward Leonard		1495	1350			1995	
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285			2250	
COMMONWEALTH, formerly Partin-Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	40	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995				
CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	30.	122½	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2250	2250	2250	2250	2250	2750	3000
CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	114	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto		995	935		1195	1275	
						132							4250	4250	4250	4250	5500	5500	5500
CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	4750	4750	4750	4750			6000
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	3100	3100	3100	3100			
				3¼x4½	25.35	119	Hyatt	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1485	1485	1485		1795	
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	124	Bock	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1785	1785	1785		1850	
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1150	1250		1250	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville. Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		895	895			1295	
DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	35x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty		2500		2500			
									32x3½										
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4½	24.03	114	Own	FF	33x4	Vac.		No. East	885		885		1350	1350	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	130	Timken	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
									30x3½										
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x5	16.9	105	Walker	¾F	31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		725	725			1095	
DRUMMOND, Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3 x5	28.8	120		FF	34x4	Vac.		W'house		1800	1800				
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3¾x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3 x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch		295						
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	116	Salisbury	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1285			1795	
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	2	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	115	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		1095	1095			1625	
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4¼	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1645	
			Teetor	3⅞x5	24	115	Peru	SF	33x4				1165		1125				
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4–6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.6	120	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1345	1345	1375		1685	
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	23	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Dyneto	850		850				
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5½x6¾	42	140		SF	35x5	Pres.	Zenith	W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	
									30x3		Holley								
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Kingston		345		360		560	695	
									32x4										
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2000	2050	2050			2950	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	31.9	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1495	1495			1795	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4¼	21.6	114	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1055	1055	1055		1575	1595	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto							
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3500	3750		3500		4500	5000
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4¼	14.4	100		SF	28x3	Grav.	Zenith	Wagner	750	985					
						106			31x4										
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	115	Peru	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	950	1090	1080				
									34x4										
				3½x5	29.4	121			34x4½		Tillotson	Leece		1825	1725	1825	2535	2585	
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2¾x5	36.3	127	Own	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Neville		2785		2785	3385	3335	
			Falls	3x4¼	21.6				32x3½						1135				
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6–8	Own	3x4¼	28.8	116	Own	SB	34x4	Vac.	Stewart	Splitdorf							
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	2¼x3¾	16.2	112	Own		30x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Disco	1050						
									32x4½										
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		1750		1650		2175	2925
HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¼x5½	16.9	112	Own	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1250		1250				
INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	110	Peru	SF	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Remy	950	1025	1000				

(Continued on page 94)

APPERSON



80 Parts Removed From the 8 Motor

For three years the 8-cylinder motor had not advanced.

Slight changes, yes.

But nothing vital, until the Apperson Brothers brought out the 8 minus 80 unnecessary parts.

This is the crowning event in twenty-five years of "blazing the way" for the motor world.

At one stroke, the Apperson Brothers have made over the 8. One entire camshaft, one gear, hitherto considered important, the trigger board with all its troublesome accessories, have been "junked."

And the motor is infinitely better for the change. It's simpler, more powerful, more dependable, more enduring.

In a word all the sturdiness, quick acceleration, flexibility and permanence of the eight—

With a simplicity substantially the same as the old four-cylinder motor—

And a sureness of operation excelled by no motor whatever its number of cylinders.

Motor is not all of the Apperson. But it is typical.

The aggressiveness, the boldness, the certainty of Apperson design, are fitly represented in this new motor.

And this originality of construction and effective performance that you find in the motor extends to every other part of the car.

Luxurious riding qualities.

Saving of tires.

Economy of gasoline.

Dignity and distinction in the lines.

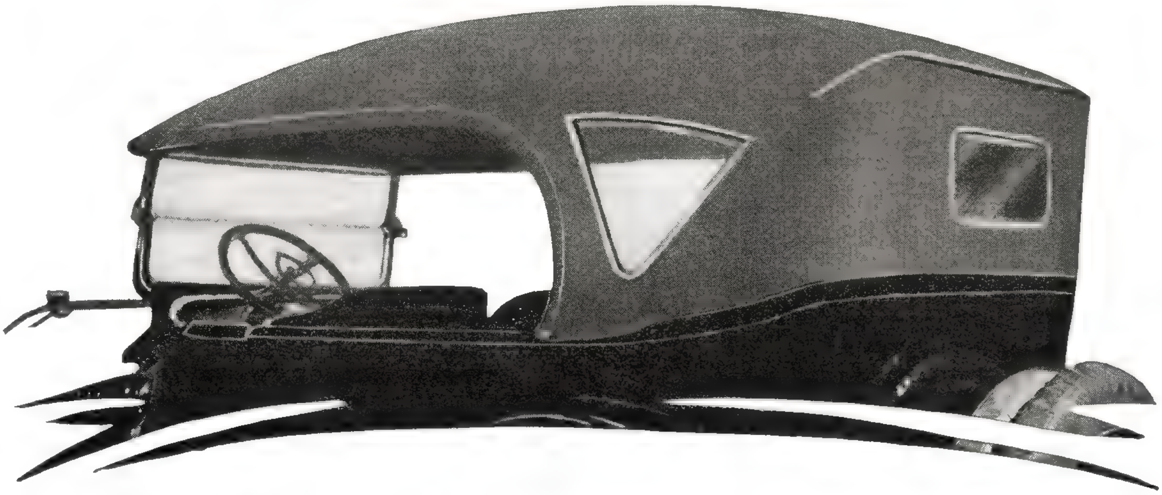
Dependability.

Observe and test Apperson qualities. Have your dealer demonstrate. And make the trial difficult. Ask more of the Apperson 8 than you would of other cars. Then decide.

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO.
Kokomo, Indiana

Continued from page 92	Models	Clyinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3–4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
														$1495					
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	118	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	$1495	1575	$1495	$1570		$2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5⅛	35	125	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite			1675	1675		2550	
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	127	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2375	1895		1795		2750	$3500
											Ball &								
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Bijur							
KISSEL KAR,		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy		1885	1885		$1735	1885	
Hartford, Wis.	2	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		2650		2650	2650	2800	
KLINE KAR,																			
Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1495	1495	1495			2195	
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		1095	1095	1095			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¾x5½	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON,						116			32x4					1385					
Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	29.4	122	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1585		1585	1545	1785	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1350	1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE,			Own	4¼x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6050		5950			7200
LOZIER,		4	Own	4¼x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3⅞x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
MCFARLAN SIX,																			
Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	48.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3500	3500	3500	3500	4600	4600	4650
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
		4	Own	3⅛x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾F	30x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	795				1095		
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Falls	3⅛x4¼	23.44	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	975	975	975		1375	1375	
MARION-HANDLEY,																			
Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5⅛	33.75	136	Own	¾F	32x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Bijur		3550	3500	3550		4650	6000
MAXWELL,									30x3½			Simms-							
Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅝x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾F	31x4	Grav.	K.-D.	Huff		745	745		1095	1095	
MERCER,						115													
Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	132	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	3400	3500	3500				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	695		695				
MITCHELL,				3¼x5	25.4	120	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Splitdorf	1250	1280	1250		1850	1950	
Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT,				3¾x5	22.5	118			34x4			Wagner-		1575	1575			2280	
E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	4x6	25.6	122	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Auto-Lite		1950		1950	2490	2400	
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR,			G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.50	110			32x3½		Schebler			995	995			1270	
Columbus, Ohio	2	4–6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Heinze		1195	1195			1470	
MONROE,		4	Sterling	3x4¼	14	96	Walker		30x3	Pres.			565	635				965	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Own	3¼x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite			1095				
		6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	19.85	114	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Tillotson	Wagner			1195				
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	125	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1685		1685			
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1850		1850	2550	2650	
MOORE 30,																			
Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	550	550	550				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3½x3⅝	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800	3600	4000	4000
		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1295	1295			1985	
NASH, Kenosha, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x4⅝	29.4	125	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur				1465			
NATIONAL,			Own	3½x5¼	29.4							W'house		1995		1995	2645	2820	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2⅞x4¾	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur		2595		2595	3245	3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	Own	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Remy	990		990		1490	1190	
											Johnson								
OLDSMOBILE,		6	Own	2.81x4¾	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Ball &	Delco	1185		1185		1595	1695	
Lansing, Mich.	2	8	Own	2⅞x4¾	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Delco		1467		1467			
OLYMPIAN,																			
Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	37	114		FF	32x3½	Vac.		Auto-Lite		965			1340	1565	
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	104	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	780	840					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	106	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			795			1240	
		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		915	930				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	116	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1115	1130		1420	1620	
		6	Own	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Amer.	FF						3300	3300	3300			4350
OWEN MAGNETIC,		6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136	Amer.	FF	34x4½					3950			3600		5000
Cleveland, Ohio	3	6	Own	4x5½	40	142	Amer.	FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		5300		3950		6300	6300
			Own	3x5	43.2	128	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3700	3700	3700	4800		5250
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.2	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				4100			5650
						117													
			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	124			32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1330	1330	1330				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1775		1775	2850	2850	3230
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1795	
PATHFINDER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g	Delco		3250		3250			
											Ball &								
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball	Auto-Lite	2490	2340		2340	2850	2990	3690
												Ward-							
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125		FF	32x4½	Vac.		Leonard			5000				
			Own	4x5⅛	38.40	134	Own		34x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		35x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	36x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4⅛x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3⅛x5	23.4	120	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1295	1295				
PREMIER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅜x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285		3285	
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	825	825	825				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4¾	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4⅛x4½	27.2	115		SF	34x4	Grav.	Johnson			985	985				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4–6	Own	3.563x5⅛	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1385		1385		1950	
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				8000			
ROAMER,			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4								2150	1950				3150	3250
Kalamazoo, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2295	2090		3150		3250	4500
												Ward-							
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Leonard		1850		1850			
SAYERS SIX,																			
Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	118	Bowers	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Delco			1295				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		395						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	2	4–6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		935	935			1395	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,			Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾F	30x3½			Remy	935						
Detroit, Mich.	2	4–8	Ferro	2⅝x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1285					
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	LeRoy	3⅛x4½	27	108	Adams	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	A.-Chal.		900	850				
SIMPLEX,									36x4½		New-	Eismann	chassis						
New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4⅜x6¼	45.9	143½	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	comb	Bosch	7000						
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
STANDARD,		8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house		1950					
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2450	2450		2450	3500	3500	4000
STANLEY STEAMER,												Aplco							
Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Ltg.		2550		2600			
STATES,		4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac		Dyneto	895	895	895				
Kalmazoo, Mich.	2	6	Own	3 x4½	30	112	Adams	FF	31x4	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	995	995	995			995	
STEARNS,				3¾x5⅝	22.5	119			34x4		Schebler			1785	1785	1925	2400	2535	3350
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4–8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		2575		2575	3200		3875
STEPHENS SALIENT																			
SIX, Moline, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4¼	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1985	1550	1485			1985	
				3½x5	19.6	112			32x3½										
STUDEPAKER,				3½x5	29.4	119			32x4			Wagner-							
Detroit, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3⅞x5	36.04	126	Own	SF	32x4½	Vac.		Remy							
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	4	Own	4⅜x6	30.6	120	Own	¾F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550	2650		2750			
SUN, Elkhart, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅛x5	23.4	116	Adams	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1345	1345	1345			
				3¼x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1265						2450
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	124	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy	1340	1340	1340	1595	1900	1885	
WACO, Seattle, Wash.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	37	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco			950				
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1890	2190	1940	2790	2790	
						124½						Leece							
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5¾	28.9	137½	Own	SF	35x5	Vac.	Own	Neville		4600		4600	5650	5650	5800
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	120	Own	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1365		1365		2045	
WILLYS KNIGHT,		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.19	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1525	2175		
Toledo, Ohio	2	8	Own	3⅜x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				2000		2700	2800
WINTON SIX,			Own	3¾x5¼	33.75	128	Timken	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	2950	2950	2950	3000	3950	4200	3950
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4x5½	48.6	138	Timken	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3500	3500	3500	3500	4500	4750	4500
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	2¾x4	12.12	124	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Own					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Perkins	3⅛x4	18	104		FF	28x3	Grav.	Carter	Disco	405						

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



RAYNTITE—The Top That Stays New

A grey, dingy, faded top will make any car look passé. Don't sell your car because the top looks shabby. Get a new top—a top that stays new.

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RAYNTITE

never fades. It is water, grease, stain and dust proof—and as cleanable as glass. When soiled by travel, plain water will restore its beauty. It is guaranteed not to leak, crack nor peel for one year but built to last the life of your car.

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World's Largest Makers of Leather Substitutes
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- ☐ Dyes and Bases

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E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Company, Wilmington, Delaware. Explosives.
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The Arlington Works, 725 Broadway, New York. Ivory Pyralin and Cleanable Collars.
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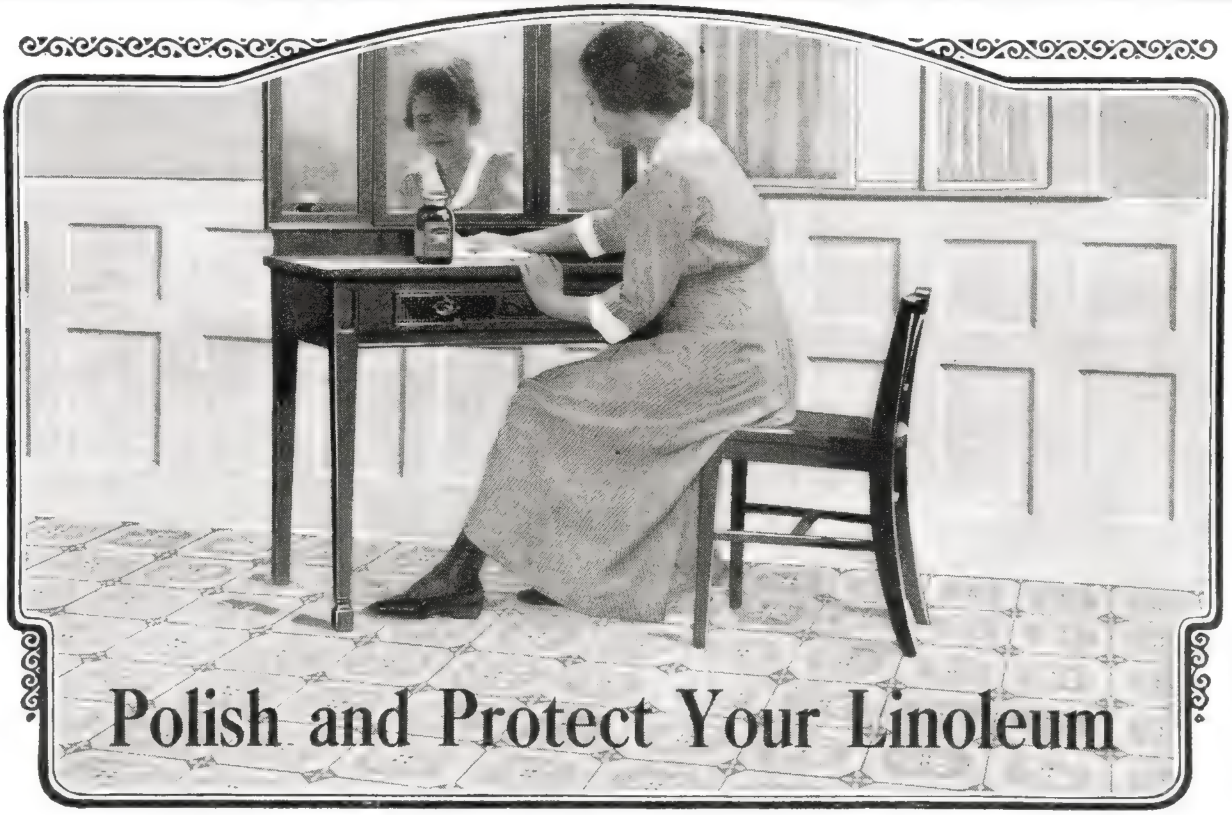
DU PONT

Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"**ACASON,**" Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	$2100 to $4200
"**ACME,**" Acme Motor Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 4	1750 to 3700
"**ARMLEDER,**" The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"**ATLAS,**" Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	885
"**ATTERBURY,**" Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2275 to 3675
"**AUTOCAR,**" The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	1815
"**AVAILABLE,**" Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1775 to 4500
"**BECK,**" Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1140 to 2000
"**BEECH CREEK,**" Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive.	3	3850
"**BESSEMER,**" Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1250 to 3450
"**BETHLEHEM**" Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼ to 2¼	1245 to 1840
"**BOURNE MAGNETIC,**" Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3500 to 4200
"**BRINTON,**" Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2400
"**BRISCOE,**" Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	½	725 and 750
"**BROCKWAY,**" Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	2025 to 3200
"**BURFORD,**" Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"**CHASE,**" Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"**CLYDESDALE,**" Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	
"**COEY,**" Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½	695
"**COLLIER,**" Collier Motor Truck Co., Bellevue Ohio, 1 model. With body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	885
"**COMMERCE,**" Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear drive. Also semi-trailer.	1	1340 to 1490
"**CONESTOGA,**" Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancoster, Pa. 1 model. 4 bodies. Shaft drive.	1200 lb.	965 to 1000
"**CORBITT,**" Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1650 to 4200
"**COUPLE GEAR,**" Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 7000
"**CRANE & BREED,**" Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		3360 to 4200
"**DART,**" Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1850 to 3400
"**DAYTON,**" Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"**D-E,**" Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	950 to 2365
"**DE KALB,**" DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"**DENBY,**" Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 5	1490 to 4900
"**DIAMOND T,**" Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models.	1 to 5	1725 to 4600
"**DISPATCH,**" Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete Internal chain drive.	¾	1150 to 1250
"**DORRIS,**" Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	On application
"**DOWNING,**" Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"**DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE,**" Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	3600
"**ELLSWORTH,**" Mills-Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete.	½	695 and 720
"**ERIE,**" Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"**FARGO,**" Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"**FEDERAL,**" Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1750 to 4200
"**FORD,**" Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive, worm type.	1	600
"**F. W. D.,**" Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only Bevel Gear drive.	3	4600
"**GABRIEL,**" Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1700 to 3300
"**GARFORD,**" The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	1750 to 6000
"**GARY,**" The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"**GEM,**" Gem Motor Car Corp'n, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1 model. Light delivery. Shaft drive.		675 to 750
"**GLOBE,**" Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1425 to 2050
"**G. M. C.,**" General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 5	On application
"**GRAMM-BERNSTEIN,**" Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	On application
"**GRANT DENMO,**" The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 4 models. 3 models chassis only. 1 model with body. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3	960 to 2325
"**HAHN,**" Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"**HALL,**" Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2350 to 4200
"**HARLEY-DAVIDSON,**" Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models. Light Parcel Car.	300to600lbs.	343 to 435
"**HARVEY,**" Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2850 to 4600
"**HATFIELD,**" Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	840 to 875
"**HAWKEYE,**" Hawkeye Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1750
"**HENDERSON BROS.,**" Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"**HEWITT-LUDLOW,**" Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"**HOOVER,**" Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"**HORNER,**" Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2650 to 4750
"**HOUGHTON,**" The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive.	¾	1685 to 1750
"**HURLBURT,**" Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1½ to 7	2600 to 6500
"**INDEPENDENT,**" Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	$1385 and $1850
"**INDIANA,**" Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1600 to 4000
"**INTERNATIONAL,**" International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	1450 and 2550
"**KEARNS,**" Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"**KELLY,**" The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2500 to 4750
"**KING,**" A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive.	3½	2900
"**KISSEL,**" The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	¾ to 5	1185 to 3750
"**KLEIBER,**" Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2100 to 4900
"**KOEHLER,**" H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼	1150
"**KOENIG & LUHRS,**" Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"**LAMSON,**" Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive. Also tractor and dumping equipment.	3 and 5	4000 to 5000
"**LANGE,**" Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2650
"**LARRABEE,**" Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1800 to 3500
"**LENOX,**" Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. 12 to 28 tons haulage.	Tractor	On application
"**LESLIE,**" Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"**LIPPARD-STEWART,**" Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2	1775 to 2850
"**LITTLE GIANT,**" Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1800 to 4200
"**MACCAR,**" Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2400 to 4500
"**MACK,**" International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5000
"**MAXIM,**" Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	3000 and 4000
"**MAXWELL,**" Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	985
"**M. H. C.,**" Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		On application
"**THE MENOMINEE,**" Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1425 to 4150
"**MODERN,**" Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"**MOELLER,**" New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1½ to 5	2500 to 4500
"**MOGUL,**" Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"**MONARCH,**" Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"**MOON,**" Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"**MORELAND,**" Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2050 to 5000
"**MORTON,**" Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"**NASH,**" The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"**NELSON LEMOON,**" Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"**NETCO,**" New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	3000 to 5000
"**NILES,**" Niles Car & Mfg. Co., Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"**NORTHWESTERN,**" Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½	2300
"**OLD HICKORY,**" Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	¾	875
"**OLD RELIABLE,**" Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
OVERLAND" Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, O. 2 models. With or without bodies.	800 and 1200 lb.	785 to 930
"**PACKARD,**" Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2450 to 5150
"**PANHARD,**" Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1 and 1½	895 and 1095
"**PARAGAN,**" Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"**PEERLESS,**" Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	3 to 6	4000 to 5200
"**PIERCE-ARROW,**" Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3750 to 5500
"**RAINIER,**" Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 2 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	995 and 1340
"**RELIANCE,**" Racine Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 5 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	¾ to 5	995 to 3850
"**REO,**" Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1125 and 1800
"**REPUBLIC,**" Republic Motor Truck Co., Alma, Mich., 7 models, ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	895 to 4250
"**RIKER,**" The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"**ROWE,**" Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	1 to 5	2450 to 4500
"**RUSH,**" Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895 to 985
"**SANDOW,**" Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1485 to 3650
"**SANFORD,**" Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. Internal Gear drive.	2½ to 5	2900 to 4600
"**SAURER,**" International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"**SCHACHT,**" The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2800 to 4700
"**SELDEN,**" Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	1075 to 3400
"**SERVICE,**" Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4600
"**SIGNAL,**" Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 5	1875 to 4475
"**STANDARD,**" Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2500 to 4000
"**STEGEMAN,**" Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2800 to 4750



Polish and Protect Your Linoleum

With Johnson's Prepared Wax. Any housewife can easily apply it and keep her floors in perfect condition by simply wiping up the dust occasionally with a dry cloth. Less than an hour is required for polishing a good-sized floor and it may be walked upon immediately. Johnson's Prepared Wax brings out the pattern of Linoleum and preserves it.

A Dust-Proof Furniture Polish

Polish all your furniture—including the piano—with Johnson's Prepared Wax. You will be surprised at the wonderful improvement. It cleans and polishes in one operation—protects and preserves varnish, adding years to its life—covers up mars and small surface scratches and prevents checking. Johnson's Prepared Wax will quickly and permanently remove that bluish cloudy appearance from your mahogany furniture.

JOHNSON'S
Liquid and Paste
PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in Liquid Form as well as paste. Many people prefer the Liquid Wax as it polishes instantly with but very little rubbing—you can go over a roomful of furniture, a good sized floor, or an automobile in half-an-hour. Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax is exactly the same as the Paste Wax except that it is Liquid.

Contains No Oil

Johnson's Prepared Wax contains absolutely no oil, consequently, it gives a hard, dry, glass-like polish which does not collect or hold the dust. It never becomes soft or sticky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body.

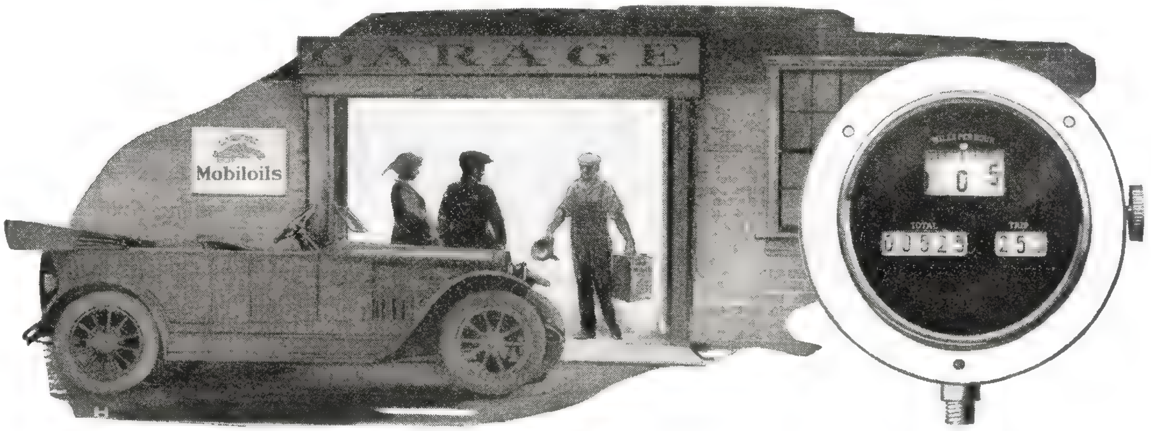
Tell your dealer that Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in Liquid Form and insist upon his supplying you with it.

A Splendid Auto Polish

With Johnson's Prepared Wax you can make your car look like new and save the cost of revarnishing. It covers up mars and scratches—removes road oil—prevents checking and cracking—sheds water and dust—and makes a "wash" last twice as long. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather, adding years to its life and beauty.

Write for our folder on Keeping Your Car Young—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. Ev. 2, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



The Motorists' Cash Register

Watch it

YOU can find on your speedometer-record much more than the day's run.

You can find the way to a year's economy.

Are you using your speedometer to tell you whether you are getting full mileage from gasoline and oil?

And do not make the mistake of assuming that your oil consumption is the less important of the two.

Slower oil consumption indicates less oil breakdown under the heat of service.

That means less engine wear.

It is common for motorists to find that a change to the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils lowers oil consumption a full 50%.

This lowered oil consumption has a direct bearing, too, on gasoline consumption. For it comes partly from a more thorough piston-ring seal. The result is less waste of gasoline down past the piston rings.

With a change to the

correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils the gasoline saving often amounts to as high as 20%.

We recommend that you use your speedometer now to check your gasoline and oil results—first with your present oil, then with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Chart shown in part on this page.

Write for 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Motor-boat Engines.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If your dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

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Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.
This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

Model of	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)	...	...	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 33-34-35)	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Auburn (4 cyl)	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	...	...
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Briscoe	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	...	...
" (8 cyl)	...	...	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc	...	...	...	...
Case	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chalmers	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. 6-40)	...	...	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (Mod. 6-30)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	...	...
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Cole	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...
Cunningham	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Dart	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc
" (Mod. C)	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A	...	...
Detroiter	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc	...	...	...	...
Dodge	A	Arc.	A	Arc	E	E	...	...	...	...
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
Federal	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	...	...
Hal-Twelve	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Hudson	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Super Six)	A	Arc.	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jeffery	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	...	...
" (6 cyl)	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kearns	...	...	E	E	E	E	...	...	...	...
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
King	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" " Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. 48)	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" " (12 cyl)	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Lippard Stewart	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. M)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" " (Mod. MW)	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.
McFarlan	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70)	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Mitchell (8 cyl)	...	...	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Moline	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
Moon (4 cyl)	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
National	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Oakland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	...	...	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Oldsmobile	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Overland	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Packard	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Paige	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	A	A	E
" (6-46)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Pathfinder	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc
" " Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	...	...	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Renault (French)	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Richmond	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Riker	E	E	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	F	...	...
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Simplex	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" " (8 cyl)	A	A	B	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Velie (4 cyl)	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	...	...
Willys Six	Arc	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Winton	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc

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THE YOUNGER SET ON BROADWAY

INA CLAIRE, who plays *Polly Shannon* in David Belasco's production, "Polly with a Past," is really not new to Broadway, but this is her first season in light comedy. Hitherto her appearances have been confined to vaudeville and musical plays. Like so many other musical-comedy favorites, Miss Claire first attracted attention by her imitation of Harry Lauder. She later played the title-rôle in "The Quaker Girl," and was at the Winter Garden for a time. She played under George Edwardes's management in London for two seasons. She was leading woman of the Ziegfeld Follies. Here her imitation and burlesque of Frances Starr in "Marie-Odile" attracted the attention of many persons, including David Belasco, who forthwith engaged her for "Polly with a Past."

Photograph copyrighted by Ira L. Hill

Photograph by White

CLARA JOEL, before she undertook the part of the vampire in "Business before Pleasure," played persecuted heroines in road companies. She fell heir to the weeping rôles—rôles that Jane Cowl created in "Within the Law" and "Common Clay." Miss Joel admits that she is really not a vampire, and that she was born in Jersey City.

Photograph by Mishkin

LENORE ULRIC, who is depicted at the left as *Rose Bocion*, in "Tiger Rose," began her stage career in a Milwaukee stock company. She rose rapidly to be a leading woman. She followed Laurette Taylor in "The Bird of Paradise," and toured this country and Canada for two years. As the Indian girl in "The Heart of Wetona," she gained prominence, but not till this season, as the heroine of "Tiger Rose," did she score emphatic success. To this rôle she brings directness, simplicity and charm.

Photograph by Apeda Studio

ON AN August night a few seasons ago, a play by George M. Cohan, "Young America," was produced, and acclaimed by early audiences. The play was not a success ultimately. But the charm of Peggy Wood as the heroine was indubitably established. Then followed for her a season or two in musical comedies of varying worth. This season, in "Maytime," Peggy Wood has fulfilled the expectations that were engendered by her performance in "Young America." Few parts in musical comedy are so trying as the one Miss Wood plays in "Maytime"—first a young girl nearly a century ago, then a matured woman in the eighteen-fifties, an old woman in the early eighties, and again a young girl in the present. In all four periods she has charm, distinction and beauty. Her performance is the sort that makes of musical comedy something more than a show to which vaudeville artists have been peremptorily summoned as first aids.

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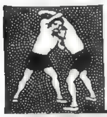

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MAKING A SOLDIER OUT OF JOHNNIE—*Continued from page 43*

city by Lake Michigan. One prominent woman, whose husband is an officer of the cantonment, found it quite impossible to rent a house or even a complete apartment, so she hired the billiard-room of an apartment-house—a really vast apartment. A decorator from Marshall Field's came out and by means of great screens upon which blue-and-white striped denim was stretched, made the billiard-room into six separate rooms. They were furnished in Army style, but with exquisite taste. And the Chicago woman now possesses an apartment suite at the cantonment which excites the envy and admiration of every one who sees it.

The hostess houses of the Y. W. C. A. are valuable in that they solve a rather embarrassing social problem of the cantonment. For no matter how the Government may seek to discourage the families of the new soldiers from taking residence near by it is going to encourage their coming frequently as visitors. And the hostess houses furnish the places for making appointments. Women are not allowed to wander at will unescorted about the cantonments. And a woman found breaking this rule will be directed, politely but firmly, to the nearest hostess house. From it a message may be sent to the soldier who is wanted.

All these activities—and many more—are finally being concentrated under the Commission on Training Camp Activities, of which Raymond B. Fosdick, of New York, is the extremely efficient chairman. They are becoming arms of the parent organization which probably will constantly assume more detail. It is studying the entire problem with great care and guided by the best expert advice in the land.

Educating John

BROADLY speaking, the Commission divides training camp activities into two great groups—those inside the camps and those without. The things that we have just seen are of the first group. Physical instruction and education are also of it. Physical instruction even as differentiated from the drill we have seen already. Education is a larger problem than it might seem at first glimpse and is worth a moment's attention.

When I was in Louisville in September I noticed placards up and down the streets of that unusually attractive town, asking the citizens to contribute one dollar each for the teaching of reading and writing to untutored lads out at Camp Zachary Taylor. There are thirty thousand illiterates among the young men of Kentucky. A large number of them are in cantonments and are making good soldiers. But few of them have ever been away from home before; indeed there are few who had ever boarded a railroad train until they started for the Zachary Taylor. These boys are willing and anxious to write home, but it has been beyond their knowledge. The fact that before the cantonment training is over they will be able to both read and write with a fair degree of facility is a by-product of the National Army training that is hardly to be ignored.

Fosdick had rather ambitious plans for this educational work when he became Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities. He went so far as to see vocational training made a part of it. But the extreme time pressure placed upon the cantonments because of the growing necessity for troops in France has made it impossible to put these more elaborate plans into effect—for the immediate time, at least. But the teaching of the simpler subjects, such as we have just seen, has been a tremendous success. And so has the teaching of French. It is safe to say that never again will the French language be the accomplishment of the few in America—for the war has done wonders in establishing its popularity over here.

Amusing John

ONE thing more before we leave the work of safeguarding Johnnie while he is within the boundaries of the cantonment—amusements. A most unusual and energetic member of the Fosdick commission is Marc Klaw, the veteran theatrical manager of New York City. Under his direction a huge theatre is being builded at each of the cantonments. There are no balconies or galleries, but each of these theatres will seat upwards of three thousand men. Their stage facilities and equipment will be metropolitan; indeed they will have to be, because metropolitan successes of every sort are to appear upon them—in one-week stands. And the prices are to be ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents a seat, with no speculators on the street outside or hidden in convenient near-by cigar stores.

While these tickets are all to be reserved, an ingenious method of paying for them has been adopted. "Smileage books," modeled closely upon the mileage books of the railroads, but containing coupons valued at five cents each in exchange for seat tickets for the Liberty Theatres have been prepared and are being offered for sale at many drug stores and cigar factories in the cities and the larger towns across the country.

In the beginning it was planned to reserve four hundred seats in the body of the house for the officers, and thereby hangs a story—which was told me the other day by a British officer of high rank—in order to illustrate the hate for the Hun which had been instilled into the hearts of the men of the English Army. No true Britisher ever speaks of Germans; they are always the Huns, these days.

He made the caste of the British Army quite clear to me. An officer back in London on furlough and seeking out a fairly inexpensive restaurant makes sure that there are no Tommies in there before he enters; they would be embarrassed; and so would he. At least that is the English way of looking at it.

On the particular day that this particular officer took the top of a 'bus ambling along Whitehall he did it with much misgiving. Still cabs are none too plentiful in London these days and there was not one at the time and place he wished to leave. So he rode that 'bus.

And sure enough upon the cross-bench in front of him were two enlisted men. But it was quite too late for him to turn back.

"Bless me, it's a wonder the hofficer might not 'ave took a taxi; and not a-ridin' on a 'bus with us as we get a shillin' a month," said the Tommies to one another.

At least that is what the officer imagined that they were saying to one another as they talked together with a tremendous earnestness. But the officer was more interested in the passenger who rode in front of them—unquestionably a German or a man of German lineage—fair-haired, pink-skinned, with his very pink ears sticking straight out from the sides of his head.

Suddenly one of the Tommies turned, saluted and addressed the officer. He nodded toward the man in front.

"Do you think 'e's an Hun, sir?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said the officer.

"That's good, sir," was the reply, "otherwise we should 'ave 'ad to dump 'im into the street." He made an expressive gesture with his thumb to illustrate the process of dumping. And there was not the slightest question that they would have done so and never have looked back or cared to see whether he went under the wheels of the first passing lorrie or motor.

A Democratic Army

The English officer told me this story to show the way hatred of the enemy has been implanted in the breasts of all their enlisted men; but somehow that caste idea could not get out of my head; of officers and men studiously avoiding one another in restaurants and cars and half a hundred other places. The idea of the seats set aside in the cantonment theatre is quite in line with the upbuilding of a caste in our American Army. But this war seems to be breaking down the caste of our Regular Army of peace times rather than creating a greater one as the Army grows. Our ideals along these lines

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Do Germs and Climate Cause Catarrh, Coughs and Colds?

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

By R. L. Alsaker, M.D.

Author of "Maintaining Health"

Dear Doctor Alsaker: I have had catarrh since boyhood, and now my two children have it. During the fall and winter months my wife suffers with bad colds and the children frequently have a bad cough or sore throat.

We have taken treatment from local physicians, using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit.

We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of these annoying troubles of the nose, throat and lungs, I don't see how any of them can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject? J. B. W.

THIS family is no exception. The majority have catarrh, either chronic or acute. Catarrh of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue, the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

Catarrh sometimes causes earache, headache and other forms of pain, and it lays the foundation for many diseases.

This gentleman says that he lives well, but no one lives well who is ill. That is poor living. He can continue to eat what he likes, and grow healthy, if he will only learn how.

He thinks that germs and the climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. It is a tragic fate, or would be, if it were true, for we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor the climate cause catarrh. Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are coughs and colds—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

When people eat as they should *not*, they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acid, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself, and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This irritates the mucous membrane, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

The right kind of food, properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, pimples and blotches to flight, and paints roses on the cheeks.

Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. *If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it.* You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of catarrh into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache, the rheumatism, and the creaky joints, and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish. It is marvelous what proper eating will do, when other means fail. Don't take my word for it, but prove it in your own case and on your own person.

Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity. Those who get it can keep it indefinitely. They can also get rid of it and stay rid of it. Those who have catarrh should not complain about it, for they have the knowledge at hand that will show them how to get rid of catarrh and return to health.

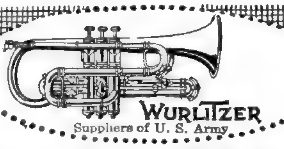
Realizing the universal need of clearly defined instruction on the cause and cure of catarrh, coughs and colds, I have outlined in a small volume a plan of living that has proved successful in curing and preventing these troublesome conditions. My instructions are easy to understand and pleasant to follow.

The plan shows how to live so as to have health. It tells you in plain English the true cause of catarrh, and it gives you the true cure—a cure that works. There is nothing mysterious about it. You need not go to health resorts. You need not take drugs. It is simple, good, workable common sense that you can apply *right in your home.* The title of this new health book is, "CURING CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS." Its price, one dollar, with ten cents additional to cover packing and postage, is considerably less than a specialist would charge for prescribing a single treatment—less than your druggist would charge you for a patent "cure-all" *that doesn't cure*—less than it would cost you to lose a day's pay on account of sickness—less than the cost of an evening at the theatre. In fact this small investment is all you need make to get rid of catarrh, coughs and colds forever.

Send one dollar and ten cents to my publisher, Frank E. Morrison, Dept. 107, 1133 Broadway, New York City, and get complete instructions. Follow my plan of treatment for one month; then if you are not entirely satisfied with the improvement in your health, return the book and your money will be refunded to you.

Remember this: If you want to get rid of catarrh and avoid coughs and colds, you can do so. This book teaches you the truth and nothing but the truth. Do you want it?

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT: R. L. Alsaker, M. D., is an eminent authority on the subject discussed in the above article. His patients learn from him how to get well and stay well. He has put the net result of his many years of professional experience with sick people into his writings and it is a real pleasure for me to recommend them, because *I know* from personal experience and observation that good results *always* follow an observance of his simple instructions. Don't wait till to-morrow; send $1.10 at once for "CURING CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS," and learn quickly how to prevent further sickness and return to health and happiness. Money refunded if you follow instructions for one month and are not entirely satisfied with your improvement in health. FRANK E. MORRISON, PUBLISHER, Dept. 107, 1133 Broadway, New York.



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seem to be far more of the French army than of the British, where caste is an outgrowth of a long-established social system, which is not capable, even in war times, of quick or easy change.

Major-General Henry W. Hodges is at the head of Camp Devens, at Ayer, Massachusetts. Along in the fall one of the big tents of the Redpath Chautauqua circuit pitched itself in the heart of the cantonment. Hodges went to see the show. The attendant at the gate quickly recognized him.

"There's a box reserved for you, sir," he said.

"Thank you," replied the commanding general, "but I would prefer to sit with the boys in the body of the house."

The Square Deal

TALK about democracy in the Army. A Jewish radical from New York's East Side—a writer and an orator of no small merit—was caught in the draft. He protested vigorously, but to no avail. He said that he would not fight under any circumstances. And when he arrived at the big cantonment down at Yaphank, on Long Island, he refused to drill, and was so noisy and persistent in his refusals that he was placed under arrest. News of his case drifted to division headquarters up atop of the hill. And Major-General Franklin Bell, commanding the division, directed that the prisoner be brought before him. The two were closeted for more than three-quarters of an hour. In that time General Bell argued as he had never argued before. He took the entirely human course of trying to convince the pacifist that he was wrong, that the hour had come for America to strike and to strike hard. And succeeded in his task.

"I will be loyal," said the Jew from the East Side of New York, "and fight and drill to the best of my ability."

But as he came out from the inner office he hesitated on the threshold.

"I suppose it would not be of any use for me to ask a favor of you—not now at any rate."

"It would depend upon the favor," said General Bell.

The former pacifist straightened himself upon his feet.

"This is the twenty-fifth of September," he said, slowly, "and a great holiday among my people—the feast of Yom Kippur. Never before have I missed it. But this year I am a prisoner."

"A prisoner bound by honor," smiled the general.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the man from the East Side.

"I mean that upon honor you shall be released to go in and spend the afternoon and evening with your family in New York. Report to your command to-morrow morning."

The soldier did a very unmilitary thing. He reached forward and grasped the general by the hand, then, pledging his honor, started toward the door.

"Hold on there," said the general.

The East-Sider paused.

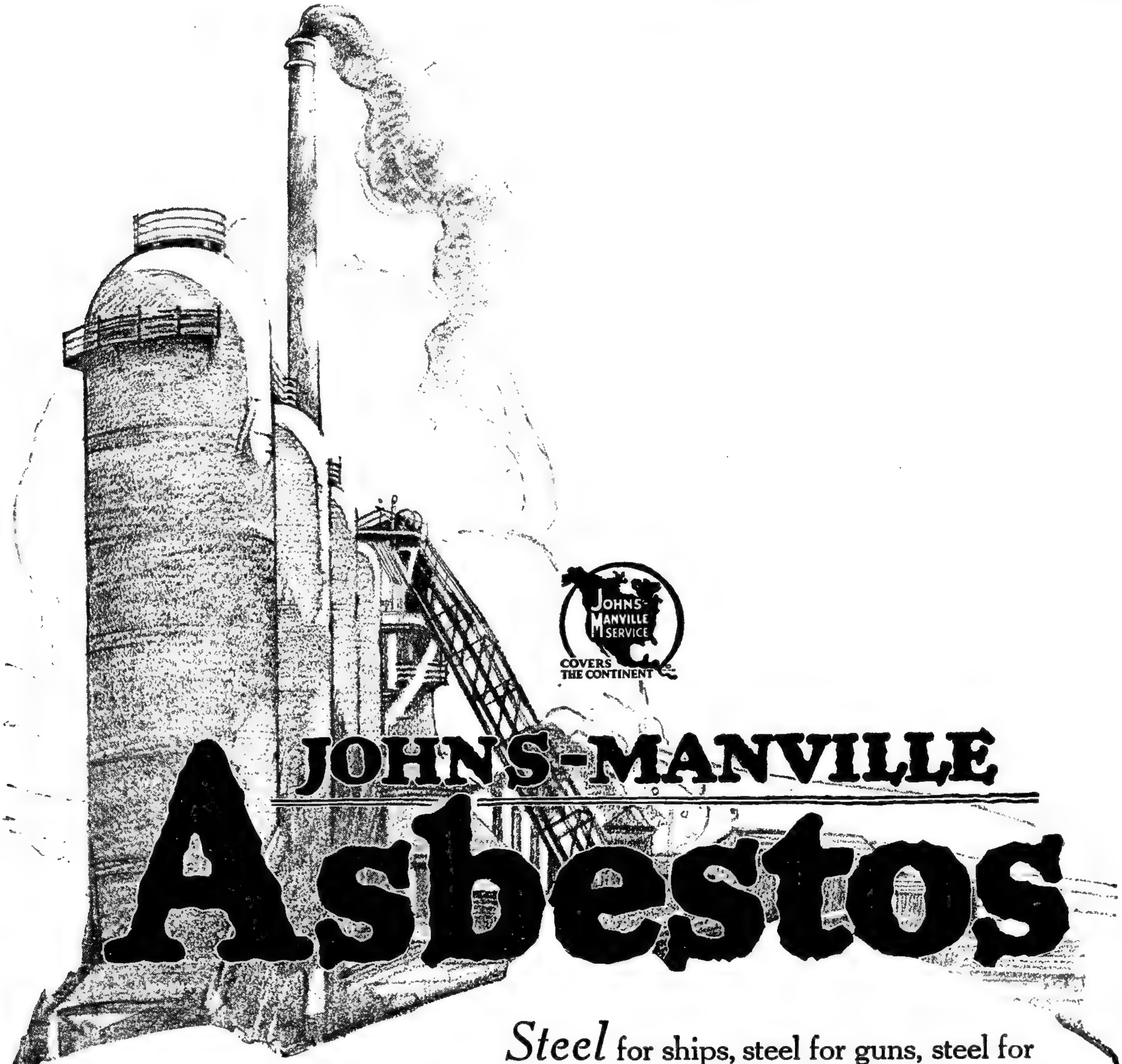
"The only train you can get in to town is the one-twenty-five. It's ten minutes after one already and you can not possibly walk from here to the station in fifteen minutes. My orderly will take you down in the headquarters' car."

I do not believe that after this war is over we shall have many enlisted men in the service uniform of the United States mowing the grass at barracks and running menial errands for the colonel's wife.

On the day that I walked down Fourth Street, Louisville, I saw many other placards in the shop-windows besides those which asked the generous-hearted Kentuckians to subscribe their dollars toward teaching soldiers how to write home or the certificates which showed that this store, or that, was not only sanitary but fair in its dealings with the soldier. For instance, up at the corner of Broadway a great dance-garden was asking officers and their wives to a series of Saturday afternoon *thés-dansants*. But the placard added, in an inconspicuous line, "The girls will be especially invited." This line was particularly significant. Not the least part of the Fosdick commission's problem—perhaps the largest of its "outside camp" activities is the regulation of the sex-problem. Along these lines it has done wonders. And by the exercise of but little more than ordinary common sense, and hard-headed precautions.

Making John at Home

ON THE other hand, a tremendous lot has been done to bring the soldiers into the association and inspiration of refined women. Down at Montgomery, Alabama, the big National Guard camp had as its biggest help in town, Southern hospitality organized in a "take-a-soldier-home-to-dinner" movement. Sometimes this has been overdone—some folk can not attempt things of this sort without making themselves patronizing—but such times have been very much the exception. The idea has been tremendously successful, not only in Montgomery, but at every point which has had training camps of the Federalized National Guard or of the new National Army. The churches of these towns from the first have opened their lecture-rooms or Sunday-school rooms or chapels for the use of the soldiers—not always, I am afraid, with results that were entirely satisfactory to themselves. For in all the cantonment towns there are good folk who have not seen even yet that this is not a religious revival. This is war. And war frequently is a very different matter from religion.



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And yet I would not have you believe that the boys in the training camps are without religion. The contrary is true. A recent Sunday visit to Charlotte, North Carolina, showed every church filled to its doors with the wearers of the khaki. And yet it was Charlotte—a fine old town of thrifty, stern-headed Scotch Presbyterians—which went through a regular Calvary when Camp Greene was first established upon its edge. It had Sunday-closing laws of unusual strictness. Yet here were twenty-five thousand guardsmen in town with Sunday leisure and pockets filled with spending money. No wonder that the old town of the Mecklenburgs had a tussle with its conscience. But it won. And the attendance in the churches was the direct result. You can lead a boy toward church—you can not drive him in.

Books for Johnnie

THERE is another appeal to Johnnie: through the printed page. The green huts of the Y. M. C. A. are equipped with hastily formed libraries which are not moldering for lack of use. The American Library Association is cooperating with the Fosdick commission in the establishment of cantonment book centers. And a great deal has been accomplished locally by the town close to the training camps. At Chillicothe, the excellent local library is under the charge of an experienced writer, Burton E. Stevenson. Chillicothe is not a large city, and the location of a National Army cantonment there has rather dazed and discouraged it. But not so with Stevenson. Almost before the workmen were clearing the site for Camp Sherman he was collecting books for it. The basement of the little library was made an assembling point for books; and even if an occasional "Little Women" or "Five Little Peppers" did come rolling in in response to the appeal sent broadcast across Ohio, the most of the books were bully reading for the average man. And the newspapers of the state were hardly less generous than the libraries, the publishers, or the private owners of books. They donated five copies each of each issue to the cantonment. The war has proved itself already a tremendous stimulus to the generosity of a nation never to be accused of stinginess.

Probably the best of "outside camp" activities has been the foundation of Service clubs, not only in cantonment towns, but in various large centers of travel and population. The regular clubs of every sort and in every type of community have been most generous in opening their facilities to the boys of the Service. But those facilities are, at the best, limited. And the demands upon them have been very great. So special clubs have been created and in turn have been nearly swamped under their immediate popularity. As an illustration of this, take the Service Club directly across the street from the Pennsylvania station in New York.

On Wednesday afternoons—Sundays too—four-fifths of the boys at Yaphank are freed from duty. The Long Island Railroad, with a particular creditable generosity, makes a rate of sixty cents from camp into New York and back, one hundred and thirty-four miles all told. The soldiers do not hesitate to take advantage of it. And space in the Service Club goes to a premium. Boys in khaki and in navy blue come pouring in from New England and from Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, New Jersey, as well as the big embarkation camps over near the shore of the Hudson. There is a congestion which is felt, even in vast New York. And every Saturday night there are hundreds of soldiers and sailors who sleep all night on the hard benches of the Pennsylvania and Grand Central stations—for lack of a better place.

It is to remedy conditions such as these that Service clubs are being opened in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in Louisville, in Chicago—more of them in New York as well as in many other cities and towns.

There is no lack of provision for John's comfort. Instead there are some of the older and more seasoned Army officers who frankly express their fear that the thing might be overdone; it was something of a shock to them when they found the boys going to cots and to mattresses. The private of to-day lives better than the officer in the Spanish War—a mere twenty years ago.

"After all, we must not forget that the cantonments are not outing camps," a grizzled veteran commander told me only a few days ago. "This is not a national joy-ride. This is war. And the chief business of these cantonments is to make soldiers and make them just as rapidly as it can be done and done thoroughly. Everything else must stand aside and make way for that supreme purpose."

Making American Manhood

THERE is pith to what he says. And yet while we have Johnnie in hand we may make him a soldier and something more—a gentleman; and in the fullest sense of the word. That is what the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations, the Fosdick commission and all its functions, are doing—with the best of skill and experience that can be found within the entire nation.

They have made a soldier out of Johnnie. They have taken the slouch out of his shoulders and made him stand erect. He is happy; he is well. He is stronger and healthier than ever he has been before. All these things they have done—and one thing more:

Uncle Sam has made a man out of his son John.

Conscious Evolution Kills Old Age

By DONALD RICHARDSON

THERE is nothing more certain than that the Fountain of Youth is in each human being, and that each human Fountain of Youth dries up just as any other, and all powers of body and personality recede and disappear through failure to capitalize and properly use them. Failure to realize and act on these facts and immutable laws, causes all who die of old age to be broken-hearted men and women. For who can bear lightly and without a broken heart to become a victim of the nightmare of old age?

It was not given to humanity to really and economically drink to the full of the spirit of the Fountain of Youth until Conscious Evolution and its creator blazed the trail which led and leads not through tropical jungles or over desert wastes to some inaccessible region of the universe, but to a proper understanding of our own evolutionary resources, and to the means of their cultivation through the use of our own powers of evolutionary creation.

The mere fact that we know that billions of cells in our bodies must be healthy for us to enjoy unusual health gives us poor consolation until we realize that it is possible for us to consult a benefactor of the human race. This man, who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell, as none other, with the discovery of the means by which its health, life, youth and potency can be multiplied; who, by reason of study, experience and extraordinary genius shows us how we can put unusual health, youth, and greater life in every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body its maximum of health, life and power, is indeed a benefactor of the highest type of humanity. This man is Alois P. Swoboda.

A Great Secret of Life

Alois P. Swoboda shows how without inconvenience, without drugs, without study or loss of time, we can put unusual life and health in our vast multitude of cells and do this in a perfectly natural and easy and practical way. This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a fascinating little booklet written by Swoboda, the pioneer in the realm of conscious and scientific self-evolution. Some day the complete history of Conscious Evolution and its creator will be recorded with all of its immense significance and ramifications, for Conscious Evolution means the highest type of freedom, the highest type of liberty, the highest type of civilization, the highest type of science, the highest type of philosophy, and thus the highest type of consciousness. In this article, however, but a brief outline can be given.

The story of Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin of Conscious Energy—live energy—and the laws governing its evolution and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over a quarter of a million instances, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's Hall of Fame. He did not merely write a book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some battle. Swoboda's fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body—the wizard of the science of evolutionary creation—the wizard of the science of perpetual youth—the wizard of the science of life. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life—perpetual youth.

Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, alive, and happy than they were before. Swoboda has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind, and thus has multiplied the powers, and life and years of men and women. Swoboda advances men and women a tremendous way along the line of human development, in the direction of a higher creation. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic followers—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness and substantiality of his science.

Conscious Evolution Means Evolution Consciously

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality. His whole being pulsates with unusual life and energy. His mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the sciences of biology, physiology, histology, morphology, or on the new and original "with himself" science of energy, as well as on the science of Conscious Evolution, which embraces the principles of all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of the human powers, and the possibilities of self-evolution—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent self-creative possibilities of man under the guidance of the laws of Conscious Energy. You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a most remarkable personality—a superior product of the conscious system of body and personality creating. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed personality the best proof of the correctness of his philosophy and science and of the success of his Conscious Evolution.

Swoboda Is Centuries Ahead of His Time

Swoboda has no equal as a scientist, philosopher, and psychologist, dealing with conscious evolution. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary biologists, psychologists, philosophers, mentalists, physicians, faddists, or those whose aim is merely the development of the physical. Neither his philosophy or science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plans comprehend the complete development of the human being—increase of internal power, more body power, more brain power, more evolutionary power, more conscious power, more creative power, and in fact greater capacity to live, succeed, advance, evolutionize and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller, and more complete life—a higher evolutionary, scientific self-creation.

Swoboda is the kind of a personality that never can be satisfied to merely accept a fact without knowing the fundamentals of its existence, the fundamentals of its origin and the fundamentals of its ultimate destiny. One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a super-man. He makes you feel that you are only partially well and vigorous and ambitious—in short, you are only half as alive bodily and mentally as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are living an inferior life. No one can read his booklet without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Youth at Any Age

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be, we can through the conscious use of the principles of evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel, and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity—one hundred per cent.—at any age. If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are according to the Swoboda standard demonstrably mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and greater realization of health, energy, power, life, and pleasure.

IF YOU ARE PAST THE AGE OF THIRTY, CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION MUST ESPECIALLY APPEAL TO YOU. Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

When Swoboda attacked the problem of the cause and eradication of old age, he directed his penetrating mind into the recesses of nature, and became conscious of all of the laws and principles engaged and involved in the production of living organisms, and their evolution and decay. Conscious Evolution is a revelation in perpetual youth. It is not enough to say that Swoboda is an authority on the subject of evolution, youth, growth, and ageing. He is the master of the science of self-evolution.

Thousands of men and women between the ages of thirty and ninety have been rejuvenated, and made again actually young through this evolutionary science at home, quietly, secretly, easily, without self-deception, without faith, without make-believe, without pretense, without appliances and without inconvenience of any character. Conscious Evolution will enable human beings to live to the age of more than one hundred and be as active and alive as at thirty-five to forty-five.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution can be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fag, sleeplessness, nervousness, old age, weakness and deterioration, or any functional difficulty of any character.

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Booklet

Swoboda has written a wonderful explanation of the human body and its evolution. This book explains Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It explains the Swoboda theory and laws of mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It explains as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body. It tells how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and it tells how to organize the cells beyond the point where nature left off for you. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books of science and philosophy on the subject of the body and mind, because it explains principles that have never before been explained by scientists or philosophers. It is impossible to duplicate elsewhere the information it gives, and the value of the information is beyond estimate.

Swoboda has written a simple, but the first really scientific and philosophical, explanation of the actual evolutionary cause of old age. This essay is a classic. It will stand for all time throughout all ages as the first basic and real analysis of evolution and ageing of the cells of the human body. It explains the psychological and evolutionary errors and elements involved in the production of ageing.

Without being compelled to study text-books on psychology, philosophy, biology, histology, etc., you will, through reading this brief analysis, learn fully what is nature when is nature not nature what is the cause of growth, maturity, evolution, and decay. Swoboda has the happy faculty of being able to put a whole science in a comparatively few words. This essay will interest not only men and women who are merely interested in avoiding the nightmare of old age, and those who realize constantly that they are growing older in body, but it will also interest the scientist, the philosopher, the psychologist, as well as the pure speculator on the subject of life. I predict that every man and woman will read this work and profit by it. It is the A, B, C, of perpetual youth. It will mean astonishment to the scientist. It brings confusion to those who practice self-deception. It brings embarrassment to those who believe old age necessary. It seems bold, but this is only the effect of misconceptions concerning the necessity of old age.

The Fountain of Youth—the pursuit of perpetual youth—has always been very alluring, but here we have a guide to its source. No intelligent human being will need coaxing to drink of this fountain, for its spirit gives life, and arrests decay and destroys the nightmare of old age. Perpetual youth will mean to the human race more than is in the power of any human being to estimate. Imagine what it will mean to double, triple, or even quadruple the length of human life and multiply human energy.

You owe yourself a reading of this essay on the Swoboda philosophy and science. It will put you favorably in touch and in harmony with your creative forces. You will harness them, capitalize them, and employ them. The result will amaze you. This essay which Swoboda has written and copyrighted will be sent to you free of charge and free of any obligations to Swoboda, if you will write for it. Just write your name and address on this page, tear it out and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name on your letter-head, or merely send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today. Read it, and learn how to be perpetually young, for you cannot afford to grow old. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 2094 *Berkeley Building, New York, N. Y.*

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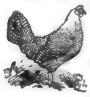

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The Love Winds of Port o' Flowers

—*Continued from page 56*

Ah, the proud, confident look of a woman strong in her beauty, and the luring mystery of it! I made my obeisance to it, there on the bottom step, and I knew she was right: he would come if he lived, because he must.

"And if he's dead!" I whispered in awe at the bigness of it all.

"He is not dead," she said. "I see the island papers occasionally. The prominent sugar planter, King Gray, he goes on long journeys, often. He's searching, searching; and he won't stop his search till it's at an end."

"And how will it be with you after he comes, and the search is at an end?"

She answered slowly: "Perhaps—perhaps I will be with him—soon after. Yes," she whispered, smiling, "with him."

I crept back to my private little quarters. I wished I hadn't left my violin aboard the *Luzon!*

NOW there was F'Nung, the rattler in the path between these two people, and I could have used a little judo trick—the heel of the hand in a certain way at the base of the neck—and the rattler would lose his sting. If it had been F'Nung and me alone I might have done it, because he was just viper poison in human form and I felt it immoral that he should cumber the white man's part of the globe. But the thing as it lay was too big for any mortal man to put his finger in. Yes, it would have been sacrilege to interfere. What would it profit to remove one F'Nung? As she had said, there would always be others. And who could know what King Gray might say to it.

He wasn't there in the flesh, oh, no, but he was there, he was all over Port o' Flowers, he was the strong man there. Why? I never knew. But it wasn't her I was thinking of nowadays, nor F'Nung, but of Gray. He had reached out ahead and laid his hand on the island, and at times I could understand why she had fled. Not often, because I was taken with him, though he was only a name, but sometimes I awoke and rebelled at his dominance. What right has a man to dominate while he's far away? In time I grew jumpy and wished he'd come and have it over with, but she went along serene, and having glimpsed her heart, I knew she was greater than I'd dreamed even she could be. The fish-boats came in, and she bought their catch, or turned them down quick and cold if the bargaining didn't suit. The tramps put in, and she loaded her Port o' Flowers brand in their hold, checking the cases as they went in. Business, all business. It seemed I could hear a cash register ringing; but F'Nung was always there, with his hands up his sleeves.

And, oh! the long, long days, and the short, short nights, and ferns and wild roses and all growing with tropical luxuriance to live up to the name they'd given the place—Port o' Flowers.

Even the coolies grew restless, but she could handle China labor. She could tell by looking at a Chink which company he belonged to—a Wo, a Li, any of them—and she had them tamed before the knives were out.

Sleep quit me then for a while, and my violin was in Frisco by then, so I wandered at night. It was a small island, and I soon found that the best place to smoke and dream was a sand-shelf a few feet above high tide on the point below where she had her bungalow. There I'd lie in the few dark hours there were, on a pillow of ferns, with not a thing before my eyes but the open sea; and one night against the red balloon of a full moon rising up from the water I saw silhouetted the yards of a square-rigger. It slid into vision from the east, a small ship, a whaler, a few rags spread to catch a light night wind, and tacking, tacking slowly landward. Then it slid past the moon out of sight, and soon it came tacking back. Four times it passed between me and the rising moon, and when the swift daylight came it was so close inland that I could make out a Kanaka in the shrouds.

The catch was over, the fishing-boats were gone; Port o' Flowers' salmon went to market in steam bottoms, and I got up and ran to where I could see the bungalow. She had seen it, too. She was on the steps with her binoculars up, inspecting the ship from stem to stern. I heard the tackle fall and knew they were putting a boat over, but I was watching her. She put the glasses down and went about like a flash, putting her hand to her hair, calling Mahtia and loosening the wrapper she had on as she slipped inside. My heart skipped two beats, for then I knew.

IT WAS big, it was too big for Harper Lea. I stood like a man who's outclassed, not able to think what to do, but soon that stone-face, F'Nung, came pegging up the hill, and my brains resumed operations. He had no glasses, that rat-whiskered Impossibility, but he knew, oh! he knew, by the widened nostrils of him, and I followed. Mahtia let him in by the back door, and I ran up where I could look down at the dock. The whale-boat had come alongside, and the mate and a sailor were heaving a man up. He was crumpled and shaking, but with the planks beneath his feet he stiffened and straightened himself and laughed. And oh! what a man he was, boys, half dead as he was. O'Reilly himself in full dress, helmet and all, would have been overtopped

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Name____________________________

Occupation
and Employer____________________________

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City__________________State______________ by this one. His beard was yellow, and even in the shape he was, the skin above it was like a girl's, and he shook himself, and laughed and came on.

I watched him. Suffering sailors! but I watched him, and the sailors did too, waiting for him to fall. He came to the hill and began to climb, laughing short laughs at himself when he slipped, but coming up. I saw nothing of her, of F'Nung, nothing but him. For I saw it was a man whose body has quit on him, and who is going on by his will. Pretty soon he was standing on the grass-covered level before the bungalow, and the sun was coming up, and there she was down off the steps to meet him, and F'Nung, with his hands in his sleeves to one side. Oh, it was grand to look at them both then! She was like a statue if ever woman was, and neat as neat could be in white duck. And her hair had been done up.

Not a word did they speak for some seconds, he standing with legs wide apart to steady himself, but his head up. I was panting, holding it behind my teeth, and seeing nothing but them. F'Nung? I thought of him, too, but how childish guns were compared to this!

Then he laughed. That laugh! There was a whole motif in it, crash of ships breaking up in storm, and the souls of men going out in man-laughter and making the storm naught.

"'I am dying, Egypt, dying,[1]'" said he, chuckling. "Dying of love—and tropical fever."

And he laughs short and staggers sideways and lays himself down on the grass.

She looked at him, her breast working like the sea in a wind.

"King," she says, "are you shamming?"

His lip raised in one corner, like he was trying to joke for one last time, and then the air went out of him and he sank altogether. Boys, he was dying, or in the crisis, and his breath was coming hard. He twisted his neck as a choking man will, but she stood still; she was strong, though she was trembling. Then he managed to raise his hand toward her, just managed, and she took a step forward against her will, and F'Nung quivered and moved. But my mind was working by now, and I got those guns.

But she had stopped. Oh, she was strong! Strong and hard. He raised his head a little, with the pleading look in his eyes, and I looked away, for it's hard to see a grand life go out.

"Nell!" he pleaded.

And then, "Ah!" she says softly, relieved, and proud, and contrite, and her skirts fluttered.

When I looked around, his great head was on her breast, and she was smiling in a certain way and pouring the life-current into him from her bountiful store. And he was breathing, breathing easy.

I came away pronto. My violin was in Frisco, and I needed it badly.

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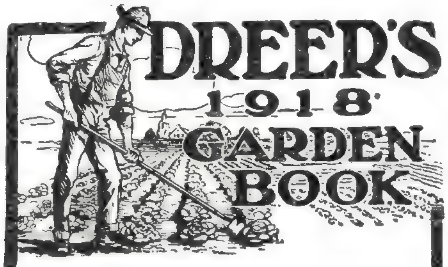

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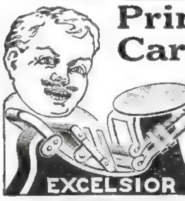

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Where will You be at 65?

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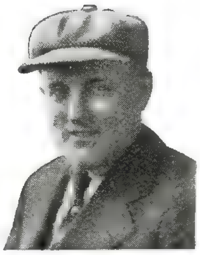

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SOLDIER RHYMES

THE CONVERSATION BOOK

(*By* A SOLDIER AT THE FRONT)

I HAVE a conversation book—I brought it out from home—
It tells the French for knife and fork and likewise brush and comb;
It learns you how to ask the time, the names of all the stars,
And how to order oysters and how to buy cigars.

But there ain't no stores to buy in, there ain't no big hotels,
When you spend your days in dugouts doing wholesale trade in shells.
It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres and such,
But when it comes to talking, why, it doesn't help you much.

I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in a trench.
He didn't know a word of ours nor me a word of French.
And how it was we managed, well, I can not understand,
But I never used my French book, though I had it in my hand.

I winked at him to start with; he grinned from ear to ear;
An' he says, "Bong jour, Sammy," an' I says "Souvenir";
He took my only cigaret; I took his thin cigar,
Which set the ball a-rollin'; and so—well, there you are!

I showed him next my wife an' kids; he up an' showed me his—
Them funny little French kids with hair all in a frizz;
"Annette," he says, "Louise," he says, and his tears begin to fall;
We was comrades when we parted, though we'd hardly spoke at all.

He'd have kissed me if I'd let him; we had never met before,
And I've never seen the beggar since, for that's the way of war;
And though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the same
If he'll ever see them kids of his—I never asked his name.

GOING HOME

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

I'M GOIN' 'ome to Blighty—ain't I glad to 'ave the chance!
I'm loaded up wiv fightin', and I've 'ad my fill o' France;
I'm feelin' so excited-like, I want to sing and dance,
For I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty in the mawnin'.

I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty; can you wonder as I'm gay?
I've got a wound I wouldn't sell for 'alf a year o' pay—
A harm that's smashed to jelly in the nicest sort o' way,
For it takes me 'ome to Blighty in the mawnin'.

'Ow everlastin' keen I was on gettin' to the front!
I'd ginger for a dozen, and I 'elped to bear the brunt;
But Cheese and Crust! I'm crazy, now I've done me little stunt,
To sniff the air of Blighty in the mawnin'.

I've looked upon the wine that's white and on the wine that's red;
I've looked on cider flowin, till it fairly turned me 'ead;
But oh, the finest scoff will be, when all is done and said,
A pint o' Bass in Blighty in the mawnin'.

I'm goin' back to Blighty, which I left to strafe the 'Un;
I've fought in bloody battles, and I've 'ad a 'eap of fun;
But now me flipper's busted, and I think me dooty's done,
And I'll kiss me gal in Blighty in the mawnin'.

Oh, there be furrin' lands to see, and some of 'em be fine,
And there be furrin' gels to kiss, and scented furrin' wine;
But there's no land like England, and no other gel like mine.
Thank Gawd for dear old Blighty in the mawnin'.

—From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" by Robert W. Service, by permission of Barse & Hopkins, N. Y.

TO THE LITTLE BLACK DOG

By A. N. PHILLIPS, JR.

WE SEE you in the morning
When Reveille implores;
We meet you in the evening
At end of daily chores.
On march, fatigue, or drilling
Our friend we find you still,
With kindly, pleasant bearing
And independent will.
You're small, you're thin, you're homely,
You're battered, scratched, and lame;
But in our tasks before us
Pray God we be as game!

—Taken by permission from "Rookie Rhymes" Copyright, Harper & Brothers.

TROOPSHIP CHANTY

By HAROLD SPEAKMAN

THE sea is green as green-pea soup
And half-way down the green-o,
A U-boat's lying snug and tight
All bellied out with dynamite,
And twenty guns between-o!
And twenty guns between-o!

So scrape yer hatchways clear of brine,
And bawl yer jolly song-o!
For if she "blows," my lads, why, then,
We'll blow her back to hell again,
With compliments along-o!
With compliments along-o!

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MARCHING

By PATRICK MACGILL

FOUR by four, in column of route,
By roads that the poplars sentinel,
Clank of rifle and crunch of boot—
All are marching and all is well.
White, so white is the distant moon,
Salmon-pink is the furnace glare,
And we hum, as we march, a ragtime tune,
Khaki boys in the long platoon,
Ready for anything—anywhere.

Lonely and still the village lies;
The houses sleep and the blinds are drawn.
The road is straight as the bullet flies,
And we go marching into the dawn.
Salmon-pink is the furnace sheen.
Where the coal-stacks bulk in the ghostly air
The long platoons on the move are seen,
Little connecting files between,
Moving and moving, anywhere.

—From "Soldier Songs" by Patrick MacGill, by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

How a 23 Year Old Boy Earns $15,000 a Year

A Lesson in Fortune Making

By JAMES C. RHODES

THIS is the remarkable story of a mere boy, who jumped from a salary of $20 a week two years ago, to earnings now of $15,000 a year. There is nothing remarkable about him—he is just an ordinary boy, fond of fun, mild mannered, soft spoken, pleasing in appearance. He had only an ordinary education, no capital to start with and was not presented with an opportunity ready-made. Moreover, he achieved his success in a city of 20,000 people, where most other young men said "I'm going to New York—there's no chance for me in this town."

Two years ago this young man went into business for himself. In six months he lost every penny he had saved and about a thousand dollars which he borrowed. He secured a position at $20 a week and began to think about his failure. As is usual in cases like this, he blamed everything and everybody, except himself.

One day in his new position he was confronted with a proposition that had to be accepted or rejected at once. Deep down in his heart he knew his employer would approve of the decision he was about to make, and since only a small sum of money was involved, there was no great risk. *But he took no action.*

Upon his employer's return, the young man was shown wherein he was wrong in not accepting the responsibility of making the decision he knew was right. "It isn't the money," said his employer, "for it is only a small amount; but I like people around me who can decide things for themselves. I would rather have one man who made mistakes by *trying to help* the company, than to have ten men who never made mistakes, because they *never attempted* anything. The trouble with you is that you have no real *spunk*—you have no will of your own—you depend on others too much."

That was the one thing the young man needed most to know. He realized immediately that he had failed previously in business—that he was being held back now because he was afraid of every business man he met. He *expected* to be turned down whenever he wanted anything—and he *was.* He had no nerve. He was easily swayed by every glib talker.

He realized, for the first time, that his will was not strong enough to smash his ideas across, to give him the power of definite and decisive action. He realized that heretofore he gave up too easily—he had allowed obstacles to turn him from his purpose instead of *overcoming* them. From that time on he became a changed person. He began to assert himself—he began to practise the development of his will power. He commanded and demanded and fought where formerly he had been satisfied to accept what was handed to him.

In a short time he left his position to again go into business for himself. During the first year he earned $10,000. During 1917 his earnings thus far indicate a profit for the year of at least $15,000. And he is just beginning.

This is but one case where the tremendous power of the human will has proven to be the greatest single force in business and in fortune-building.

Interesting and inspiring are several other cases that have come to my personal attention, because the same methods are open to us all, no matter how young or how old we may be.

One is that of a man who was $6,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated $200,000 without speculating and today is earning $1000, a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. N. Taylor, the noted efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will" he told the author that they would be worth $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this new book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercises for will power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

"Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the $3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the key to wealth and achievement. But intelligent men and women will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk.

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As a first step in will training, act on your present impulse to write a letter or address this coupon to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life. Do not hesitate.

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I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I will remail the book in 5 days or send you $3 in payment for it.

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THE WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 50*)

He was shamed now. But, inexplicably, by his own decency and self-restraint; by the fact that he had not acted according to the conventional masculine ideal. Something in him, older than his conscience, and deeper down, had been outraged and was making war upon him.

There is no such thing as thinking one's way out of a situation like that. It is immitigable. Ring down the curtain on it, if you can, and get away—out of the theatre altogether. Take to the woods.

I can not imagine anything that would have done this service for Hugh better than the scheme Constance had effected, of taking him home with her and turning him loose to play with young Jean Gilbert. But for the interposition, once more, of what you may call, according to your metaphysical preferences, Providence or blind chance, I think it would have worked.

CONSTANCE shooed them away next morning after breakfast, and, it being a fine bright day, with just a nip of the east in the air, they went down to the beach and presently found themselves occupied building an impregnable medieval castle in the sand—an enterprise which made it easier to talk by removing the necessity for thinking up things to talk about

It was a delicious morning for Hugh. It did not, of course, obliterate the memory of yesterday afternoon. Sometimes the very intensity of the contrast it presented to that other scene brought the other back with the terrible stabbing twinge of a wound, so that he turned pale and the sweat beaded out on his forehead.

But the contrast also gave it something of the monstrous unreality of a nightmare that he was waking from. Both worlds couldn't be real; Helena's lurid one, and this that Jean had taken him into. Out here, in the frank blaze of sunshine, his eyes resting with an indescribable sense of comfort on this girl, who frankly loved it, this girl so sound, so exquisitely clean, this girl whose transparent child's affection for him was just beginning to wear the reticent grace of womanhood, the nightmare receded.

He found a deep satisfaction in the neat simplicity of her dress, in the tidiness of her hair, in the way in which, without stiffness and utterly without prudery, she managed not to sprawl. Such facts might seem superficial, but they were not. They were true indicia of the girl herself. There was nothing "nice" about her, in the opprobrious sense of the word. It was true, as Constance had said, that she would never be a young lady. That fine resilient rectitude of hers was no more the product of cautious restraints—mean little prudential fears—than the straightness of her strong young back was the product of confining whalebone and laces.

He had seen her only rarely since Anne's wedding—two or three times last summer, after his final return from Youngstown and before she went away to school, and once during the Christmas holidays. Since the beginning of this summer's vacation, she had been spending a month with her father and mother down at San Antonio, and had only just returned.

The odd, unclassifiable relation they had started off with during Anne's wedding festivities, had remained a mild sort of family joke. Her genuine uncertainty as to whether she should address him as uncle, or call him by his first name, illustrates the nature of it. They were not related at all by blood, and yet both belonged to the same family; and he was just as much younger than her mother as he was older than she. So there was no conventional label to attach to the affection Hugh felt for her, and no need for trying to find one. The family jocularities on the subject would have annoyed him only if he had seen them resulting in any self-consciousness on the girl's part.

It had occurred to him last night, remembering the bright blush with which she had greeted his unexpected appearance with Constance, to wonder whether she had heard any talk about his affair with Helena. It wasn't inconceivable that Frank might have blurted out something in her presence. The whole lot of them had been talking about it, of course.

Down on the beach this morning, he forgot that fear. Work on the castle became desultory and finally ceased altogether as the girl's talk drifted out of the shallows of lazily amusing description of her school life into deeper channels. She had her perplexities, had Jean—not trivial, either. That month she had been spending with her father and mother had focused them.

"I hated to come away," she said; "back to all this. Oh, I *love* Aunt Constance—and Uncle Frank—" This addition was a dutiful afterthought—"but I don't think I love grandmother—at all. She's awfully nice to me—that is, she's always giving me things and—showing me things she says I'm to have when she dies; but she makes me feel as if she was doing it to—buy me away from mother. And as if I was letting her. It's rather—horrid."

Her color came up a little and her eyes searched his face. "You don't mind my telling you about it, do you? You see, there's no one else I *can* tell. Because if father and mother knew how I felt, they wouldn't let me come back. But I know father wants me to see it through, because he thinks it will make mother happier and be good for me, and mother wants me to because she thinks it will keep him from worrying over not being able to give me all these—"—she stopped to smile good-humoredly over the word—"advantages, himself. And then, of course, it would seem so beastly ungrateful to Aunt Constance.

"It must be nice," she added with a touch of hesitation, "to have things to do that there isn't any doubt about—clear straight things that don't tangle up. It's funny, though. This has got clearer just from talking to you about it, though you haven't given me a word of advice. You couldn't, of course. It's one of the things that's up to me. But it's been sort of—comforting, the way you listened."

A fantastic impulse came upon Hugh—it must be fantastic, of course, only somehow he couldn't make it feel that way—to confide his trouble to her; the whole of it—every scrap and rag of it. He felt that it would be an entirely possible thing to do; as easy as with any one else in the world it would be flagrantly impossible. She'd have no advice to give him, of course. But just as she would sit there gravely listening, the horror of the thing would, he believed, blow away.

It was a crazy notion, of course; so obviously impossible as to require no active effort for its repression. But just the momentary entertainment of it left him with a comforting little glow in his heart—a glow that remained after they had set to again and finished their castle and come back to the house for lunch.

They had made their plans for tennis that afternoon. But it was just as they were leaving the lunch-table that the telephone message came in from the big house on the Drive that old Gregory Corbett was dying at last. Hugh and Constance must come home at once.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Hugh Decides Against His Family

THE old gentleman was dead before they reached the house. But this fact had no importance, since he had gone out without the — momentary anyhow—recovery of his faculties which they had, unconsciously, been looking for.

Logically considered, his death was a matter of infinitely small importance. At one moment he was discernibly alive, and the next moment he was not. The real bereavement of the family

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THE WHITE ARC

dated back to his fatal seizure weeks before. His place in the world's activities had already closed up as the face of the waters closes upon a sunken ship; so far, that is, as human relations went. And yet, so great is the superstructure of financial and social interests and dependencies which a very rich old man like that carries on his back—a superstructure which remains intact as long as the merest fading spark of life persists in him—that the hardly perceptible fact of its extinction, with the collapse of the superstructure which it entails, becomes momentous.

Life in the great house had gone on for weeks much as usual, despite old Gregory's disappearance from its régime. The others, family and servants, had, in unequal degrees, missed him, grieved for him; Hannah, more deeply than any of the rest, but not far behind her, Mrs. Corbett.

In the thirty-odd years since her marriage to Robert, she had become much more than a daughter-in-law to old Gregory. The daily routine of those years—especially the last of them—had woven him strongly into the fabric of her life. There were dozens of small services he had been in the way of relying upon her for, so that his habits and his wants had been a larger factor in the organization and disposal of her days than her husband's had been. There was a genuine congeniality, besides, between their tastes and ways and notions. The abrupt snatching away of all that, left a void in her that really ached; the more because she was not by temper a sentimental woman.

All the others, of course, had felt twinges of the same ache; poignant, trivial realizations of one aspect or another of the great change, yet those moments had not altered the tissue of their lives materially.

BUT with the last expiration of breath in that old wrecked body all accustomed activities of the household stopped, or crept about apologetically; and mysterious new activities wore an air of solemn importance. Voices were hushed, footfalls silenced. The mail swelled to unrecognizable proportions, and there was a muffled fusilade of telegrams. And presently, outlying contingents of the family began arriving, until, big as the house was, its capacities were taxed for their entertainment as they had not been since Anne's wedding.

Anne herself was one of the first of these arrivals, attired in the precise density of mourning appropriate to the occasion and, also in the appropriate degree, visibly stricken with grief. Equally decorous, and hardly less genuine, was the solemnity of a flock of cousins—descendants of the original plowmaker who had quarreled with old Gregory half a century before.

Anne was too late to participate in the family council which decided about the funeral, but she put up a spirited protest against the decision she found adopted. It was *too* tiresome of them to go on clinging to these provincial, Middle-Western ways just because Grandfather had got into the rut of them half a century ago. A house funeral, with the undertaker's men handing little folding chairs about over people's heads and a quartet upon the stairs singing hymns! What if grandfather had expressed his dislike (with great vigor and not quite quotably, now that he was dead) of the flummery of church funerals! Other people's feelings, Anne felt, might be considered a *little*. Who knew but grandfather himself might be feeling differently about it—now! It hardly needs saying that Anne's plea, for all the support it got, unostentatiously, from some of the others, effected no change in the plans. The denial of it, however, gave her grief a touch of martyrdom which became her very well.

It would be a very unfair and superficial sort of judgment to speak of all this—the attitudes, the formal and deliberate shows of grief, the calculated solemnities—as hypocrisy. But if it is true that a sense of kinship is inforced by a touch of Nature, by any unstudied, artless, spontaneous act, it is conversely true that the necessity for adopting a conventional pose under the eyes of the world, takes that sense of kinship away; is the wedge which accentuates lines of cleavage.

In this case the alienated member of the family was Hugh. Constance, the first chance she got alone with her mother, had confided to her what she knew, and added what she guessed, about the fortunate misfortune which had befallen Hugh's love affair. Constance had gone on to say what she thought about the very great importance of treating her brother tenderly—of the avoidance of all nagging references.

Mrs. Corbett's mind approved of this plan well enough, but the state of her emotions was unruly. She was not in a tender mood with Hugh, and the only interpretation of her grunted acquiescence in the things Constance had been saying was that he had made trouble enough already, and that if he had got over his nonsense, it was time he did.

It was in this mood that she passed on Constance's news to her husband and Gregory, through whom it percolated in the course of a few hours to the others.

The effect of all this, working in the medium of those self-conscious funeral solemnities, was that Hugh found himself being treated like a providentially returned prodigal. There was a marked recrudescence of the spirit he had found in the house when he had been summoned home by telephone from Alice Hayes's flat with the news of his grandfather's first seizure. It is hard to express that attitude in words, without burlesquing it, for none of them ever did, but the sense of it was the intense appropriateness of Hugh's repentance in the face of the disaster his folly had wrought. It was well that he had learned his lesson, even though too late. The effect of this was to reduce Hugh to a state of frenzied exasperation.

All passions, of course, are egotistical. The quality of any strong emotion is to enhance the importance of the possessor of it. One watches irritably from the midst of some interior crisis of his own, the rest of the world going on about its affairs. Hugh, in the crisis of what was incomparably the most violent emotional storm that ever had beset him, would have found the smug, ceremonial grief of those funeral days difficult at best to take his decorous part in. This collective family attitude toward himself was almost intolerable.

HE DID tolerate it—saw it through—but at the sacrifice of all feeling of solidarity with the rest of them. He brooded as he watched and listened, like an exile. The man who had once been himself seemed almost as much a stranger to him as his brothers and sisters. He began to see, or believed he began to see, how he himself had looked to Helena. Some of the molten phrases she had used on that last afternoon about the smug hypocrisies of respectability, recurred to him with a look of truth. What a lot of barnyard fowls they all must look, including himself, ostracised from them though he was by his calamitous attempt to fly—in the eyes of that wheeling hawk up yonder.

On the morning of the funeral, amid the heaps of condolatory messages which the mail brought in, he found a letter from her. He carried it away to his room and locked himself in before he opened it.

It was a well-taken precaution, because at sight of the very first word of its closely written pages he literally turned giddy and dropped into a chair. That first word was "Dearest." It had been his unformulated conviction, you see, that she despised him; that he must have been, in her eyes, since that terrible moment when he had torn himself from her embrace, a fool—a ludicrously contemptible fool!

That one caressing word set his heart beating to a new rhythm. It was a matter of minutes before he read any more.

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From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E. ∘

Write this circle at the **beginning of** / and you will have Ed. /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus / will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and o will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* , which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —∘ would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus / and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have / (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix abbreviations and one rule of contractions. That is all.

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EVERYBODY'S 2-18

THE WHITE ARC

"I shall mail this in the station," she wrote, "just before I take the train, so that when you get it I shall be really gone. It is the only thing to do. I have always known that only for a little while I have tried to be blind. We love each other—I have loved you since that first night of all when I hurt your hand, and that is what I have gone on doing ever since, loving you and torturing you. Yesterday must be the last time. I must go away now, while the thought of how you must be loathing and despising me gives me courage.

"If this letter is in your hands, it means that my courage has not failed; that I have given you up and gone away out of your life forever. But since I have gone and the most beautiful thing in my life is just a dream to remember, I am letting myself write this letter that will try to make you understand—so that when I think about you I can pretend, at least, to hope that you are remembering me without disgust and loathing.

"I do not believe that a person of your cold race can understand what love means to a person of mine—of my mother's. Love has been my religion—the only religion I have had. Like the old prophet, Elijah, I built an altar and laid a sacrifice on it and waited for the fire to come down from heaven. I would have nothing to do with the prophets of Baal—you do remember the story, don't you?—who have wanted to kindle the fire for themselves. There have been more of them than I can count. No man has ever come near me until you who would not have lighted that fire if he could.

"And then you came—and the fire from heaven—the thing I had been praying for.

"It was nothing doubtful, nothing to question or weigh advantages about. I was fiercely impatient at your restraint. I wanted to give myself *freely*, not to drive a bargain. And I gloried in having something of worth to give—in having for my god an undesecrated altar.

"I don't suppose the girls you have always known would boast to a lover of a thing like that. Maybe there are no prophets of Baal about their altars—or maybe the true fire never comes down from heaven. I don't know.

"It was hours after you had gone, before I could understand what had brought that look into your face, and when I did, I burnt with shame.

"Before that, I was blindly angry. I know truer than what I said to you in my wrath, about marriage. The things you have been brought up from childhood to believe run away with you sometimes, your more lately acquired wisdom tugging helplessly at the reins. At another time I could have talked with you sanely enough about it, argued the differences out, compromised it somehow. But the introduction of it at that moment . . .

"You need not try to explain to me. As well as I ever could, I understand already. It is that quality of yours which I have never found a name for, though I have tried many. Kindness, asceticism, inhumanness (is there such a word?)—none of them fit. You are not passionless—that I know—but something—the very force of passion itself, seems to raise a barrier of steel and ice to confine it. Perhaps chivalry, back in the great days of it, was like that.

"But it is not in me—nor anything that answers to it. . . .

"Oh, it would be hopeless, my dear! I was right that first afternoon when I tried to send you away; when I said we should only destroy each other—if it could be a swift destruction. Glorious—I could embrace it and 'count the world well lost.' But it would not be like that. As a lost lover, I shall be able to dream about you, and part of the dream will be that sometimes you will dream tenderly of me. So I am right to go away. Do not try to find me. Oh, my dearest, goodby! I adore you. HELENA."

UPON Hugh, the effect of this letter was simply that of a rising tide on a ship which has grounded itself on a sand-bar. It supported him, relieved the racking strain and stress—leveled him up, and finally, floated him free and made his own will the master of his courses. The tormenting paralysis of indecision which had hung upon him for the past month, was gone. He knew now that Helena loved him. The dark enigma of her bitterest moods was solved. And what an ignorant, uncomprehending fool he had been. And in his ignorance how hideously he had misunderstood her—not once; a score of times. That last scene with her had only been the logical climax of a dozen others.

She had been right in saying that he did not know what love was. Now he was beginning to understand it. It was one thing, not two. Soul and body, by a mysterious chemistry, united to make its flame. To her, frank, fearless, free, lighted with her "fire from heaven" what a contemptible clod he must have seemed.

Only she was not contemptuous. Love had inspired her with a divine comprehension which made even forgiveness unnecessary. She had understood him, somehow, better than he had understood himself.

An hour after he had finished reading the letter, he folded it decisively and put it in his pocket; stood up, stretched his arms, and drew in a long steady breath in the luxury of knowing at last exactly what he was going to do.

He would find Helena—perhaps Alice Hayes would help him; but if she would not, it didn't matter—he would find her anyway. When he found her he would, if possible, marry her. His inclination, the dictates of common sense, consideration for his family, all pointed out that course as preferable. He thought she would probably agree to that. Her letter had as good as said so. But if she did not—well, that wouldn't matter either. The first thing to do was to talk with Alice Hayes.

He looked at his watch. It was only eleven o'clock, and the service was not till two. If he could find Alice there would be time to accomplish something now. He walked straight down-town to the office of the newspaper she worked for, at a gait that was as different from his ploddings about the streets during the past month as if it belonged to another man. He was going somewhere now, and he went with a swing. His appearance in the local-room where he was recognized by one or two of the early-bird reporters (here was a worm for them, if they only knew it!), roused a certain amount of curiosity. But to this he was quite oblivious.

Alice Hayes had not come in yet, but in the act of going away he found her, just arrived, at the mail-box.

"Where can I talk with you?" he asked. "Five minutes is all I need."

She led him out into the corridor.

His first question went straight to the root. "Can you tell me where Helena has gone?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Do you mind telling me," Hugh went swiftly on, "whether you really don't know, or whether you are under instructions from her not to tell me? It won't make any difference in what I am going to do, which the answer is."

"I really don't know," Alice said—"Not where she is now. And she didn't tell a word. Just packed and went. That was day before yesterday." She hesitated and looked up to Hugh's thoughtful face. "I do happen to know, though," she added, "that she checked her trunk to New York."

His face lighted instantly. "All right," he said. "That's enough to go on. It was awfully good of you to tell me." He held out his hand for hers. "I'm going to find her and make her marry me. Wish me luck!"

She said she did, in a tone which he in his preoccupation, saw nothing strange about, and he went away as swiftly as he had come; to the bank first to draw some money, and then

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We have no room though for Alice's perplexities. It must suffice to chronicle the fact that when she went to the editorial desk a few minutes later, she merely swallowed hard and asked for her assignment.

Hugh went straight to his room, packed his bag—the same occupation Constance had found him in less than a week before, yet in its spiritual significance antipodally different—laid out traveling clothes, dressed himself in decent black for the service, and went down-stairs to the room which had been reserved for the immediate family.

Most of them were gathered there already; and his entrance, quiet and matter-of-fact as it was, stirred a sensation of uneasy curiosity. It was not that he was different from the son or brother they knew, but that having been different, he had suddenly and almost unbelievably become his completely natural self again. What could have happened, since breakfast, to work a transformation like that? Had he been able, somehow, to pitch overboard altogether his obsession about that girl? It seemed the only explanation there was. And yet . . .

His mother's eyes hardly left his face during the service and sought it whenever his look was turned away, during the ride out to Graceland Cemetery. The only time she wept was at the grave-side when she heard his voice come out, clear and steady through the murmur of the others, upon the Lord's Prayer. A dozen years ago, when formal religion had been a much more real element in her life than it was now, she had entertained a day-dream, hardly genuine enough to be called a hope, of his becoming a preacher. The memory of it recurred to her now poignantly, and at the words, "And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil," a great sob shook her and she clung to his arm. The figure her fancy saw, down there in the grave, was not the old man who had lived his life out to so satisfactory an end, but this boy of hers whom all her dearest hopes had centered upon.

Because what the others had only uneasily and vaguely guessed, she had understood in the full. She knew. And when after their return to the house she heard him ask his father, in that quiet, deliberate way of his, for a few minutes' talk, and saw them go away together to the up-stairs study, she went up to her own room and waited there, with the door open.

It was more than an hour later when she heard her son's steps coming along the hall, but she did not speak until they slackened outside her door. Then, "I'm in here, Hugh," she said.

He was pale, she noted, but entirely self-possessed, and he had a smile for her that brought the tears again. She dashed them bruskly out of her eyes.

"I've just been telling father that I'm going away," he said.

"To her." She did not inflect the words like a question, but he answered as if it had been one.

"To Helena, yes;" he said. "I've got to find her first, but I'm confident I can."

"To marry her?" This was a question.

"If I can persuade her to. It will amount to that, anyhow."

There was a little silence before she spoke. Then, "I'm not going to beg. You've been through everything that can be said, I suppose. It's decided, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said.

"Come over here and kiss me, then, and go."

The tears welled up into his own eyes as he obeyed her. At the end of the embrace she said:

"Come back again, some time, Hugh."

That was all.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Old Gregory's Will

THE whole summer of nineteen-twelve was a troubled one for the Corbett family, but the blackest period of it was the fortnight that intervened between the day of old Gregory's funeral and the day when Hugh's mother got a letter from him informing her of his marriage to Helena.

It was at the end of this fortnight that Frederica Whitney, having run down from Lake Geneva for a day or two, called up Constance on the telephone. She found her at the Corbett house in town, after having tried Lake Forest first, and asked if she could come to see her.

"Let me come to you wherever you are," Constance said. "This afternoon?—if you're alone, that is. I don't want to see anybody."

Frederica, it appeared, was at the Blackstone. Her own house was such a barn when there was no one in it.

"That's nice," Constance said. "Then, when we have shut the door and turned off the telephone, we can just sit down and talk. It's been ages since we've had a chance."

It was an old, comfortable, mellow sort of friendship, this between Constance and Frederica. They had never put it in jeopardy by subjecting it to any high emotional tension. They were too much alike—took each other too easily for granted, to do that. Both of them had been sensibly brought up; both had married well, and not only in the worldly sense of the phrase. Frederica was a genuine beauty, and a moralist might be inclined, therefore, to allow her somewhat less credit for the even amiability of her disposition, than he would give Constance, who had attained it without that attribute. It was characteristic of Constance that since very early girlhood, this sheer physical loveliness of Frederica's was a thing she had enjoyed without a tinge of envy.

They talked for a while on the occasion of this meeting, with only half their minds, about what Frederica had come up to town for, the health and occupations of their respective husbands and children, the growth of their babies—Frederica had one a few months older than Constance's—and, presently, of the occasional satisfaction there was in getting away from them all, of finding themselves in the sitting-room of an hotel suite (it was a pleasant room, so high up that there was nothing but the horizon of a very blue lake to look at) without even one's familiar servants about.

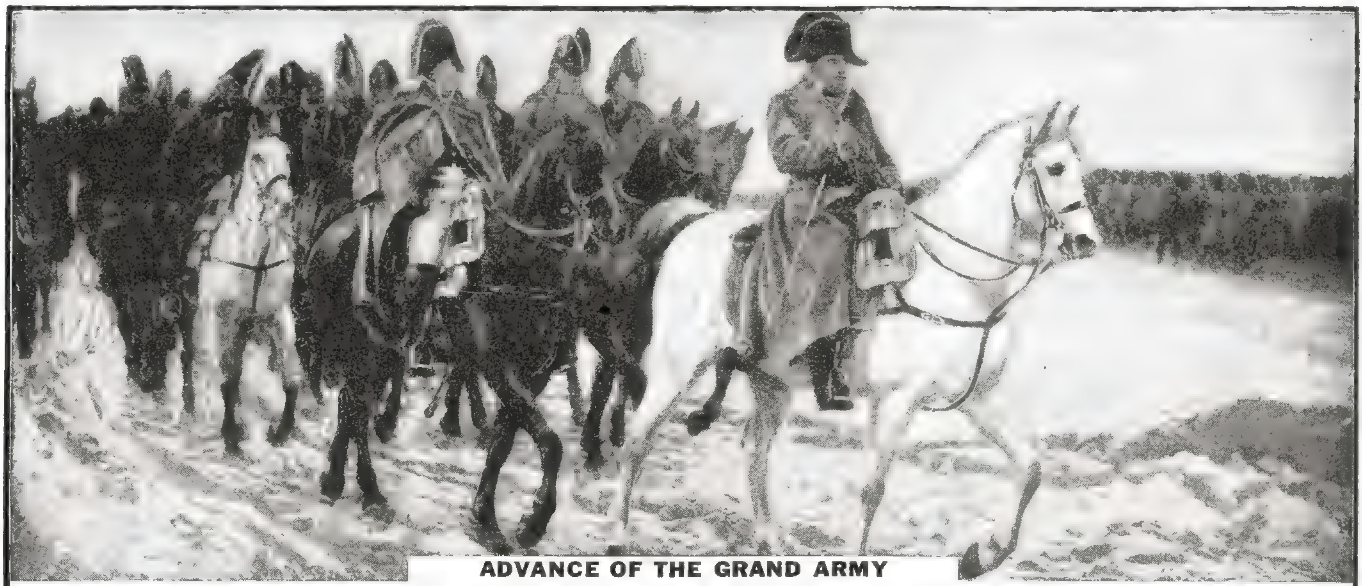
"I have been envying you, this last two weeks, not having any—family," Constance admitted with a sigh which was the beginning of genuine confidences.

Frederica was not precisely a waif, but both her parents, as well as her husband's, were dead; her married sister, Harriet, lived in Italy, and her brother Rodney's marriage, which had taken place only a few weeks before, gave her a sort of isolation, which to poor Constance, looked like heavenly peace.

Frederica nodded sympathetically. "You poor dear!" she said. "I can imagine. Of course I have always envied you, having such a lot, so that one more or less wouldn't matter so much. And never more than for a while after Rodney had told me he was going to marry Rose."

"Oh—*Rose!*" said Constance.

"Of course," Frederica conceded, "I felt all right about that as soon as I'd fairly seen her. Or almost. She is a perfect dear! And I think it's going to work. But when he told me about her—somebody I'd never even heard of. . . . Well, you know, Connie,



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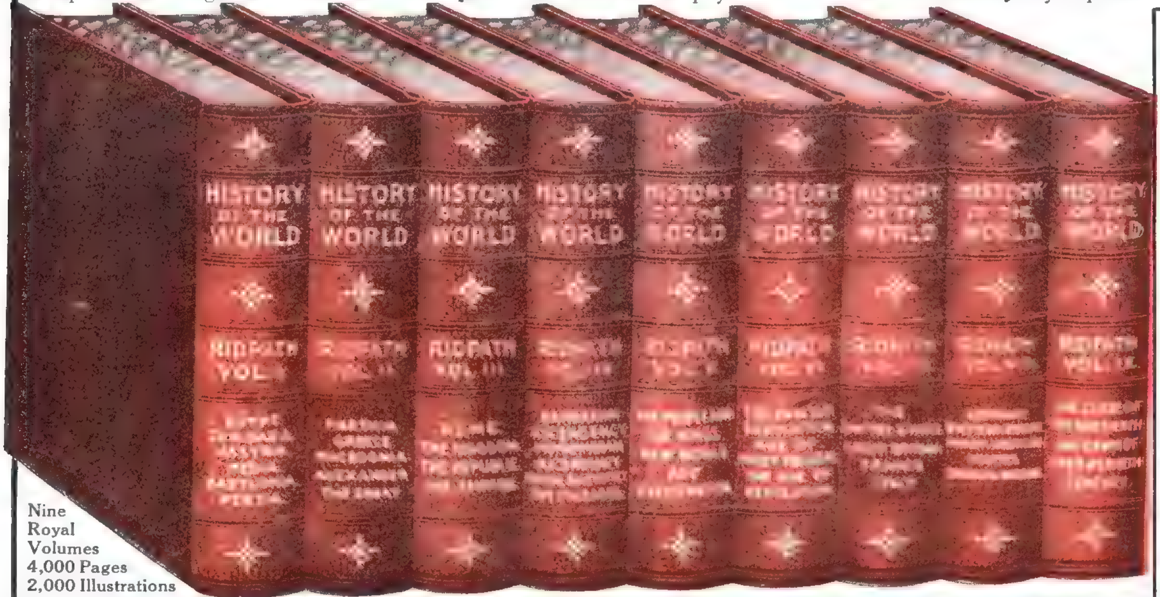

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the decenter a man is, the nicer and straighter and cleaner, like Hugh and Rodney, the more likely he is to fall in love, in his innocence, with *anybody*. That doesn't seem fair, but it's so. And Rod was the only brother I had. Of course it was a relief to be able to take my own line—not to have Harriet around, for instance. And I suppose that's what you haven't been able to do."

"I believe I could have rescued him," Constance said. "Jean and I could have—with half a chance. But the others absolutely hounded him into it."

Frederica's eyebrows indicated that she had made a mental note of that reference to Jean for future examination. For the present she passed it by.

"How bad is it, Connie?" she asked. "All I've had is the gossip. Has he married her?"

"He went off to find her," Constance said. "And if he can, he will. She ran away and left a note, and he followed the day of the funeral, to New York. He seemed to know that was where she had gone. I suppose he hasn't yet, or it would be in the papers. It will be, of course, when he does. That's what we're waiting for.

"It's simply been—well, Carter says, 'hell with bells on,' at home. Mother grim, and Greg solemn; Anne simply in fits. She's almost funny, she's so desperate. I wish she'd go home. But she thinks it's her duty to stay around and rub it in. She couldn't be half so ashamed and tragic if she'd eloped herself—with the chauffeur.

"As for Bob, he makes me almost hate him. He's so pleased, down inside, at seeing us worried about somebody else beside him. Complacent—that's it. As if he'd been right all along, and we hadn't understood him—and he'd told us so."

Frederica had noted an omission from this catalog.

"It must be awfully hard on your father," she said.

CONSTANCE was silent. "That's—awful!" she said at last, and the gravity of her voice gave the worn-out word its full significance. "Of course he had a terrible quarrel with Hugh, when Hugh told him, the afternoon of the funeral, what he was going to do. Like an old-fashioned father in a book, I guess. Turned him out—cut him off without a shilling and all that, and never speaks of him at all."

"Hugh has some money of his own, hasn't he?" Frederica asked, and Constance nodded absently.

"Oh, a little. We got a hundred thousand dollars apiece from Grandmother; and a few odds and ends. And then he's had a good salary ever since he went to work."

But her tone showed this was a digression; not what she was thinking about.

"There's something else with Father," she went on. "It's worrying all of us and we don't know what it is, except . . . Well, of course, nothing was done about Grandfather's estate until after the funeral. That was natural. There were so many other things to do and think about. But it's been two weeks since then, and we're sure Father's gone down and opened up the boxes at the bank. But he hasn't said a word to anybody about what he found there—Grandfather's will and all—nobody's dared ask him—speak to him hardly. Greg's bothered about that more than he is about Hugh, I believe."

She had only a wry little smile for Frederica's look of outright consternation.

"Oh, it wouldn't be very nice, of course," she conceded, "to find that grandfather had left everything to a theological seminary, or an aquarium, or anything like that. Well, in the first place, I don't believe he did. But, if I had my choice between that, with Hugh back again safe and sound, and the other thing, I'd take that."

Frederica looked thoughtful. "I don't know," she said at last. "It may not be as bad as you think—about Hugh, I mean. Evidently the girl isn't an absolute harpy, or she wouldn't have gone away. She'd have sat tight and made sure of him while she had the chance. You've never seen her, have you? I suppose she might be somebody—really straight and—fine, in a way. Even if she *is* a socialist and her father a murderer. And if she is, it would give a sort of—gorgeousness to Hugh's caring for her—" She broke off there and asked, "What is it?" in response to a sudden look which Constance directed at her.

But Constance said, "Nothing." And, after a momentary silence, Frederica went on with her well-meant attempt to look at the bright side; to suggest, at least, the possibility that there was a bright side to look upon.

Constance didn't dispute the possibility. Almost anything might turn out better, in the event, than a first look at it would lead one to suppose. For that matter there was a bright side to the consideration of Helena as the merest mercenary adventuress. Because then the marriage would go to smash sooner. But Constance doubted if she was that, exactly.

"There is nothing, though, to her having gone away," she went on. "She'd made some sort of mistake with him. He looked, that night I took him home with me, absolutely ghastly. And, from what he said, I gathered it was all over. Going away might have been the surest move she had for making him follow. And it's maddening to think that but for a little bit of bad luck—grandfather's not living another week—it needn't have happened. Because, out at home there, Jean and I——"

"Jean!" Frederica echoed. "You don't mean you've told that child——!"

"About Hugh's affair? Of course not. We took pains not to, naturally. Only there's something about her . . . Hugh's seen it from the first. He's always been happy playing around with her. Rather gravely, you know. She's the sort you can treat that way."

"Is it a sort?" Frederica speculated.

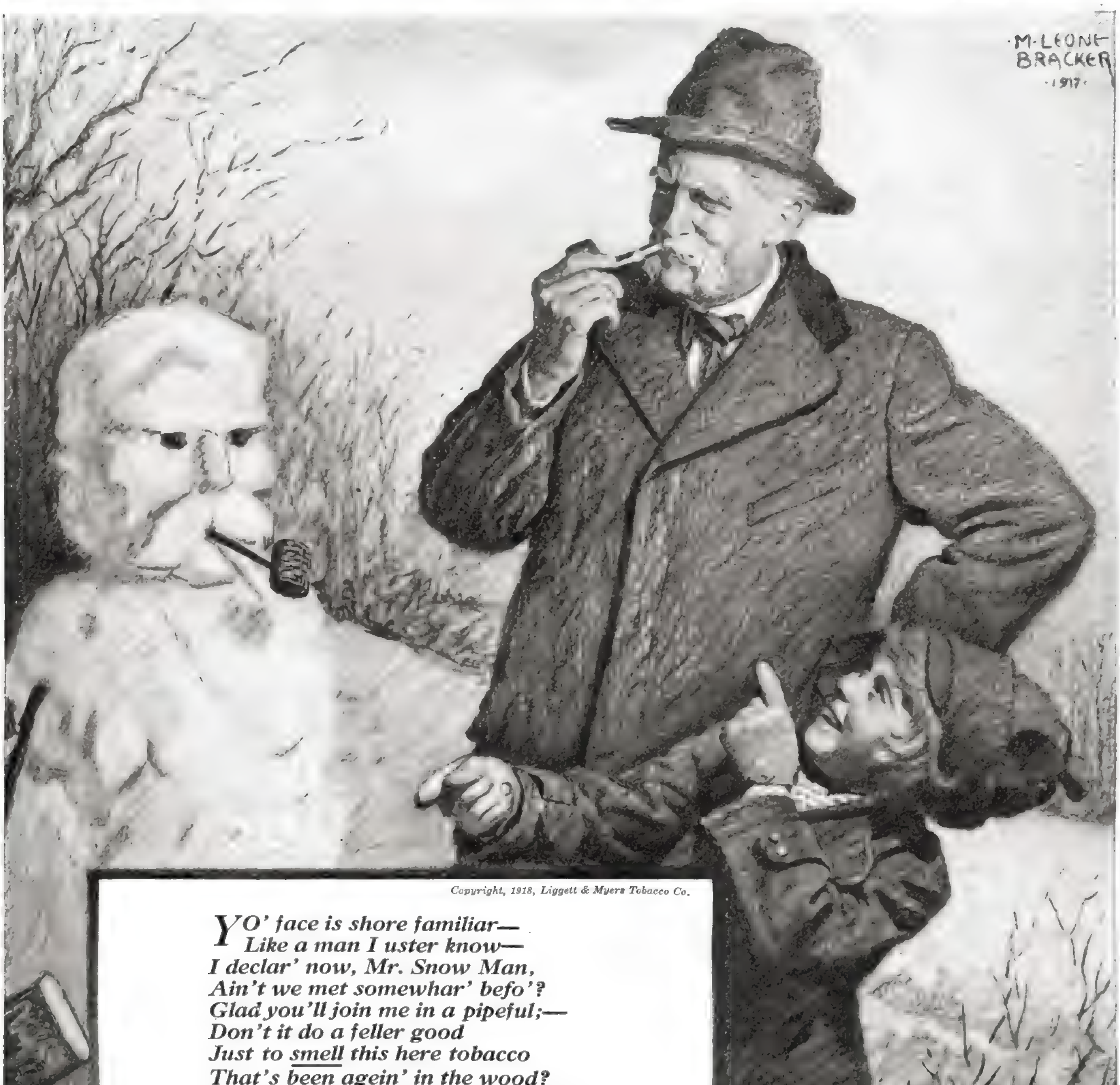
"I think so," Constance said. "It's the simple ones; that just are what they are and never try for effects. Jean's like that. You can't imagine her posing about anything. She adores Hugh; has ever since the first time she saw him; back at Anne's wedding, that was. It wouldn't occur to her to try to hide it—any more than it would to try to play it up. There it has been, that's all, for anybody to see that wanted to look."

"But, Connie!" Frederica protested, "you don't mean you're treating a thing like that—a seventeen-year-old child's romance—seriously!"

"I wish I could remember back when I was seventeen," Constance said. "Maybe it wouldn't help much if I could. Only I'm not sure life was such a joke, then. Anyhow, I have worried about it. I could imagine—I thought I could—the look that would come in her face when I had to tell her. Well, last night at dinner Mother Crawford got started talking about it—what a fool Hugh was making of himself, and how it was his father's fault for having brought him up the way he did—oh, and a lot more. Frank tried to stop her, but he couldn't. I suppose she had forgotten the child was there, or thought she was talking over her head. Cynical, hateful cackling, that's what it was—if she *is* my mother-in-law.

"And Jean! It was wonderful to see the—the pure anger that came up in her face. I almost hoped she'd turn loose, but of course she didn't. She made some sort of excuse to get away from the table and her grandmother never noticed. I found her up in her room afterward; not crying—just white.

"Freddy, she's known all about it—ever since she came back from San Antonio. I don't know how. Pieced it together, I suppose—from things Frank has rapped out and so on. And



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she thinks it's splendid—what you meant, I suppose, when you said, just now, that there was a sort of gorgeousness about it. She takes the girl absolutely for granted. If she hadn't been fine and good, Hugh wouldn't have fallen in love with her. She adores him more than ever for his having had the courage to defy everybody and go off to marry her. She asked me if I wasn't proud of him, too. And, somehow, with her looking at me like that, I was ashamed not to be. I believe if I hadn't satisfied her, she'd have left us—gone back to Roger and Ethel. Without any flourishes, you know—just gone.

"But I did, somehow, and we had a long talk. She said one queer thing. She'd actually tried to tell Hugh that she was on his side. It was when they were out on the sand, the morning of the day grandfather died. She'd been telling him some of her perplexities, it seems, and then she said she thought it must be wonderful to have things to do that there wasn't any doubt about—clear things that didn't tangle up. She meant that thing of his. That's how she saw it, you see. She couldn't come any closer than that, but she hoped he understood."

There was a ruminative silence for a while, and then Frederica produced a diversion by commenting upon old Mrs. Crawford's presence at the funeral. She must have come straight home from the boat on learning of old Gregory's death.

CONSTANCE nodded. "She never liked Grandfather," she observed, "but somehow they got on. And then she is pleased to have outlived him—though she must be years younger, really."

It was at the end of another long silence, a while later, that she got up to go. "What I can't get away from," she said, "is their faces—Mother Crawford's, there at the dinner-table last night, while she was thinking up and saying all those witty, malicious things, so pleased with herself because she had never been a fool—and Jean's afterward. And Hugh's at the funeral. I sat where I could watch him all the way through. There was a sort of—clarity in it, just as there was in Jean's last night; as if he knew what he'd have to go through—the price of it all, you know, and wasn't afraid to pay.

"It makes me feel fat and soft and cowardly. I don't know whether there is something the matter with me or not. I've been through more or less, of course. There's the babies. I tried to make myself believe, last night, that that was the same thing. But it isn't exactly. It isn't quite—facing a thing in advance. And then, it's expected of you. The thing I mean is what people call being a fool. I've never done that—no more than Mother Crawford. The question is, whether I would if the thing was there to do. Jean would, there's no doubt of that. Oh dear, if Hugh could only have waited a few years!"

At that, in order not to cry, Constance took her leave swiftly, and went back, to see if there was any news, to her father's house.

She met him in the hall and was struck by a change in his appearance. He looked—shrunken, somehow, like a man who has just given up a losing fight. Rather surprisingly to herself, she stopped and kissed him, though he would have gone by with an absent nod.

"I haven't seen you before to-day," she said explanatorily.

He gazed at her a moment rather blankly, then said: "I am just sending off a telegram to your brother. He has informed us that his marriage has taken place. I am sending for him to come home at once."

"To come home!" Constance echoed incredulously.

A grimace of pain convulsed his face and he turned away from her. "Go to your mother," he said. "She can explain." He left her standing there and went away to the telephone to send his wire.

The mysterious cause of Robert Corbett's behavior during the fortnight between the funeral and the day when Hugh's telegram came in, was amply explained by the facts which Mrs. Corbett had ready for Constance.

Naturally the explanation was simple. It may almost be stated as a rule, that the more mystifying the effect, the simpler the cause will turn out to have been.

In a perfectly natural—and only human—way, Robert Corbett had been looking forward for many years to the day when he would be the head of the family. He had never had any genuine love for his father. The difference in the texture of their two minds forbade it. What took, satisfactorily, its place was the traditional filial respect and obedience. It is hardly just to blame him for feeling vaguely aggrieved over the long postponement of his coming into power. He had no sense of inferiority to his father. A thoroughly logical, unimaginative intelligence always finds it hard to appraise at its true value an illogical intuitive one. When old Gregory's intuitions led him wrong, as they did on an average of one time in three, the cause of the error was always nakedly apparent to Robert. On the other hand, when the old man went right, his rightness looked to Robert mysterious—a matter of blind luck. If the son had ever been put in a position of full responsibility, where he stood or fell by his own unaided efforts, he might have learned better. But the father never gave him a chance. This was one of old Gregory's many mistakes.

ROBERT, then, had lived along for the past twenty years, anyhow, in the unshaken conviction that he could pilot the Corbett ship as competently as his father. Another conviction was that some day he would get the opportunity.

The fundamental principle of old Gregory's life was the perpetuation of his clan. He wanted the line to run unbroken for many generations. It was the only sort of immortality he genuinely believed in. His fortune, which was another way of saying his power and his place, was a part of himself. Again and again his son had heard him speak caustically of the folly of his dead contemporaries who had allowed the enterprises that bore their names to fall into alien hands. Robert was as sure as he was sure of anything in the world, that his father's will, when it was opened, would be found to have transferred the power intact to him.

He had come home from his father's grave, the head of the family—patriarch of the tribe. And, to him, in that hour, had come Hugh full of his mad determination to marry the revolutionary firebrand whose doings had already caused the tribe immeasurable annoyance and humiliation, as well as more ponderable losses, and in the event had resulted in his father's death. To marry an enemy like that was more than folly. It was apostasy.

The question of the rightness of his decree of banishment upon Hugh, asked itself and was, without misgiving, affirmatively answered. The question of his power to enforce the decree never presented itself at all.

It was the next day that he read his father's will. Old Gregory had dealt his son's pride many a blow, but never so heavy a one as this from beyond the grave. The will was thought out with a thoroughness of detail which the old man was capable of, but seldom exacted of himself. It had been drawn by one of the leaders of the Chicago bar; and so clear and unmistakable was the intent of it, that it was like a window let into the old man's mind.

About half the value of the estate was comprised of common stock, practically the entire capitalization, of Corbett and Company. The other half was a miscellaneous list of investments, nearly all very high-class: municipal and railway bonds and a few standard stocks. About the only speculative

THE WHITE ARC

investment he appeared to have made was a lot of steel common which he had bought in the twenties. In the main, his idea had been that whatever profits he took out of Corbett and Company should be put where he could get them out again at need.

It was from this outlying part of the estate that his bequests to various charitable and religious institutions were made, a few old friends and servants—foremost among these, Hannah—provided for, and the claims of all his heirs but three, satisfied. These three were his son Robert and his two grandsons, Gregory and Hugh.

The other moiety of the estate—that is to say, Corbett & Company, together with its various subsidiary enterprises—was put into a trust, the trustees being the three heirs just named, the trust to terminate with the death of Robert. There were provisions for the appointment, in case either or both the sons pre-deceased the father, of other trustees to take their places. The income of the trust was to be divided equally among the three of them while Robert lived. At his death, it was to be divided between Gregory and Hugh.

The old man had never believed, then—this was the upshot of it—that his son's hands were strong enough to steer the ship alone. Robert was never to exercise the power, never to occupy the place in the eyes of the world, that old Gregory had exercised and occupied. The Great Seal was to be placed, during his lifetime, in commission.

And his one decree, Hugh's banishment, was by this instrument, revoked. Hugh had now as much authority as he; was expressly entitled to his seat at the council-table and was made, in his own right, a rich man.

It was this last consideration that had been the cause of Robert's silence during the whole of that intolerable fortnight. It was his belief, the wish being father to the thought, that this woman who had infatuated his son, had done so from a mercenary motive. Hugh had started in pursuit of her under the belief that he was cut off from the family fortune, that he had no income except the small one his maternal grandmother had left him, and no prospects except those that he could carve out for himself. There was no doubt that Hugh would acquaint the woman of these facts. He was likely, indeed, in his honesty, to paint them blacker than they really were. Anyhow, he would not appear to her the rich prize she had set out to capture. It was possible, Robert thought, a chance worth taking, that she would refuse him—set her sails for richer booty that might be on the horizon somewhere.

So, locking up the steel boxes as he locked his lips, he waited and clung to his hope—not a very buoyant one, to be sure—as desperately as though it had been better. Hugh's letter, of course, made an end of that.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Hugh and Helena

HUGH and Helena had settled transitorily in a family hotel whose front windows commanded a glimpse of Gramercy Park. It was not very cheap, nor very dirty, nor very old, though it was a little of each; not quite impossible, in a word, from any one of a dozen points of view; and its position—almost on the park—gave it a faint tinge of desirability. The pair happened upon it, and out of an intense preoccupation with vastly more important matters, established themselves forthwith in a suite comprising parlor, bedroom and bath, and an entrance hall whose dimensions were determined by the width of the doors.

It was not until the eighth day that Hugh came out of a brown study to a sort of microscopic awareness of the dirt in the splintered cracks of the hardwood floors, the vicious ugliness of the furniture and the sodden rugs, the gaping deficiencies of the plumbing. Whatever else they did, they must get out of here. But, of course, they were going to, anyway. That much had been decided at all events. Hadn't it? But "decided" was not the conclusive word that, in his bachelor simplicity, he had supposed it to be.

Were they happy—this strangely mated pair? Hugh—left that morning with his thoughts for company—had glanced at the question somewhat nervously, then answered it with a vigorous affirmative. Only the word wanted a little defining. Happiness was not a mere vegetable contentment. It was not even the negation of its opposite. A certain amount of unhappiness was, probably, a necessary ingredient of it. Otherwise one would take it too much for granted to be thoroughly aware of it. Even an occasional violent quarrel—with its ensuing reconciliation and the broadening of the basis of mutual understanding—was, he supposed, a thing no husband and wife could be said to be truly happy without.

He and Helena had not had, though, so far, quite a fair chance. Hugh had known, of course, that their marriage would cause a certain amount of newspaper comment, but he had been fairly dazed by the cloudburst of publicity that they were caught out in—had hardly come out of yet. Those were, it should be noted, the forgotten—almost unrealizable—days before the war; days when there was nothing much for the papers to print but politics and baseball. So the marriage of a Chicago multimillionaire (since in current journalese every man who can afford to ride in a taxi is a millionaire, it was necessary to use a more grandiloquent term for the grandson of a genuine one) to the daughter of a famous anarchist—martyr or murderer, according as one looked at it—was worth black headlines, double columns, interviews by prominent clergymen, and photographs—genuine where possible—of the newly married couple getting into cabs, eating breakfast, and so on.

At first Hugh writhed under this. It was not the publication of facts, however private and intimate, that distressed him, but the successive refractions of these facts through the minds of a reporter, a re-write man, and a headline concocter, so that when they appeared on the page they had all the banal horror of a third-rate moving-picture scenario. But he grew philosophical when he saw how little his wife minded it. The people it hurt the worst, of course, were not under his eye—nor in his thoughts more than he could help.

The hullabaloo had, rather absurdly, one really important result: On the second day after the news of their marriage was published, a special messenger came to the hotel with a note to Helena from the editor of a newspaper syndicate, saying that he was delighted to accept a story of hers which she had submitted to him a few weeks ago (it was the very story she had read to Hugh, as it happened); that he was inclosing herewith a check for two hundred dollars—hoping that she would find the amount satisfactory; and, finally, that he earnestly wished she might find time to come to his office for a talk about future work.

That check meant an enormous lot to Helena intrinsically, since it was by far the largest lump sum she had ever received; but infinitely more as a symbol. It was the realization, she told Hugh, of the dream of her life. Everything she had done since the law took her father away from her had been in preparation — unconscious sometimes, to be sure—for a career as an author. It was by the printed word in the guise of mere stories that the seeds of the revolution could best be sown.

Well, she was an author now. She had got through the guarded gate into the sacred enclosure where they pastured. Her troubles were over. Why, she'd written that story overnight! And here was two hundred dollars in payment for it! The independence it gave her and promised to make perpetual, removed the last misgivings she

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had felt about her consent to a marriage with Hugh.

That consent had not been won from her, of course, without many concessions and promises on his part. She was to be allowed to live her own life absolutely, just as he was to be allowed to live his. But that promised independence might have turned out to be rather illusory, if it could have been enjoyed only at the price the old hard drudgery had exacted.

HUGH did not quite share her confidence. He had got the idea from Barry Lake that making a living by literature was harder work than an occasional wild night of scribbling came to. But her childlike pleasure and confidence—the way she laughed when she hugged him and read the letter again and, absurdly, kissed the check, supplied a new note in the gamut of his emotions for her—a note he had hardly been aware was missing: For the first time, he liked as well as loved her.

If only they could have gone on like that, carrying out their plans for a flat of their own, here on the park; perhaps a chemist's job for Hugh—there wouldn't be any trouble about that—and a career for Helena; friends—her friends at first, growing in time to be his as well; adventures, such as the fomentation of a likely strike here and there, but with the sharp, tearing edge of them taken off by the new security offered by a home—a husband—a practicable income!

Helena's plans, you will note; but, for a few days, Hugh was able to share them with her. And then came his father's telegram and, on its heels, the lawyer's letter with all the astonishing corroboratory facts about his grandfather's will and the great place and the responsibility it forced upon him.

The telegram, which was long and contained all the bones of the thing, was delivered to Hugh while Helena was out making her call, by appointment, upon that syndicate editor. And she came back to him in a state of effervescent excitement over the interview. She was to be a regular weekly contributor. Her stories were to appear simultaneously in half a hundred Sunday newspapers. The rich and the poor—that was to be the theme of them. Sharp-edged little sketches, with a punch, illustrative, Helena confided to her husband—though naturally she had not pointed out the fact to the editor—of the bitter injustice of the capitalistic organization of society: fat employers and their shivering employees; rich, worthless ladies and their maids, and so on. In fictional form, of course, but that didn't matter. The truth would show through.

It was a bad moment for the production of Hugh's telegram. But he was too candid to have held it back in the hope of a better one turning up later. So he handed it to her without a word, and only when she had read it through and looked up at him with a blankly incredulous stare, he said:

"I'm afraid it means we shall have to go back to Chicago."

The thing in all its bearings—in all its multifarious implications, was too much, of course, for her to grasp in a moment like that, and it was characteristic of her that instead of settling down to wrestle with the problem, as Hugh had been wrestling for an hour before she came in, suspending judgment until she had managed to see her way clearly all around it, she snatched at the obvious emotional aspect of the thing and ignored the rest. In ten minutes she had whipped herself up into a fury.

What did he owe that precious family of his! Wasn't it their own doing that he had had to choose between them and her? And hadn't he finally chosen her—after having taken a good long while to think about it? Now he was talking of going back to them and dragging her back with him, to the sacrifice of her career, to say nothing of his own. That was what he wanted, was it, now that he had the chance? To settle down into a fat, pompous respectability, with her for a domestic slave, the helpless butt for all the scornful indignities his purse-proud family would put upon her? He thought they'd have to go back, did he! Well, he could think again. As far as the money was concerned, he'd get that anyhow, wouldn't he, whether he went back or not?

He ought, it may be admitted, to have left it at that for a while and given her time to cool down and visualize the thing for herself in her own way. But tactful indirection was no more an attribute of Hugh's, than a capacity for straight, serious thinking was one of Helena's. He steamed straight ahead like a liner into the teeth of the gale, with reasons, arguments.

That monstrous plant out at Riverdale whose direction old Gregory's will confided in part to him, was a sorer problem now than it had been last May when Helena herself had swooped down upon it and headed that little delegation of coremakers in Bailey's office. By that act of hers she had assumed a moral responsibility of her own, as grave as his. The strike she had started was still dragging bitterly on—half lost, leaderless, losing power from week to week. If it protracted itself into the winter, the hunger and cold and despair would cause incalculable suffering. Now, as things had somewhat ironically fallen out, he and Helena had a chance put into their hands to do something. There was simply no question in his mind as to their duty in the matter.

Going back to the family would present, no doubt, some awkward and painful moments, though it would be nothing like as bad as Helena, really absurdly, made out. The rest of the family weren't monsters any more than he was. She'd find them perfectly tolerable, even at first, and eventually, he was sure, likable.

He was not able, of course, to complete a consecutive statement like that, because intervening gusts of her temper, every now and then, blew it all to rags. They didn't quarrel all the time, either, by any means, during the three or four days while the discussion went on. There were periods of what looked like the most tranquil calm, when, by their talk and actions, you'd have supposed that no difference between them had ever arisen; periods, too, when they made love to each other whole-heartedly. And then, in the wake of these latter, generally, the tempest would burst again as if its violence had never been checked.

They fought pretty much over the same ground, beginning, as a rule, not where they had left off, but where they had last begun. Hugh did indeed make one suggestion in the belief that he had hit upon a valid compromise. They needn't live in Chicago—needn't try to amalgamate themselves into the family. They could go to Riverdale instead; live in one of the workers' cottages and upon workers' fare. That would be best all around, perhaps, in the guarantee it gave to both sides of the good faith of their endeavors. But the passionate conviction of Helena's veto upon that proposal abolished it so that it was as if it had never been.

IT WAS her counter-proposal that they presently settled down to. Hugh could do as he liked. If he felt responsible for the management of Corbett & Company, why, he might go ahead and manage it—so far as his father and brother would let him—which would not, in her opinion, be very far, nor take very much of his time. She would remain here in New York, going ahead with the work which had just opened up before her. Whenever his duties left him leisure, he could come back to her. She'd be frightfully unhappy during his absences, but that couldn't be helped. She realized that she had no more right to dictate to him than he had to dictate to her.

And if he was going out there—temporarily, of course—why, she supposed the sooner he went, the better. Perhaps when he came back, he'd have a freer mind; be ready again to be her

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"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"

husband and lover once more, instead of the solemn slave of duty he was now.

At the end of that statement she came swiftly over to where he sat, knelt at his knees, pulled his head down to her and kissed it, and then for a while wept quietly in his embrace. Later they went down to dinner at the LaFayette, and, in a taxi, to the Follies afterward.

It was the next morning that Hugh sat, as I have exhibited him to you, alone in their sitting-room, trying to make up his mind what to do. Helena had left him, immediately after breakfast, in search of material for the next story. It hadn't come quite so easily as she expected, but of course there was reason enough for that. The note of their parting had been good-humored enough, though her farewell injunction, jocularly meant, to be sure, had been perhaps a trifle heavy-handed. If he went off to Chicago before she came back, he was to leave a note.

He did mean to start some time within twenty-four hours. He had hoped to take the fast afternoon train, but of course would not now, unless she came back in time.

She did come in just as he was thinking about going out to lunch, flushed, bright-eyed with excitement over, she said, the successful quest of her story. She had a letter for him which the clerk at the desk down-stairs had handed to her—not a business letter, but written on note-paper and addressed in a woman's hand, and the casual air with which she held it out was, perhaps, a little exaggerated.

He had been secretly hoping, for two or three days, for letters that looked like that; especially for one from his mother or Constance. The possibility occurred to him now that Helena had been hoping for them, too. The interchange of telegrams with his father accounted well enough, to be sure, for the failure of them. They had taken it for granted that he was coming straight back. But the handwriting on this letter was one he did not know, and he opened it curiously, aware that Helena's eyes sought and did not leave his face. This is what he read:

DEAR HUGH:

Your new happiness makes me very happy, too. I don't believe I need tell you that. I tried to tell you that day we built the sand-castle how much I hoped it would come out right, but I was afraid to. Now that it has, I can.

Will you please give my love—my *real* love—to Helena (Will she let me call her that?). If you come back to Chicago soon (next week), I shall see you. But if not, it will be a long time, because father has been detailed on a military mission to England and mother and I go with him. It is all very unexpected and exciting, only it makes me feel, somehow, a little homesick, too. *I hope* you will come before I go.

Lovingly always,

JEAN.

He did not read it aloud, but when he came to the end handed it over to Helena, indescribably warmed by the simple affection of it, just as he always was by the sight of the child or the thought of her.

He watched his wife's face while she read, for a reflection of the same feeling there. But it was not what he saw. She asked, rather trenchantly, when she reached the signature, "Who's—Jean?" and the sharpness of the question took him by surprise.

Who was she, anyhow, beside just—Jean? He actually had to cast about for an answer. "Jean Gilbert?" he said. "Why, she's old Mrs. Crawford's granddaughter."

His wife laughed and tossed the letter contemptuously on the table. "I know who she is well enough," she said. "She's the girl they wanted you to marry and that hoped to marry you herself. Sends her love to me, does she? I know the kind of love *that* is."

Hugh stared at her. It was as if she had spat in his face.

"She's a child!" he managed to say at last, and it was not until she heard his voice that she looked at him. "She's my sister's niece. She's . . ." But he couldn't manage to go any further.

By now Helena was gazing at him as if behind his eyes she read some secret. He turned away. Already his anger was passing. His wife's mistake was perhaps excusable enough. But her gaze followed him as if it meant to extort a confession. He could find, somehow, nothing to say. Then, suddenly, with a rush, she went into their bedroom and slammed and locked the door between them. He made no effort to induce her to let him in. Went over and sat down in a chair by the window.

He was not angry at all now. Only a curious blankness had settled over him. He was like one waking and finding himself in a strange place, unable to explain how he happens to be there. Who was it who had just slammed the door? Why didn't the sleep from which the sound had awakened him, discover him in his own bed in his father's house?

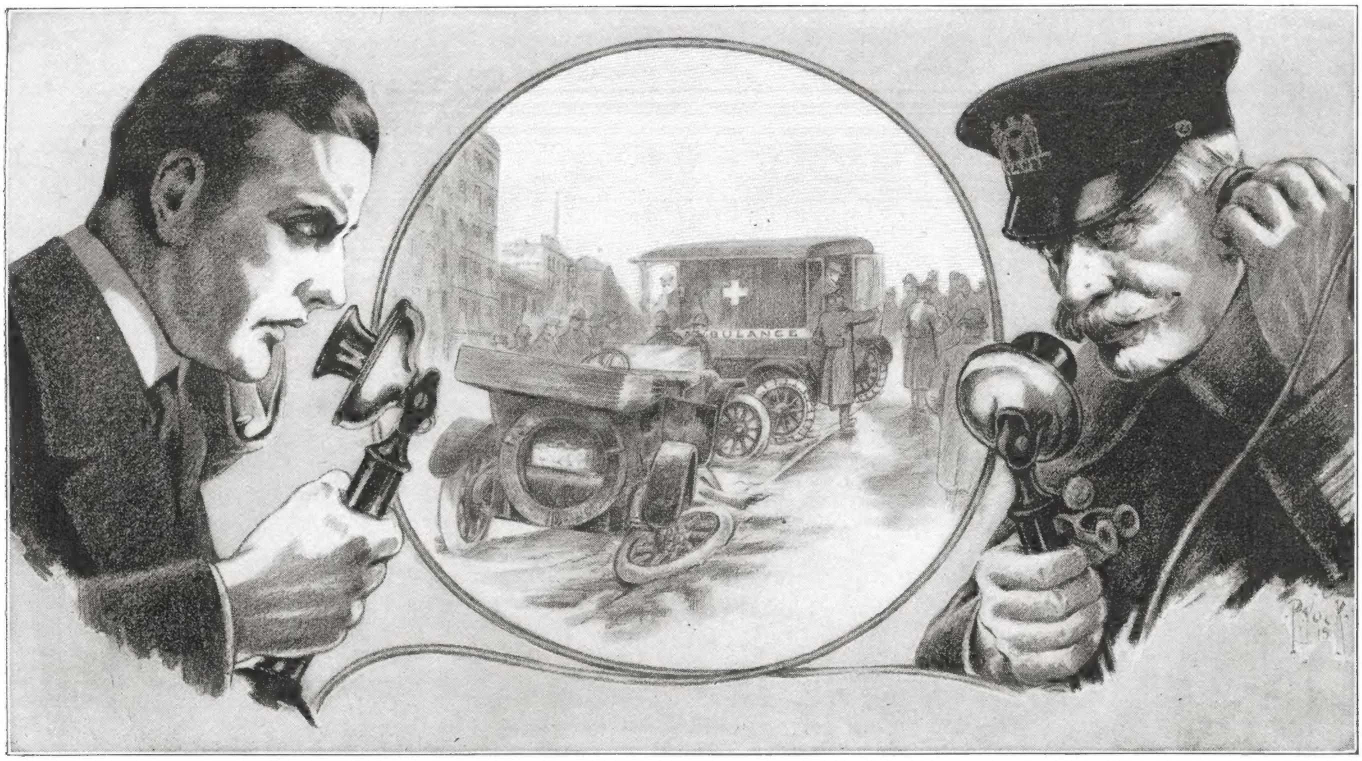
It was more than an hour later when Helena came out in a silken negligée—her tears washed away, all her strange exotic beauty enhanced by the misty tenderness with which she came to him and asked to be forgiven.

He did forgive her easily enough and she curled up in his lap and slid a caressing arm around his neck. After a while she said:

"I'll go back to Chicago with you, Hugh, if you want me to. Only you must wait till I can buy some clothes. I'm going to try to be a credit to you."

*The next instalment of "**The White Arc**" will appear in the March number.*

LIEUTENANT F. L. BEALS, who is now in charge of the H. S. V. U. S. work in Chicago, will conduct a normal course of training in the H. S. V. U. S. plan, for high-school physical or military instructors, similar to that given by Major Steever last fall. Lieutenant Beals is preparing a series of lectures for those who are unable to attend the course in Chicago, so that they may arrange to take it as a correspondence course, attending the training camp which is being planned for the spring. All high-school instructors who wish to prepare themselves for the H. S. V. U. S. work should write Lieutenant Beals, care of Chicago Board of Education, Tribune Building, Chicago.



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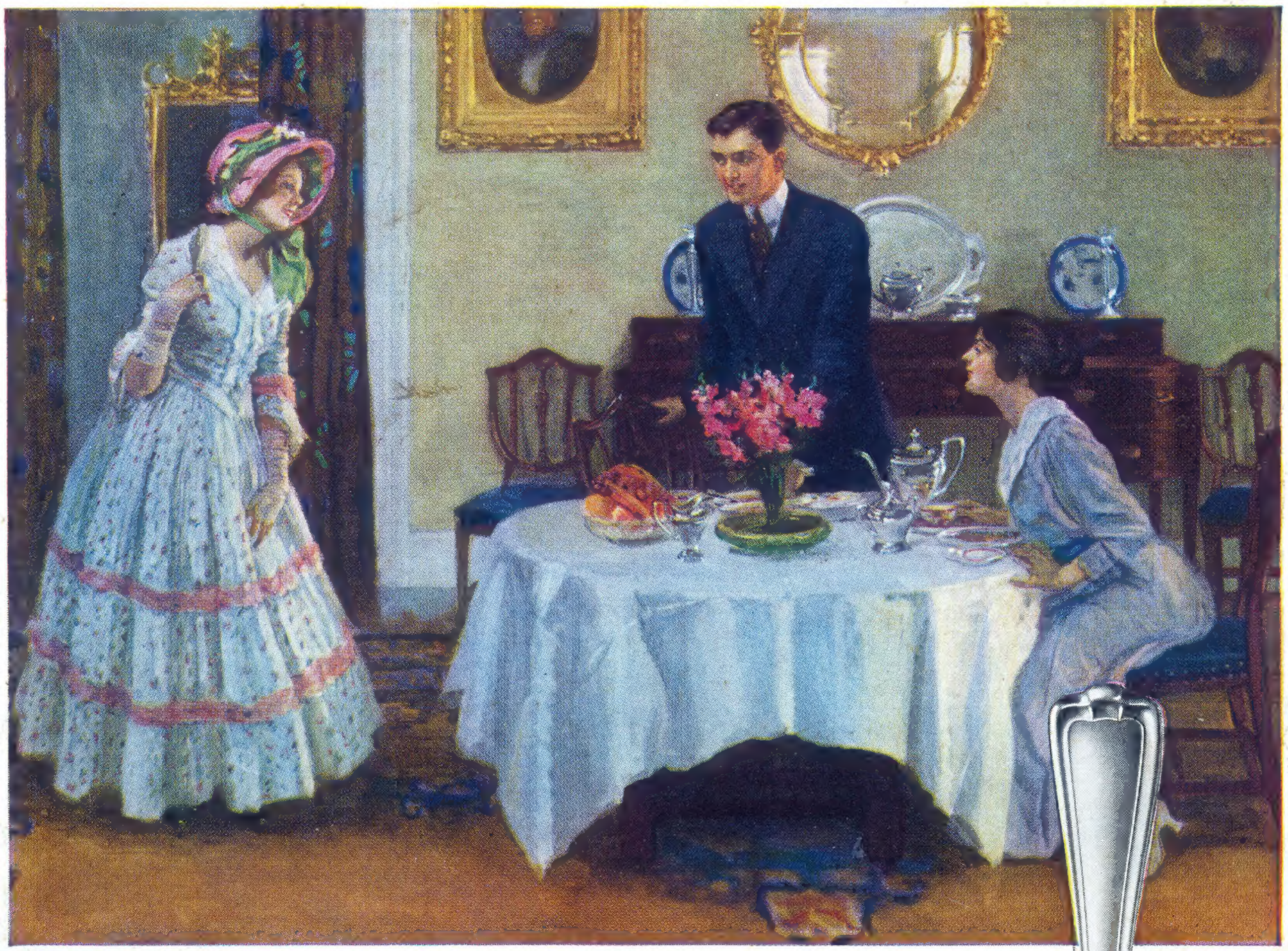

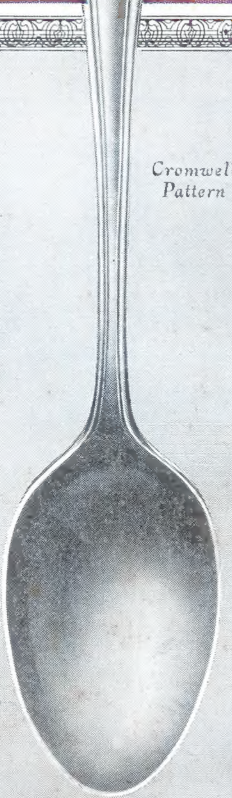

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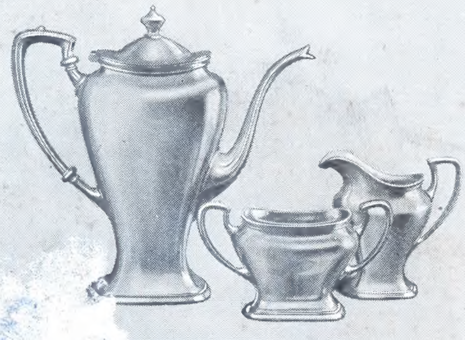

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